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ESI

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SCHILLER WITH KÖRNER.

COMPRISING

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES

OF

GOETHE, THE SCHLEGELS, WIELAND,

AND OTHER CONTEMPORARIES.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND NOTES,

BY LEONARD SIMPSON, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE
CORRESPONDENCE
OF
FREDERICK SCHILLER
WITH
C. G. KÖRNER.

1795.

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Dresden, 15 June, 1795.

I almost feared that the sudden change in the weather had affected your health. You will now have an opportunity of pulling up; so has your wife. It is a great blessing for you both that the youngster enjoys such good health. He must be a source of pleasure

to you. The measles have been prevalent here also, but my children escaped.

That Herder should have selected me to review the 'Terpsichore,' and his remarks on my Treatise, are very flattering circumstances; but I have no time just now. I never had so much work upon my hands before. The two vacancies in my college have not been filled up; two others are on the sick list, and another colleague has gone to take the waters. The whole work has devolved upon me and another.

Goethe's ideas on the Drama and on Romance are very interesting, and I am curious to see their further development. If I understand him rightly, *Chance* is only a manifoldness of events, which cannot be explained from any common cause; in *Fate*, on the contrary, there is unity, and at the same time personality.

The conclusion of your 'Siege of Antwerp' is very attractive, and it is a pity you have finished it. The subject loses by the ultimate success of the siege. The defenders of a fortress are always regarded as the helpless and the oppressed. The victorious besieger never earns the praise that falls to the lot of the successful defenders. The contribution, 'The History of the French National Character,' is the work of a good head, who knows how to turn his historical knowledge to account. I do not know Woltmann sufficiently to guess him to be the author. The style has a youthful vivacity about it, and is at times coquettish. For a moment I attributed it to Humboldt. I do not quite agree with the author's remarks on comedy.

I should attribute the little influence of the Suabian poets in Germany rather to the unsettled times of the

so-called *interregna* than to a want of connection between the German provinces. The article on ‘Literary Sans-culottism’ is well written. ‘Play’ is treated almost too severely. The essay is not wanting in ideas, but the form is dry to an extreme. I never read anything of D——’s like this article of his on ‘the Schools of Art;’ it is completely the style of the Ten Commandments. Who conceived the rich idea of putting his name to it? It was quite necessary.

Voss’s first poem pleases me better than the second. There is too much spleen in the latter. The versification in both is rather hard, which astonishes me in Voss. Schlegel writes that he has sent you the continuation of ‘Dante.’ He seems inclined to take an active part in the ‘Horen.’

You will receive a visit shortly from Regierung’s-assessor von Senft. He is a young man of much information and character, and a frequent visitor at our house. His apparent timidity must tell against him. He can say much to you about us.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 21 June, 1795.

It would naturally please me much if I could write an article on the ‘Terpsichore’ for the ‘Horen.’ As you are aware, I am not over-fond of reviewing; and as Herder would know that I am his reviewer, I should be at a loss now and then how to express myself; but under the title of ‘On Lyric Poetry,’ I think I could write something worth reading, as an appendix to the ‘Terpsichore.’ Herder’s remarks are clever, but, as usual, not always decisive enough. I have plenty of materials for such an article. I shall follow up Her-

der's ideas, and quote the poems as examples. The work interests me, and would be a relief to my other labours.

The letter to Schlegel has been forwarded. His brother is much flattered by your attention to him. I may confidently say that his writings will be of good service to you. He has plenty of materials on hand, and his style improves daily. He cheerfully attends to any hints; and where I think any alteration advisable, I shall tell him so frankly, as he requested me to do so. Young men of this cast will always be valuable contributors. Authors who have already attained a certain reputation have mostly fixed occupations of their own, and cannot be counted upon for regular contributions. I am astonished that Schulz has not sent anything yet. He seems to be a fast writer, and he writes well. His 'Travels' are very interesting.

I think that poems of any merit should be mentioned in the 'Horen.' They would provide materials for an interesting article, and save many an excellent production from being lost in the mass of trash that is written. The reviews of these poems might be essentially different from those in the 'Literary Gazette.'

SCHILLER.

Jena, 4 July, 1795.

Only two words to accompany this number of the 'Horen.' I am overwhelmed with letter-writing and reading to-day.

Goethe is in Carlsbad, and Humboldt is gone for three months to Berlin. I am therefore rather abandoned here. But I shall only work the harder. I am living quite cavalierly—writing poems for my

'Almanack of the Muses.' Foolish enough I feel all the time.

Your Treatise has made a great sensation. Whoever speaks of the fifth number of the 'Horen,' is sure to mention it first. You may therefore be well satisfied with your *début* in the 'Horen.' An essay by you on 'Lyric Poetry' would give me great pleasure. The subject is the very thing for you. Do not neglect it.

I read some time back an article in the German 'Mercury' by your Schlegel, on the 'Limits of the Beautiful.' What a confusion of ideas and harshness of expression ! You must not allow such a thing to pass unnoticed, if you have promised to tell him the truth. He is well-informed, and thinks over his subject. But he does not arrive at clearness, and his diction consequently does not flow freely. I almost fear he is not fitted for an author.

Is Langbein in Dresden, and if he is, could you not get him to send me some odds and ends for my Almanack ?

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 16 July, 1795.

I have kept back my letter for a couple of post-days, to be able to write you something on your contribution to the sixth number of the 'Horen.' But, now that I have a little relaxation from my official duties, Gessler's presence, who has come to spend a couple of weeks with us, prevents me. A letter would not suffice for me to express all I have to say on your 'Æsthetical Letters,' and I feel half-inclined to write panegyrics on them for the 'Horen.' The last letters gave me great satisfaction. The results seem to

me of the highest importance ; the deductions, however, do not quite please me. But more of this another time.

Goethe's 'Elegies' gave me great pleasure. Some of them were quite new to me, others I remembered his having read to us. I also think I remember one which he has omitted here.

I have been canvassing for your 'Almanack of the Muses,' as the enclosed will show. Let me know what I shall answer to Langbein's questions. I am very curious to see your new poems. Could you not let me see some of them in manuscript ? The favourable reception of my Treatise has increased my love of writing. Only give me time, and I will supply you with manuscript. I have materials for two or three essays before I need return to the regions of Doubt. Schlegel's Treatise in the 'Mercury' pleased me the least of all his late productions. There are some better articles from his pen in the 'Berlin Monthly Review.' All he wants is time to ripen ; he is at present overwhelmed with matter, and is deficient in fluency of style, I hope you will have reason to be satisfied with him. You have not yet told me who are the authors of the different articles in the fifth number. What will the seventh number contain ? Before I begin with the 'Terpsichore,' I purpose writing something on Dancing, for which I have plenty of materials.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 20 July, 1795.

Not to forget again, sending you the names of the writers in the fifth number of the 'Horen,' I shall do so at once. 1. The article on 'The National Cha-

racter of the French' is by Woltmann. 2. That on 'Play,' by M. Weisshuhn, who died here last month. 3. The 'Genius of Rhodes,' is from the pen of Alexander von Humboldt. 4. 'Literary Sansculottism' is by Goethe. 5. 'Poems,' by Voss.

The seventh number will contain the continuation of Schlegel's 'Dante,' an article by Dr Erhardt, of Nuremberg, on the 'Idea of Justice, as the Principle of Legislation,' (also a critique on Plato's 'Republic'), some 'Letters on Philosophical Subjects,' by F. Jacobi, and some 'Poems,' by Voss, Pfeffel and Woltmann. This number will be in your hands in twelve days. I was sorry you did not enter into fuller details respecting my 'Letters' in the sixth number; but if they induce you to write something for the 'Horen,' I shall be well satisfied. Your Treatise in the fifth number has created universal interest, and has done good service to the 'Horen.'

If you could write us a number of short articles of from six or ten pages each, you would do us great service, and the work would be less heavy for you, and give you breathing time. At all events, if you manage to let us have something from you for each of the last three numbers of the present year, (upon the success of which a great deal will depend) you will do me a great pleasure.

Tell Langbein that I was highly pleased with his offer. The publication of the 'Almanack' will commence early in August; it will be published by Unger of Berlin, for the new Court publishers at Neu-Strelitz. If Langbein will, therefore, send something within twelve days from this for the first sheets, and something more towards the 14th of August, for the last

sheets, it will answer. But after the 14th, it will be too late, as the 'Almanack' must appear early in September.

Some of the strongest of Goethe's 'Elegies' were purposely omitted, not to shock decency.

My contributions to the 'Almanack' will scarcely extend beyond three poems. The eight weeks I devoted to it are nearly over, and I have not yet completed the third poem. My cramps have been plaguing me again for the last fortnight, and made me unable to take up a pen.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 3 August, 1795.

Your silence leads me to presume that you are hard at work, and will shortly surprise me with a huge packet of manuscript. It will be joyfully received.

I shall soon be able to send you a specimen of my new poems. Unhappily the precarious state of my health prevented me from taking due advantage of many moments in which I felt really in a poetical vein.

I have, however, done enough to inspire me with confidence for the future. I have not, it is true, as my time was so circumscribed, struck out into the open sea, but have been cruizing along the coast of philosophy, which had this advantage that it led to new themes. In all probability I shall remain the rest of the year—possibly the whole winter—in the realms of poetry.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 17 August, 1795.

Your long silence for nearly a month begins to give me anxiety, as I do not know how to explain it. Two of my letters remain unanswered ; I have been expecting Langbein's poems for the last fortnight ; and I have also been looking for manuscript from you. I have received nothing, and begin to fear you are ill. Write to me, or get some one to write to say what is the matter. As soon as I hear from you, I shall send you something to read.

I myself have been far from well this summer, and although I had inclination and power to work, my cramp scarcely allowed me to leave the house. Happily my apartments are spacious and airy, and I can, therefore, better put up with confinement to the house.

My 'Almanack of the Muses,' as far as the manuscript is concerned, will be ready in a few days ; and I think it will not cut a bad figure amongst its fellows. It contains no less than one hundred and fifty epigrams from Goethe alone ; from Herder twenty ; and fifteen poems, great and small, by myself. I can let you have Goethe's epigrams at once, as also my poems, as I have copies of them. The next number of the 'Horen' will also contain two poems of mine. You may, therefore, conclude that I have not been idle during the last seven weeks.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 August, 1795.

If I cannot yet send you something, I have not for that been idle for the 'Horen.' My materials for a 'Treatise on Lyric Poetry' have increased considerably, and I hope to have something ready for the ninth

number. Langbein has not sent me a line, though I forwarded him your answer as soon as I received it. I am very curious to see your new poems. Let me have a sample soon. It is a great pity that you are continually interrupted in your labours.

The more I read your 'Æsthetical Letters,' the better they please me. Some passages struck me forcibly on the first reading. But to do them justice it will be necessary for me to study them thoroughly. The editors of the 'Literary Gazette' seem to place some confidence in me as a reviewer. This time they have sent me some good things. There are, however, drawbacks. Amongst other things Matthisson's Letters were on my list, and I had set to work upon them, when I found a critique upon them in the 'Literary Gazette,' which must have been inserted before the letter to me was written. It is too late for me to refuse writing a review. What reconciles me to the work is, it gives me an opportunity of putting forward a few ideas which would not be suited to an article of a higher character. I shall also take advantage of it to improve my style.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 27 August, 1795.

I send you to-day one half of my poems. You can keep them until you receive the remainder. I am suffering so much from cramps to-day that I cannot get over another line. I shall write to Langbein on Monday. I am very desirous to see your next contribution. Let me know whether I may expect it within the fortnight.

SCHILLER.

Enclosed is the eighth number of the ‘Horen.’ I would willingly have sent the rest of my poems, but my copyist has his hands full for the ‘Almanack,’ and the ninth number of the ‘Horen.’ If possible, I will add part of them.

‘The Power of Song’ has been set to music, by Reichardt, but he hesitated about composing music for ‘The Dance,’ which I should have liked him to do exceedingly. He says that it requires a composition on a grand scale, with regular parts. What do you say to setting it—not for the ‘Almanack,’ but for private circulation? I have still to send you some small poems, and two large ones, one of which I regard as the best I ever wrote. You will receive them by next post. I have reserved the poem in question for the ninth number of the ‘Horen,’ as it is of too serious and important a cast for the ‘Almanack.’ You were of opinion lately that it would be no easy task to enter the lists with success against Voss’s ‘Almanack.’ I trust you will form a different judgment when you have our ‘Almanack’ in your hands. In the second volume of Voss’s poems, there is not one of any value, and I may hope that one half of our ‘Almanack’ is excellent, and the other half, to say the least, good.

Farewell! I have many letters to write to day.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 2 Sept., 1795.

How shall I express to you the delight which your poems have caused me. It is so long since I had been deprived of this enjoyment. These productions of yours have a peculiar charm for me, which nothing else procures. I feel as if I were at home in them. The reason of this may lie in the subjective.

My favourite is 'Nature and Schooling.' Ideas, language, arrangement, satisfy every expectation; the versification has a richness and a melody which I never before found in an elegy. Goethe has seldom equalled it. 'The Ideals' have many excellent passages, but I should have liked more energy in the conclusion. The last verse of the 'Power of Song' is exquisite.* I miss tenderness in the poem. The simile in the third verse is abrupt. In the first lines I recognized the passage you had purposed placing at the commencement of the 'Künstler.' 'The Veiled Picture of Heliopolis,' is beautifully written, but the subject is obscure and unsatisfactory. 'Pegasus' is an agreeable production, but I should have concluded it differently; for instance,

* The last verse of this beautiful poem is as follows:—

"Und wie nach hoffnungslosem Sehnen,
Nach langer Trennung bitterm Schmerz,
Ein Kind mit heissen Reuethränen
Sich stürzt au seiner Mutter Herz,
So führt zu seiner Jugend Hütten,
In seiner Unschuld reinem Glück,
Von ferner Ausland fremder Sitten
Den Flüchtling der Gesang zurück
In der Natur getreuen Armen
Von kalten Regen zu erwärmen."

[As a child returns with bitter tears of repentance to hide its sobs in its mother's breast, after a long absence spent in hopeless wanderings, so does the power of song lead back the voluntary exile to the spot where he had passed his childhood in innocence, back from the foreign customs of strange lands to warm his frozen blood in the true embrace of Nature]

Moore has beautifully worked out a similar idea in 'Paradise and the Peri,' where the repentant sinner kneels and prays by the side of an innocent child.

with the death of Pegasus, from starvation. I cannot reconcile myself to the apparition of Apollo, at the end.

Of the smaller poems, ‘The Child at Play,’* and ‘The Child in the Cradle,’ please me best, with the ‘Antike an den Wanderer.’ I impatiently expect the second series.

I do not think it will be in my power to let you have manuscript in a fortnight’s time. I am not slack in inclination for the work, but there are mounds of official documents in my chambers, which must first be cleared away.

Minna and Dorchén send you their best thanks for the enjoyment you have caused them. What had the most effect upon them was the ‘Ideals,’ the ‘Power of Song,’ ‘The Child in the Cradle,’ ‘The Unchangeable,’ ‘The Antike.’

KÖRNER.

Jena, 8 Sept. 1795.

I rejoice exceedingly that you are so well satisfied with the first portion of my poems. The precedence you give to ‘Nature and Schooling,’ coincides with my own opinion. I meant the conclusion of the ‘Ideals’ to be weak; I wished them to be a faithful picture of the state they were to represent, of the Rhine, which loses itself in the sand at Leyden; for that is the usual fate of ideal expectations, and I wished the reader to put down the poem with that impression upon his mind.

I am astonished you should find the third verse of the ‘Power of Song’ abrupt; it is decidedly the best

* Hexameters.

verse in the poem, and expresses the full and peculiar power of song. The tone is the same as in the preceding verses, which point towards fertility; I am rather inclined to think the verse too pliant, if anything. The unity of the poem is simply this—the poet reinstates the truth of nature in man, by a sudden power which borders upon enchantment.

Pegasus shall end when Apollo mounts him—Apollo is an indispensable personage, and death from hunger would be too prosaic. But the remark, that the moral of the piece should not be given by Apollo, is a well-founded criticism. The poem, I send to-day, I prefer forwarding alone. It must occupy you exclusively, and it will do so, I trust. You will have received 'The Dance?' I will forward you the last portion on Friday, which will contain something that will earn me a smile from the ladies. Greet them heartily, and tell them, the interest they take in the poems, gives me great pleasure.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 9 Sept. 1795.

I send you music for 'the Dance.' At first I despaired of success. I, however, took advantage of the effect produced upon me by the poem, and did not allow it to wear off. Take care only that the time becomes gradually slower; but there must still be movement to the very end:—the last lines must not drag. Many passages would gain by a full orchestra. I hope to receive your other poems to day. Farewell! Many greetings from Minna and Dorchens. They rejoice with me in the happy results of your poetical labours. Only mind your health.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 11 Sept. 1795.

Here is another handful of ‘Poems.’ I am curious to hear what the ladies think of ‘Woman’s worth?’ (Die Würde der Frauen) Next post will bring you the remainder.*

It is very probable the ‘Almanack’ will be dropped after all, through the fault of the publisher. I sent him manuscript six weeks since, and the paper for it has not yet been ordered, nor any preliminary steps taken. This piece of neglect is the more vexing as the publisher had paid me down the money for taking the editorship. But I shall return it and quash the ‘Almanack,’ much of the contents of which will be serviceable for the ‘Horen.’ The publisher, is a young beginner, and wished to make his *début* with the ‘Almanack.’ Probably he has no money. With the exception of myself, he has paid no one here, where he is in debt for more than a thousand florins, and he answers no

* I wish, for the sake of the ladies who may honour this translation by reading it, that I was able to put this poem into English verse. It is very beautiful, and speaks of them as they deserve.

Ehret die Frauen, sie flechten und weben
Himmlische Rosen in’s irdische Leben,
Flechten der Liebe beglückendes Band,
Und, in der Grazie züchtigem Schleier,
Nähren sie wachsam das ewige Feuer
Schöner Gefühle mit heiliger Hand.

[Honour to women! They interweave heavenly roses into this earthly life, they weave the enchanting garland of Love, and, wrapped in the modest veil of the Graces, they entertain the never-dying flame of noble sentiments with holy hand.]

letters. The 'Almanack' will flourish all the better with Cotta next year.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 14 Sept. 1795.

You did well to send me 'The Kingdom of the Shades' alone.* For two days I have been occupied with nothing else. In this branch—the philosophical ode, I regard you as unrivalled. The Infinite in the contemplation of a philosophical object, seems to me the spirit of this style of poetry. What is here indirectly pourtrayed, is the state of the contemplating Subject at the moment of intense inspiration. By a preponderance of Objectiveness, this branch approaches the lyric; but in this instance, it does so much less than is the case with the 'Künstler.' Brilliancy of imagination, of language, of versification, is not the means to an end, but simply the consequences of the exalted mood of the poet. His poetry flows for himself—the public merely listen to him.

But to enjoy a work of this description, it is necessary to have first studied the philosophical matter it contains. Instruction must not be sought from the poet, or the finest effect is lost. This limits the readers of such a poem to a very small circle. In the present instance their circle will be drawn still closer, as the matter is an original and new system, developed by you in your 'Æsthetical Letters.' I have much to write to you on this subject, and I had hoped that my ideas were sufficiently arranged, to have done so in this letter; but I find that it requires more time than

* Das Reich der Schatten.

I had supposed. I do not disavow the spirit of your system, and look forward to important light on the most interesting subjects; but here and there I miss precision and proof. To render you an account of this, it would be necessary for me to enumerate the main propositions of your system; how they stand in connection with each other, and then point out to you where I should desire to see more clearness and precision, more conclusive evidences, &c. I have already commenced this, but I find the task is not an easy one. ‘Woman’s Worth’ cannot miss its mark—you would have chuckled to see the effect it produced upon my women. The measure is also well chosen. The other poems also please me, especially ‘German Faith’ and the ‘Egotist.’

It will be a pity if the ‘Almanack’ is dropped, although the best part will be serviceable for the ‘Horen.’ But, along with the good, there was much that would have done well for the ‘Almanack;’ and it would be worth while showing what a ‘German Almanack’ of the Muses really ought to be. Wherefore did you apply to such a miserable publisher? Is there not yet time to give the manuscript to another? Is nothing to be done with Bertuch?

KÖRNER.

Jena, 18 Sept. 1795.

A thousand thanks for your music. It is pleasant throughout, and well suited to the idea. I shall not taste the real enjoyment of it until I find some one who sings well. Goethe will soon be here, and I shall give him a treat with it. The ‘Almanack’ will appear after all. The publisher has fully justified himself. An infamous trick had been played upon him.

I expect to-morrow, with some impatience, your judgment of the 'Shades' and of 'Woman's Worth.' Next post will bring you a new poem, as long as those two put together.

Shall I send you what is due to you for your Treatise in the 'Horen'? We do not generally make payments till after the Fair; but as I have just received a sum from 'Cotta,' I can send it to you if you should want it. It will be forty-seven dollars. Could you not let us have about half a sheet on Dancing?

Adieu! The pen is falling from my fingers. I have been writing all day.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 21 September, 1795.

Here is the last packet. May it find a good reception! The 'Elegy'* gave me much pleasure. Of all my productions, I regard it as the one which has the most poetical movement in it, and yet advancing in strict conformity.

I am glad the 'Kingdom of the Shades' pleased you. I do not, however, agree with your assertion, that my system of the Beautiful is necessarily the key to it. It harmonizes with it naturally, but otherwise it rests on general ideas—those of Sulzer excepted, of which it is certainly, and to its great merit, the antipodes. The idea of uninterested interest (*uninteressirten interesse*) in mere appearances, without any regard to physical or moral results, the idea of a complete absence of circumscribing determinations, and of infinite power, in the subject of the Beautiful, &c.,

* *Der Spaziergang*—the Walk. In the 'Horen' it appeared under the title 'die Elegie.' It is written in hexameters.

are the predominating features of the poem. I should, however, like for once to know your doubts against my system; for, as yet, I can form no idea of its weak points. If you have time, send me a letter, taking up the subject from the very important eighteenth letter to the twenty-second or twenty-third; we shall then come to an understanding.

I am now working at a Treatise on the ‘Naïve,’ which affords me much pleasure. This subject has induced me to make observations on the ancient and modern poets: it has enabled me to classify them anew, in a manner which I think is satisfactory. As soon as I have completed the first part—which is, however, little more than an introduction—I shall send it to you in manuscript. Meantime, I shall continue to poetize, as I am in the vein. Forming your judgment upon all you have read of mine, tell me to what particular branch of poetry I should confine myself. The philosophical ode, as you call it, I regard merely as a secondary branch. Compare my later productions with the earlier ones, and judge whether they are, more or less, truly poetical.

I expect something from your pen shortly. I have sent your ‘Dance’ to Berlin, to see if there was time to have it struck off. It gave me great pleasure; and you may hear complacently and in silence men speak of your musical talents.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 25 September, 1795.

I forgot to tell you in my last to return me the ‘Elegy’ with the other poems. Do so by next post. I send you some odds and ends for the ‘Almanack,’

as I had taken something from it. I wished to try my hand in the Greek measure. The verses are perhaps not ill-suited to music. The lines to the reader are to conclude the 'Almanack,' thus bidding him a friendly farewell. It will commence with my poem, 'The Power of Song.'

Engel has sent me a long article for the 'Horen'—'Lorenz Stark,' a sketch. This, with a tale of some length by Goethe, a Treatise on 'Ossian' by Herder, and my 'Elegy,' will constitute the tenth number of the 'Horen.' For the eleventh, I count upon you—two articles if possible; one on the Art of Dancing, the other on Lyric Poetry. Should even both of these not exceed ten or twelve pages, I shall feel satisfied.

Farewell! Many greetings to the girls. I rejoice that 'Woman's Worth' pleased them.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 September, 1795.

After what I had received from you, I was very eager to see the rest. You are aware that I am not easily satisfied with what I get from you. However, none of your last gave me greater pleasure than the 'Elegy' Of the smaller poems, 'Columbus' is my favourite.

You desire my opinion on your calling as a poet? Your recent productions have given me food for reflection on your peculiar talents; but my mind is not quite made up on the subject. I shall, however, communicate to you my thoughts, such as they are.

Your earlier productions bear the stamp of uncultivated power, a striving towards grandeur, great depth of thought, astonishing effect;—in a word,

they betoken more of the Characteristic than of the Beautiful, as placed in opposition to each other. In both of them, I think I can discover their origin in an impulse towards the Infinite—the mainspring and mover of all artistic talent; the only difference being, that in the Characteristic it is brought to bear on the separate parts, whilst in the Beautiful it is applicable to the connexion of the whole. For in the connexion of the Beautiful there is an Infinite totally independent of the formation of the parts, and this appears to me the fountain-head of the Beautiful. It consists of unlimited unity, combined with unlimited freedom. This combination we call Harmony. It is perfect when the agreement is to be found extant in every particle; but as a voluntary result of its liberty, without the latter being infringed in the slightest degree.

What I most admire in your writings is, that you approach gradually towards that goal without sacrificing the richness of the details. I comprehend the difficulty which attends such an undertaking, and I remark that Goethe endeavours to satisfy the taste of the public at much less trouble. But if it be possible to excel the ancients, you are in the right path.

In language and versification you have made great progress. Formerly you had a predilection for rhymes: this is not now exclusively the case. Your language acquires day by day more richness and pliancy, without deteriorating in correctness. The unity of tone also predominates more in your works, notwithstanding your inclination to deviations.

It is in the internal harmony of your ideas alone, that I think a progress might be made. Mental exertion with you seems to out-measure sensibility.

And this is why, at times, you disturb the play of your fancy by striving to satisfy the yearnings of your investigating mind. If you were more inclined to mental voluptuousness, you would revel more in the pictures of your imagination. Irresistibly carried away to abstract researches, you are often lost in general, instead of in special investigations:

And this is why you please me so much in the philosophical ode. Here the abstract is in its place; and as your fancy is in play all the same, and the results of your thinking work themselves out, a sort of half-philosophical, half-poetical inspiration comes, of the highest interest to the reader.

But far be it from me to restrict you to this branch—you cannot fail to command success in others, as soon as you can accustom yourself to receive more calmly, what your imagination offers to you in such full measure.

Enough, for to-day. Shortly, something on your '*Æsthetical Letters*.' I am not idle, and have been writing something on the Art of Dancing, as you seem to wish it. Perhaps I shall be able to send you something soon. You cannot imagine what little time I have for this work at present.

I am glad the 'Almanack' has not been given up. I have no objection to my music being published. If you should know of any one who could make use of a dozen of my airs, I have them ready.

I shall be glad of Cotta's money, if you can spare it. Next year, I trust to be a better hand at literary work. Materials I have plenty, it is the form alone that embarrasses me.

KÖRNER.

No date

I send you nine louis d'or for four-and-twenty pages. See that I may be able to send you twice the amount next Easter Fair.

I am heartily glad my 'Elegy' pleases you. It also appeared to me the most poetical of all my productions. With the exception of yourself no one has yet seen it; and your judgment is the more welcome to me as it is the first voice of the public.

Your general remarks upon me and my poetical powers, appear to me to have much truth in them. I shall endeavour to turn them to account. From my earliest years my mind and heart ran in the direction you have mentioned; and it will be no easy task to establish the right proportion between receiving impressions and the power of creating.

Shall I, now that I hope to have time to spare, attempt a tragedy?

Humboldt will remain the whole winter at Berlin. I shall therefore be very lonely here. You will receive shortly a visit from young Herr von Stein. The Duke has sent him to Breslau for a few years, to study state-law to prepare him for the office of President of the Weimar Chambers. He is Kammerassessor (chamberlain) at Weimar. You will find him a young man of much knowledge, and of an excellent heart.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 29 September, 1795.

I feel inclined to call you over the coals for not telling me sooner to send you back the poems. I received your letter late yesterday evening, and the post by which I send them leaves to-day at noon. I

have only had time to copy the Elegy. I expect to see the 'Kingdom of the Shades,' and 'Woman's Worth' in the next number of the 'Horen.' Dora has learnt the 'Ideals' by heart. If the Almanack is not published before the middle of October, you must let me have the poems again. I should like to regale Count Gessler with them, whom I expect here shortly, and who is really a man of taste. At the end of October he leaves for Italy. When he returns he will be often near us. He has sold his estates in Upper-Silesia, and has bought a place near Landshut, on the Lausitz frontier. The stanzas have a very pleasing effect; the tone is well sustained. I am persuaded, however, that you do not do justice to your works. I have copied 'The Evening,' and shall attempt to set it to music. True, it is of that species which ought rather to be rehearsed than sung; where the poet should be enjoyed without interruption; where the effect lies in a chain of images for which the musician has no terms. The verses are masterly. The last verse is musical, so is the first, but less so. You must acknowledge that this metre has a peculiar charm, which is not to be found in the best rhymed poems. It sounds like a melody from another world. Not to disturb this melody is a difficult task for the musical composer.

The tenth number of the 'Horen' will be rich enough. I trust I shall be able to send you something for the eleventh. I have not yet, I think, said anything about the eighth. Many passages in 'Jacobi's Letter' pleased me exceedingly. It is only necessary first to accustom oneself to his peculiar mode of thinking. With clearness and precision he has nothing whatever to do; but he is not deficient* in mind. 'Schlegel's Commentaries

on ‘Ugolino’ seem to me well worked out. Who are the authors of the two last articles? I think some objections might be made to No. 3.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 5 October, 1795.

Here is the ‘Horen,’ with the manuscript of ‘Woman’s Worth,’ which will appear in the ‘Almanack.’ You will find variety enough in the present number, and this will be the case with the two following. I shall look out for a publisher for your airs.

In ‘Nature and Schooling,’ out of regard to measure, I have been compelled to make a necessary alteration, which I think has improved the poem. I am glad my attempt in the Greek metre pleased you. If I carry out my idea of writing a tragedy, which appears very likely, I shall have the opportunity of trying that metre in the choruses I shall introduce. Can you recommend me any works on this subject? I purpose in this tragedy, ‘The Knights of Malta,* making use of the choruses, which may enlarge the idea of a tragedy.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 19 October, 1795.

These fine autumn days have quite invigorated me, and for a time I have enjoyed unbroken health. I took an airing in the carriage to-day, having been a prisoner to the house for more than three months. Whenever I attempted to stir out, my cramps increased.

* This tragedy was never completed.

But whenever I am physically well, I become morally idle. With the exception of my Treatise on the 'Naïve,' which is rather a sketch than a work, I have done nothing. This Treatise will appear in the eleventh number of the 'Horen,' as also a very short one 'On the Danger of Ästhetical Morals,' a continuation of the Treatise in the ninth number, 'On the Necessary Limits of the Beautiful.' You desire to know the authors of the articles in that number. 'Schwarzburg' is written by a lady, the wife of Professor Mereau, of this place, who has already published two or three well-written articles. 'Apollo' is a translation of Goethe's. 'Contributions to the Modern History of Art' are by Meyer.

I am fully determined to write the tragedy, but shall be occupied for the next five or six weeks with work for the 'Horen,' before I can commence. As soon as I have a leisure moment, I shall communicate to you my ideas respecting the choruses.

Schlegel has written to me about an article of his brother's, 'Diotima,' in the 'Berlin Monthly,' which he regards as his best work. If you are of the same opinion, send it to me, if you can, that I may look at it. The other Schlegel sent me yesterday something for the 'Horen,' as poetry and metre, which I have not yet found time to read; but I am prejudiced in favour of all he writes, as he is a severe critic on his own works, and seems to ponder well over his subject.

Herr von Stein will probably be with you when this letter reaches. Greet him kindly from us all.

It was too late to have the music engraved; but it is, I believe, already printed. I shall soon have it. In five weeks, but not earlier, 'the Almanack of the Muses' will be ready.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 2 November, 1795.

I send you the tenth number of the 'Horen.' It is more than a fortnight since I heard from you. What is the matter?

I am curious to see your Essay. I trust it is that which occupies you. 'Lorenz Stark' is by Engel; the poems, with the exception of the Elegy, are by Herder. Have you seen the two 'Almanacks of the Muses' that have come out? They are miserable. Ours will appear in three weeks. It will be beautifully printed. I have already eight sheets in my possession.

The 'Horen' is now attacked on all sides, especially my Letters; but by such trivial and contemptible (*eselhaft*—of the ass species) adversaries, that there could be no pleasure in offering a single word in reply; in the 'Annals*', in Dyk's library; and finally in Nicolai's tenth volume of his Travels, published at Berlin. But this last and dullest customer shall not be passed over altogether in silence.

Wolf, of Halle, has made a fierce attack, in the 'Literary Gazette,' on Herder, on account of his Homer. You must read it. Herder will not reply to it; and, in truth, it would be no easy task to commence a dispute with Wolf upon Homer.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 6 November, 1795.

That I have not written to you for so long a time is to be attributed to a bad conscience. I did not like to appear before you empty-handed; but I cannot help it; I have nothing ready. I am not idle, however,

* Published at Halle.

and my best hours are devoted to the 'Horen.' But legal documents have been pouring in, which brook no delay.

The tenth number is one of the richest in its contents. I should like to see the periodical that could produce, in one year, three such articles as are to be found in this number, the preceding one, and the sixth. Goethe's 'Tale,' methinks, may be placed in the first rank of productions of that description. With all the easy flow of narrative, and richness of fancy which distinguish the 'Hamiltonian Tales,' it combines a depth of thought which does not leave the mind unsatisfied.

Herder's 'Treatise' gives me peculiar pleasure. It coincides with many of my own ideas, and the language is well suited to the subject. Engel's story, if not exactly original and new, is well written. In short, your 'Elegy' appears in very good company; and he who is not pleased with the latter, should not be counted amongst the readers of the 'Horen.'

That the 'Horen' would be exposed to many attacks, was to be expected. The review in the 'Literary Gazette' (which did not please me) must have produced here and there a bad effect. There is now nothing to be done but to let them bark as loudly as they please, without taking any notice of them, and at the same time, to use every endeavour to increase the variety and value of the contributions. In the 'Horen,' I think, no reply whatever should be made to any uncalled-for attacks. Some of the censure bestowed may, however, be worthy of attention; I should, therefore, like you to have some one to attend to all that is said, and to report it to you, with this object in view, without bothering yourself about it.

I have not seen the ‘Almanacks’ you speak of, but I have read the third volume of ‘Wilhelm Meister.’ It is not so full of character as the second, but is equally great as a work of Art. The ‘Herrenhuterin’ was a most difficult task; and yet the unpleasant feeling attached to the subject almost outweighed the brilliant description, until the uncle made me breathe more freely. How many volumes are there still to be published?

Stein has been here, and made us pass some pleasant hours. There is nothing in the man to excite enthusiasm, but there is an even tenor in his manners which has the same soothing effect upon the mind as the correct outlines of architecture have upon the eye. His manners are natural and unconstrained; he is gay and rational, without any remarkable capabilities; open to impressions, without being an enthusiast; and yet there is a certain warmth of feeling visible, upon which it would be difficult to hazard an opinion on so short an acquaintance. You know him better, and can therefore judge whether anything great may be expected from him, in any particular line. Or was he not educated to this end?

Was he merely intended to be a man? Were his passions never strong? Or did his instructors know how to modify them by counteraction? All the information you can give me respecting the education of this man, is interesting to me. I have watched him narrowly as a pedagogical work of Art. I could scarcely make as much out of my youngster. He is easily excited and hasty, but not obstinate.

I have finished Fichte’s ‘Elementary Principles,’ and am delighted with them. This is the man I have

long looked out for as a desideratum for philosophy. I do not think a safer path could be entered upon for the foundation and development of science. Some objections might be made to the language, but I should be careful in expressing a hasty opinion. I am desirous of a fortnight's holidays, to be able thoroughly to study his system.

KÖRNER.

The 'Almanack' is a long time making its appearance. Send it to me as soon as you can.

Jena, 16 November, 1795.

I showed your last letter to Goethe, who has been here for a few days, and it gave him great pleasure. In addition to your opinion of his work, your remarks on Stein and his education interested him exceedingly. It was Goethe who educated him, and his great aim was to make the Objective prevail in his character. I myself have often regarded Stein as an excellent creature, and he has at times put me out of humour with what is called generosity, because he is so good and amiable, without having the slightest grain of either in his composition.* It is true, that such men could only maintain the world as it is, they could never make it advance a step further.

I am sorry you have not time for writing. I should have liked to have had a 'Treatise' of yours in this year's 'Horen.' You have not told me what subject you have chosen, and whether you purpose carrying out the idea of the art of dancing.

* The education of this young man is a key to the character of Goethe.

The ‘Almanack of the Muses’ will, I trust, appear next week. As soon as I receive a copy I shall send it to you.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 15 December, 1795.

I almost fear you are not well: the ‘Horen’ is so long in coming. I have also been expecting the ‘Almanack’ by every post, for the last week.

I shall now have a fortnight at my disposal. Tomorrow is the last sitting, and I have no work in arrear. I shall commence with a ‘Treatise on Dancing.’ Whilst thinking on the subject, I have had an opportunity of seeing something good in this line. Mademoiselle Vigano has been here and danced four times. She met with great success at Vienna. She goes to Berlin for the Carnival, and from thence to St. Petersburg. It is a pity she remained so long in Vienna. She is not without talent, but she has not much taste. It is, however, interesting to see her.

I heard an *Improvisatore* here the other day for the first time. They say Filistri, the *libretto* writer for the Berlin Opera, is superior in his way. The idea of applying art to this species of enjoyment is gothic enough. The facility of rhyming verses in the Italian language, takes away greatly from the merit of overcoming the difficulties. Happy thoughts, which might have given a value to the rhymes, were rare enough in this instance. He generally helped himself along by common-place ideas.

Iffland’s Comedies become daily more prosy. There is scarcely one striking character in each. At the same time he writes with such ease, that he pushes

every one else aside. Funk is here, and purposes paying you a visit soon. Try and find him something to do which will not require him to pore over so many volumes. He does not return to the army. But Thielemann must go back for the third time.

KÖRNER.

1795.

It is an eternity since I have had a line from you, and I begin to think you have forgotten me altogether. I have not been well of late. The bad weather has greatly oppressed me. I have, however, been very assiduous. I trust you and all your party are well.

I send you the eleventh number of the 'Horen.' I can only forward you a second copy in a fortnight, as Cotta has sent me a dozen numbers short. You must guess the authors to this number without my help.

I have not yet received the 'Almanacks.' As soon as I do you shall have them.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 December, 1795.

My last letter had just left when I received yours with the 'Horen.' That you should suffer from the inclemency of the present weather, was to be expected. If, however, you have no relapse of your former illness, it is a striking proof that your health has greatly improved. A vast deal of illness prevails here just now; Gessler is again suffering from his eyes, and he fears for his sight.

The 'Horen' keeps up its reputation. Your 'Trea-

tise on the Naïve' gave me peculiar pleasure. I often stumbled upon my own thoughts, especially as regards the effect produced by *naïve* writers. I agree less with your idea on the danger of æsthetical morals, although in many parts I coincide with your opinion. I am always obliged to restrain myself from answering your Treatises as soon as I read them.

I feel that I have so much to say upon this subject, and yet I do not like interrupting the work I have in hand, or I shall never finish it; in short, I shall never be in want of a subject for the 'Horen.' Your treatise in the first year contains materials enough for me.

The tone in Schlegel's first letter pleased me exceedingly, the others less. He becomes drier without entering deeply enough into his subject. The 'Feast of the Graces' I attribute to Herder. There are some good ideas scattered through it, but the work is stiff, and, on the whole, I think, a failure. The description of the feast is touching and interesting; but the Graces are absent. Of the two poems, the 'Partition of the World,' and the 'Deeds of the Philosophers,' I am not yet decided to whom I shall ascribe them. The conclusion of the first makes me suspect you to be the author, but the commencement of it smacks more of Goethe. The author of the second is either Langbein or Goethe. The other poems may be yours, with the exception of 'Holy Insanity,' which is indubitably Herder's. The 'Horen,' and 'Theophania,' may also be his.

What do you say to Kant's new work, 'Eternal Peace?' I do not think much of it. Kant does not seem to be in his element here. From a one-sided observation, he tortures forth sentences which will not

bear too close an examination. The language is in many parts most excellent, even humorous, but in others most negligent. I could not withstand the inclination of putting to paper the ideas it gave rise to within me. If they should interest you, I will send them. I do not mean to publish them.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 21 December, 1795.

It amuses me to give your sagacity now and then something to do in the 'Horen,' and your tact seldom misleads you. The 'Graces,' the 'Horen,' and 'Holy Insanity,' are by Herder. All the remainder, with the exception of Schlegel's 'Letter,' are by me, even the two Schnurren. The Treatise on 'Æsthetical Morals,' is an old one, and was written more than two years since, in Schwaben. The other, upon the 'Naïve,' is the introduction to some very important matter on simple and sentimental poetry, which I purpose treating at large in the two following numbers. My observations respecting the spirit of poetry and its only two possible expressions, are worthy of your attention.

It opens, I hope, a new and promising path in the theory of the art of poetry, and cannot fail of being attended with important results for poetical criticism. But you will judge for yourself. I shall perhaps be able to let you have the first part of it in manuscript. It is a work which will certainly not add to the number of my friends; for either I am in fault, or a total reform is necessary in the opinions expressed by many on various subjects. The latter would be difficult matter to convince people of, especially such as form a party;

but, on the other hand, it will be no easy task to refute the propositions I advance. On German poets I have expressed my opinion with that respect which is due to them, but have said frankly what I think. Have people acted so straightforwardly in respect to myself?

I have not yet read Kant's small pamphlet. Send me your remarks upon it by all means. Generally speaking, I read very little now, and I am sorry to say, I must add, that I ought to do so to fill up the want of conversation and personal intercourse here. But you can scarcely imagine in what a continual state of mental expansion I am in; partly that I may be able to carry out the plans I have laid down, and partly to be able to satisfy the monthly demands of the 'Horen,' in which enterprise the contributors leave me terribly in the lurch.

It is an unexpected blessing of Providence that I am physically equal to stand this excitement, and that notwithstanding continued and often severe attacks of my old malady, the elasticity of my mind and the firmness of my resolution are not relaxed; although all external encouragement is wanting to keep up my spirits. If I had but made half the use of my time when I was in the enjoyment of health that I do now I am an invalid, I might then have advanced further.

If Funk is still in Dresden, tell him to come and see me soon. I have long counted upon him as a contributor to the 'Horen,' and rejoice in no small degree that he was not obliged to return to the army. I shall be able to procure him as many books as he may stand in need of. If he still sticks to historical treatises, which are always of greater bulk and most welcome to the 'Horen,' he can easily write me from fifteen to

twenty sheets in the year, and earn more than one hundred louis-d'or for himself.

I shall not be hard upon you. I trust you will act as your own monitor, and for the next two months I am pretty well provided. But for your own satisfaction and encouragement, I should like you to fancy it high time to finish something. The 'Almanack' has been promised me regularly by every post for some time past, and I now no longer expect to see it this year, for I have fallen into the hands of a most miserable publisher. I, however, send you meantime the proofs. Let me have them back as soon as convenient.

SCHILLER.

1796.

'The Almanack of the Muses'—Mademoiselle Vigano—Körner's system of education—Schiller and Goethe write epigrams for the 'Horen'—Schiller visits Goethe at Weimar—'Egmont' given at Weimar—Iffland—Goethe has a private box at the Weimar theatre fitted up expressly for Schiller—Schiller helps Goethe to arrange 'Egmont' for the stage—Fichte's 'Principles of the Laws of Nature'—Hero and Leander—'The Complaint of Ceres'—Mignon's song—Lottchen gives birth to another boy—Death of Schiller's father—'The Xenien'—Contents of the 'Almanack of the Muses'—Körner's critique of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister'—Goethe writes to Körner to express his gratification at it—Schiller wishes to insert it in the 'Horen'—Gessler's villa near Dresden—'Wallenstein'—The spirit in which Schiller worked at 'Wallenstein'—Tacitus and Retz—Schiller doubts whether 'Wallenstein' should be written in verse or prose—Körner advocates the former, Humboldt the latter—Madame de Staël's 'Sur l'Influence des Passions'—Diderot 'Sur la Peinture.'

Dresden, 1 January, 1796.

Many happy returns of the year to you and the 'Horen.' On the whole, you have reason to be satisfied with last year. It is true you were obliged to be industrious, but your health has not suffered, and much good has been the result. I wish you more leisure, and more assiduous contributors for the new

year. I shall endeavour to realize this wish as best I can, so far as I am personally concerned. The first days of the year shall be devoted by me to the 'Horen.'

It was very kind of you to send me the proof-sheets of the 'Almanack.' They arrived on Christmas Eve, and were a most welcome present. I was glad to find two or three small poems by you which were new to me. The whole collection is unique in its way. Even some of the second-rate contributions are very good,—for instance, those of Meyer, Hölderlin, and Woltmann. The versification of the latter is excellent, though his ideas are not always new. Schlegel's poem has many beauties, only the second part is too obscure. Herder has answered my expectations least of all. Some little epigrams are charming, but a certain stiffness and dryness mark his other contributions. The straining after the style of the ancients is visible; and his composition is deficient in fresh and original colouring. Goethe's productions are unequal. 'The Visit' is charming. 'The Presence of the Beloved One' is well suited for music. The Epigrams are a volume in themselves, and are most interesting. I regard them as a journal of a tour in Italy. In this point of view they are very characteristic, and many of them, which printed alone would lose their value, become necessary to this picture of the soul. Some, perhaps, might as well have been omitted, as they might have originated just as well in the north of Germany. On the whole, I do not think the public generally will appreciate these Epigrams. On reading them out here, I found few persons who really enjoyed them.

I am very curious to see your 'Essay on Sentimental Poetry, and have in vain expected the manuscript.

You will probably already have seen Funk. I have suggested his writing historical treatises on Italian history, in which he is well versed. If you can procure him books from the library at Jena, he will soon write something.

Can you not induce Woltmann to write you another historical article? His first treatise pleased me exceedingly. Wilhelm Schlegel is also serviceable in history.

KÖRNER.

I enclose the comments on Kant. Let me have them back.

Jena, 7 January, 1796.

I send you the twelfth number, which I hope will meet with a good reception. Goethe was with us when I received your letter, and I gave it to him to read, as your criticisms on his contributions to the 'Almanack of the Muses' are such as he can bear. He was really well pleased with them.

Herder's poetry is not perhaps deserving of the highest praise, but I must say you are too hard upon him, especially as you are so tolerant towards Woltmann, Schlegel, and others. You must let me keep your comments on Kant for a short time, as I have not yet read the work itself. You will, I trust, keep your word about writing an Essay. I should like to have it for the third number of this year, and must therefore receive it four weeks hence. Should you see

Frederick Schlegel, greet him for me, and tell him I shall shortly send him an answer. The first number of the new year will contain three sheets on Naïve and Sentimental Poetry, and they will conclude my philosophical and critical contributions to the 'Horen' for some time to come. I am not yet decided what I shall next take in hand, in the shape of poetry. I cannot attempt a play until I have at least six months free before me, which is scarcely to be hoped for this year, if only on account of the new 'Almanack of the Muses.'

SCHILLER.

Funk has this moment arrived. I am glad to see him.

Jena, 18 January, 1796.

Here is at last a copy of the 'Musen Almanack' for you, and another for Langbein, which I beg of you to forward at once. I have sent you an uncut number, that you might have it bound according to your own taste. The publisher detained me till the day before yesterday, and I hear that Leipzig is not well provided. I have been told, in many quarters, that the 'Almanack' meets with great success and a ready sale. Goethe and I have been working together for some weeks at an *opus* for the new 'Almanack,' which will be a piece of regular poetical devilry, that never had its equal.

As I have bid farewell to theories for some time to come, and am determined to reduce to a minimum my participation in the 'Horen,' I have the prospect

of some months of pleasant liberty, which will, however, not be totally unproductive. I have not yet, it is true, seriously taken up any poetical composition; but I shall work myself into one by degrees. My health is tolerable during this fine weather, and I am in excellent spirits. Goethe was fourteen days here, and we have formed all sorts of projects.

Funk's society, who was four days here, and continually with us, was most beneficial to me. I found him much less nervous than formerly, although Goethe, who is not exactly the man to put people *à leur aise*, was scarcely ever absent. He has hunted out a great many books in the library to serve his purpose, and has promised to do what he can for the 'Horen.' He has selected Italian history, in which he is well versed, and which offers many advantages for treatises of this description.

Funk also gave me hopes that we should see all your party here this summer. Let me have a month's notice, and I will provide a comfortable lodging. Should you come in June or July, Humboldt's house would be the very thing. He does not return till August. It is a handsome, roomy house, not far from ours, and well furnished. But there are various others, as during the summer many families go into the country. It would truly rejoice me to enjoy your society for a few days.

Humboldt wrote me word the other day that he had seen Mademoiselle Vigano at Berlin, and that he was quite bewitched by her dancing. I enclose you his letter, which you will be able to understand better than I can, as I have not seen her. Could you not mention her name in your Essay?

It is a happy accident that this Essay should be written at a time when a celebrated dancer is on a professional tour to different great cities. Endeavour, therefore, to have it ready before the interest that has been awakened shall have subsided.

Funk told me many things respecting your children, especially your boy, who is so full of promise. It gives me great delight that such happiness is in store for you. My Carl is also well, and his mind develops itself daily, so that it is quite a pleasure. Goethe is quite taken with him, and the child has become so much a part of my own existence, that sometimes I tremble at having allowed happiness to acquire so much power over me.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 20 January, 1796.

Your article on Sentimental Poetry gave me much pleasure. I discovered many new and fruitful ideas in it, and the tone is sustained to the end. Your freedom of thought will perhaps raise you enemies; but your opinion is expressed in such moderate language, and with such care, that the greater part of the public will side with you. Some of your criticisms I might feel inclined to challenge—‘Ardinghello’, for example. Of the poems, ‘The Ancient and Modern Poets’ pleases me best. Archenholz’s contribution is well written, but, like all his other productions, insipid.

I should like to see Herder shine to greater advantage in such a collection. I bow with all deference to his talents, but he seems at times deficient in artistic talent. I thought this less the case in ‘Terpsichore,’ where his versification was excellent at times. In the

'Musen Almanack' I even found some of his ideas not poetical enough.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 28 January, 1796.

It is, in truth, my intention to pay you a visit this summer, and I look forward to it with as much pleasure as children do to their Christmas-boxes. May would suit me best, so that I could leave this in Fair-week, and, avoiding Leipzig, make for Jena by Borna and Altenburg; remain a fortnight with you, and take Leipzig on my return. What is first of all indispensable, is a lodging where we shall find all that is necessary for two children—a nurse and a man servant. Humboldt's house would, I think, suit us exactly. I suppose there is no chance of finding room in your house?

We must meet again. I have long desired it, but did not see how it could be managed. I now work more cheerfully at my parchments with this prospect in view, and finish up everything.

The external appearance of the 'Almanack' is very decent. Of Reichhardt's compositions, the music for 'The Power of Song' pleases me best. The music of 'Woman's Worth' I do not like so well, especially the second part. He is not without genius and poetical feeling; but he does not know the power of his art, however much he may talk about it. His productions, to the musician's ear, are poor and uninteresting, which he may very well wish to pass off as classical, but which are, in truth, the result of musical incapacity.

You have greatly excited my curiosity as to the

production you and Goethe are at work upon. It rejoices me greatly to find you pull so well together; and I hope for many excellent results.

Humboldt's letter about Mademoiselle Vigano interested me, although his ideas are not quite clear to me. It is my intention to mention Vigano's name in my Essay. What I call the spirit of the Art of Dancing, is to be found in her in a high degree; but in ability and taste, she is inferior to many.

I well understand the pleasure your youngster affords you; my Carl also becomes more interesting to me. This is, perhaps, a paternal delusion, but I fancy I discover many excellent qualities in him. My plan is now not to disturb anything. What does not spring up naturally, I shall not plant. This is a point on which we will have much to say when we meet. I look forward with pleasure to seeing your boy.

KÖRNER.

Jena 1 Feb. 1796.

I have this moment received your letter, which revives my hopes of seeing you all this summer to a certainty. What a joyful meeting it will be! We never met before as fathers, and happy in the most tender relations. May Heaven give me good health during your stay! I would willingly undergo three months' suffering beforehand to obtain it!

I will provide a lodging. If I cannot get Humboldt's house, who has an ass of a landlord, I should like to know from you how many rooms, beds, &c., are requisite to make you comfortable. Let me know in your next. I could, perhaps, manage to make room

in my own house, as Griessbach would give me up some of his rooms ; but then we should have them a dead weight upon us, and they would mar our pleasure.

The offspring of Goethe and myself will be a wild bastard. It would be impossible to create anything in this manner according to rule. Unity, in such a production, can be sought only in a certain unbounded and interminable fullness ; and that the heterogeneous characters of the originators be not discernible in the individual parts, they must be a minimum. In a word, the whole affair consists of a conglomeration of Epigrams, of which each is a single couplet. They consist chiefly of wild and impious satires, especially against authors and their works, intersected here and there by sudden flashes of poetical and philosophical ideas. There will be no less than six-hundred of such *monodistichs*. More than two hundred are finished, although the idea is scarcely a month old ; but we purpose making a thousand. When we have a reasonable number ready, the stock will be spread out before us, with a view to a certain individuality, to preserve unity of tone ; and each of us will endeavour to sacrifice a portion of his style, to approach, as near as possible, to that of the other. We have agreed that the whole of the satires are to be common property between us (and, owing to the boldness of some of them, it would scarcely be advisable to do otherwise) ; and should either of us publish a collection of poems, each of us can publish the whole series of epigrams. I need scarcely add, that this remains a secret between us, and you must not mention it to any one.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 7 Feb. 1796.

On Tuesday in pay-week—that is to say, on the 26th of April we hope to be in Jena. We can scarcely do it under two days, without going over the bad road between Gera and Jena during the night. We shall therefore remain the first day in Grimma, the second at Ronneburg, where the Duchess of Züllichau has a country-seat, and where we shall spend half a day, and so arrive, in good time, the third day at Jena. It would certainly be agreeable if we could manage to be altogether in the same house; but if there are other objections to it, it is better not. Moreover, I am an earlier riser than you, and can have everything arranged early, so as to be able to be always with you. It would, however, be desirable to be near your domicile; that, in case of need, we could run across to the children. I am curious to see how my boy will behave towards yours. He is two years older, and that gives him a great superiority. In many cases he is complaisant and kind, and even acts the Mentor. He already talks a great deal about the journey to Jena; and asked me very seriously if we were not going to take the hens and chickens, of which he is very fond, along with us.

Could you not let me see some of the epigrams in question? I should take care not to let any one see them. They have excited my curiosity in an extraordinary degree. The work has the advantage of allowing passing ideas to be turned to account. The form appears to me to be well chosen. I would almost lay a wager I could discover the author of each individual *monodistich*. Send them, therefore, without distinction.

You do not say what other work you have in hand.
How fares it with the 'Knights of Malta'?

KÖRNER.

(No date.)

You are desirous to see some of my poetical labours, but I regret to say, I have nothing ready. With the exception of a few hundred *monodistichs* for our work in common, I have done nothing; my cramp, visitors, and want of inclination, have prevented me from setting seriously to work at anything. It will be some weeks before I shall commence a small romance in stanzas for this year's 'Almanack.' As this is my first attempt in this line, and I shall be very severe upon myself, I shall be satisfied if I have this poem ready by August. I shall then see if I cannot make something out of my 'Knights of Malta'; for I do not purpose doing much for the 'Horen' this year. Goethe is in the right cue to supply rich contributions.

It is not in my power to send you any of the *monodistichs*. I must not tell tales out of school, nor is anything properly organized as yet.

I have already provided beds, lodging and furniture for you. The Humboldts will let you have their house with great pleasure, and you will find every comfort in it.

Jena, 8 March, 1796.

Here is the last number of the 'Horen,' which you will find somewhat meagre. But the fourth and subsequent numbers will make up for it. Goethe has some interesting work in hand, and Schlegel has sent some excellent contributions. With God's blessing,

I trust I shall not be obliged to write anything for them till October, and I shall live meanwhile in poetry. As yet, however, ill-health and various distractions have prevented me from settling down steadily, and I fear I shall remain in this undecided state until you come.

Schlegel has probably already informed you that his brother purposes visiting Dresden three weeks hence; that he will remain a month and then come on to Jena. He will therefore arrive at the same time as you. I have already told you, if I remember rightly, that Voss will be here in May.

In six weeks you will be here. May Heaven preserve you all in good health, that there may be no interruption to our pleasure.

Fare right well! I have had so many letters to write to-day, that I am quite stupefied.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 21 March, 1796.

The day after to-morrow I leave this to spend a fortnight at Weimar. It is perhaps a bold thing for me to attempt, as with the exception of two drives during this fine weather, I have not crossed the threshold since the autumn. Goethe, with whom I am to lodge, will make everything as comfortable for me as if I were at home; and as I need not stir out at Weimar, the journey there and back will be a change in my habits. He will return with me here, and await your arrival, to finish his 'Meister.'

Ifiland will be at Weimar about Good Friday. He has an engagement there for some weeks. It is a pity you all could not have managed to start a month earlier,

to profit by the occasion. This is not, however, what takes me to Weimar ; and it is not likely I shall see him act, as at this time of the year I dare not face the night air.

Can you tell me whether Funk might not feel inclined to come here at the same time ?

I have at last decided on what I shall work at, and have selected 'Wallenstein.' For the last few days I have had my papers before me, making notes for the plot, and I work at it with satisfaction. My old style and manner are, it is true, but of little service to me ; but I flatter myself I have made sufficient progress in my new method to risk the attempt. Of one thing I am certain, I am in the right path ; and if I do remain far behind my own expectations, I shall still advance further than I have hitherto done in this line. It will be a great pleasure to me to converse with you upon this subject. By the time you arrive I trust I shall have made great progress in my plan.

The 'Almanack of the Muses' will not come out this year, but we purpose publishing our Epigrams in one common volume as soon as they reach a thousand. More of this when we meet.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 March, 1796.

I have already taken my *congé* for May, and the preceding week belongs to our fair-holidays. We are all in good health, and if we remain so, we purpose starting next Sunday month. Take care of yourself meantime, that there may be no drawback to our pleasure.

I am heartily glad you need not bother yourself too
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much about the 'Horen.' Funk promises to be industrious; at least from his last letter I perceive he has set earnestly to work at Italian history. Schlegel will also be of service, especially in historical treatises; his 'Ugolino' is a proof of it. When we are all together at Jena, we may concoct something good for the 'Horen.' I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of Voss. He may have some harsh points in his character. The style of his controversy with Heyne does not please me, though Heyne may be most in the wrong.

The last number of the 'Horen' contains some good things. Engel's tale is well told, though perhaps rather spun out. He seems to be one of those authors who like to read their own writings, like many men who are fond of hearing themselves talk. You have, I think, paid too high a compliment to Madame de Staël by the translation. It contains many good remarks, but the whole article is weak, and written with great pretension. Perhaps the meat is only there on account of the sauce, which excites my appetite. Does Goethe, perhaps, purpose writing the Comments?

Schlegel's article is much drier in style than his previous letters; nor do I think it rich in matter, though it is not wanting in fruitful ideas.

'Tourville' is the work of a clear-headed man, who is deficient only in practice. The style is at times negligent, at times too studied. It is an article, however, which will be read with pleasure, and the author ought to write others in the same strain for the 'Horen.'

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 10 April, 1796.

If you can manage to leave five or six days sooner, you will arrive in time for the last appearance of Iffland in the character of ‘Egmont,’ which I have arranged for the theatre, and which in some degree, is a common work of mine and Goethe. I found it necessary to introduce new scenes, and take many liberties with the old ones. In all respects, therefore, it would be a curiosity to you. You would spend a pleasant day at Weimar; we would remain one day with Goethe, and then return together to Jena, whither Goethe could follow us. Consider this proposition, and if it can be managed, do it. If you are here at Weimar on Thursday afternoon, the 21st of April, you will arrive in time to see the second representation of ‘Egmont.’ The first takes place the day before. As soon as Iffland goes, ‘Egmont’ must stop, and cannot be given again until an actor be found capable of sustaining the character of Egmont.

Be so good as to greet both Schlegels, who are probably together now. Mention this about ‘Egmont’ to the poet Schlegel. He may perhaps manage to be here in time.

During the nineteen days of my sojourn here, my health has been good, and I have not suffered from this great change in my mode of living. I go nowhere, it is true, except to the theatre, and never walk there. But without much exertion I can join the company in the house. I sleep well at nights, and am in good spirits. In the theatre, where there are no boxes, Goethe has had one made expressly for me, where I am not disturbed; and where, if I am not quite well, I can be quite at my ease. All this time I have not been

working on my own account; but the preparation of 'Egmont' gave me pleasure, and was no unworthy introduction to my 'Wallenstein.'

Farewell! and greet the girls heartily from us both. Make up your minds to accede to my proposition, and let me know at once.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 11 April, 1796.

I have just been informed that the second representation of 'Egmont' will take place two days later, on the 23rd, as Iffland has managed to remain here two days longer. You need therefore arrive only four days earlier than you had intended. But if you could manage to be here on the 21st, it would be better. I write this in all haste. You will probably receive this with the letter I wrote yesterday.

Adieu.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 12 April, 1796.

Nothing has as yet occurred to postpone our journey; and no obstacle interfering, our departure is fixed for Sunday week, the 24th instant. Count Gessler accompanies us. He left some weeks since for Italy; but finding the journey too much for his health, he turned back, and has sent his companion on to Regensburg, where he will rejoin him when he has been to Jena with us.

Schlegel is here, and pleases me exceedingly. He is more polished than the younger brother, without being superficial. He is fraught with a genuine en-

thusiasm for all that is excellut in Art, and his con-versation is agreeable and humorous. His translations from Shakspeare, some of which you have seen, surely do him great credit.

Of the works of this Fair, I have as yet only looked into Fichte's 'Principles of the Laws of Nature.' And if each Fair only produced one work like this, we might be satisfied. Without Kant, we should perhaps not have a Fichte; but we are indebted to Fichte for a harvest of Kant's sowing, which we otherwise scarcely should have reaped. What is called abstraction, I have never found in a philosophical work of such per-fection as in this. And it is this alone which makes it so difficult to read his works. In other respects, his style is much superior to that of Kant. He avoids unnecessary phraseology; his sentences are short, and not rendered obscure by parentheses. He strives to attain perfect clearness and precision of expression, even at the cost of euphony. With this object in view, he has the courage to repeat the same word over and over again; and if the case requires it, he heeds repe-tition as little as the mathematician does that of the marks \times , $-$, $=$, on the same sheet. But it is neces-sary to follow the line of his abstract ideas, to be able to command, as he does, the imagination, to avoid mixing anything concrete with the pure conception. This is fatiguing.

On the other hand, I think imagination has had its revenge upon him, as upon Kant, where it might have stood him in stead. When he advances practical pro-positions, he often takes but a partial view of the case in point. This may be said, more especially I think,

of his ‘Ephoren.’ I subscribe already to all his metaphysical propositions, and I foresee that, on a closer acquaintance, nothing will be left for me but to act as Fichte’s commentator, although for many years I have devoted time to this subject.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 15 April, 1796.

I should have liked exceedingly to have seen Iffland, especially in *this* ‘Egmont;’ but it is out of the question. It would be necessary to leave this on Monday fortnight, and I have a great deal to do next week. I have two or three addresses to draw up, which cannot be put off till my return; and there are different household arrangements to make, indispensable for the journey of a whole family. For example, the washing, which will be done on the Monday in question. I am sure to see Iffland some day or other, and I can read the revised ‘Egmont’ when I am with you. It was, on the whole, easy for me to relinquish this treat, as your last letter gave me so much pleasure of another description. In addition to the good account of your health and spirits, your relations with Goethe rejoice me more and more. His marked attention to you, and the confiding spirit in which he has allowed you to arrange and alter one of his most favourite productions, are proofs of his sincere affection. Your connexion must be a source of great enjoyment to you both, and the Arts will, I hope, derive great benefit from it; all depends upon your health. I see a possibility of your writing a dramatic work together, and what a production that would be! But even without that, the invaluable

consequences of this friendship must become manifest in your works. The very difference of your views will heighten and strengthen the connexion.

That Goethe comes to Jena, is glorious. At all events, we had purposed paying him a visit at Weimar. Our plan was to leave Jena in your company, at your own convenience.

I shall give your message to Schlegel the poet. Our departure is still fixed for Sunday. We shall be at Grimma in the evening—Monday evening at Löbichau, at the country seat of the Duchess near Altenburg—Tuesday evening at Gera—Wednesday afternoon at Jena.

KÖRNER.

[Between this letter and the next, Körner and his family have been staying with Schiller at Jena.]

Leipzig, 18 May, 1796.

Some pleasant weeks have passed by, but the lingering recollection of them has its value. I parted from you with the most brilliant hopes. From what I saw of you—mind and body—I expect the realization of the many plans we discussed together. I myself feel strengthened and encouraged to new exertions, and the projects of future domestic bliss in each other's company hover about me. I know how to appreciate my closer acquaintance with Goethe, and you will be my pledge for it. Say many cordial things to him from us all. We are never tired of reading and listening to his last poem. As soon as 'Hero and Leander' is ready, I beg of you to send us a copy. He may rely

upon our discretion. I shall write to him about the commissions he gave me.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 23 May, 1796.

Let me thank you from my heart for the joyous time we spent together! It has passed away like a dream; but the memory of it is a happy one, and remains to me. It offered me an opportunity of studying not only our two selves, but all that belongs to us; and the quiet harmony that pervaded our intercourse, has given me the brightest hopes and best spirits for future plans. Both my wife and myself felt perfectly happy and at home with you, and that is enough to guide me in the arrangement of our plans for the future, as far as it is in my power to do so.

My health has not taken a turn for the worse since your departure; on the contrary, yesterday being a lovely day, I went out for a stroll, and felt much better after it. My wife is not ill, but her approaching confinement makes her delicate. I trust that all will pass over well. I have been, of late, very unhappy in my family; and it was, at times, with great difficulty that I could master my feelings, so far as to conceal my grief. My youngest sister—a beautiful girl, full of youthful hopes and talent—died eight weeks since, in the twenty-first year of her age; my second sister is on her death-bed; my father is bed-ridden with the gout; and my mother, the most delicate of the whole family, who, seven or eight years ago only survived a most violent and painful illness, by a wonderful change at the crisis, has been obliged,

during these last months, to bear the weight of all this affliction alone! My parents live two hours' walk outside Stuttgard, and no one but the doctors durst visit them just now, for fear of contagion from the Royal Hospital, at the 'Solitude.' I have, at last, enabled my married sister, who is settled at Meiningen,* to go and take care of them. Had I not succeeded in doing this—for she has not been well—I had determined on leaving for Schwaben in the middle of May, to take my family away from the 'Solitude,' and to devise measures for seeing them properly taken care of. My sister, of Meiningen, writes me word that my mother keeps up wonderfully, that hopes are entertained of the recovery of my second sister, and that my father's life is not in danger.

Since your departure, I have not seen much of Goethe. He has been to Weimar, and since his return, he has been continually making excursions in the neighbourhood. He has not yet commenced 'Hero and Leander'; but he lately read aloud a comic composition, of which I will send you a copy as soon as I get hold of it. I have read the Seventh Book of his 'Meister,' in the manuscript, and see now that it can and must end with the Eighth Book. The story virtually ends in its main features in the Seventh, which is, like the preceding ones, admirable. I shall not write a word about it, that I may not forestal your pleasure.

Goethe greets you all: so do we. I enclose the

* Schiller's eldest sister—Frau Hofräthinn Reinwald, who only died in August, 1847. She had attained the advanced age of ninety years.

'Vossius.' Let me have it back, if possible, in a week or so. The other books will follow shortly; they are not yet all bound.

SCHILLER.

Leipzig, 29 May, 1796.

It was sad that anxiety for your family should have disquieted you during our visit. I, however, did not discover anything, and you succeeded well in concealing your feelings. I trust you have since received better news. The relaxing air here oppresses me. The men who take the lead here are a very drowsy set, and are not so easily avoided as at Dresden. I thank you for the 'Horen' and 'Vossius.' 'Cellini' gave me much pleasure; but in Schlegel's Treatise, I find abortive attempts to be witty and jocose.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 6 June, 1796.

We wish you all joy of your safe arrival at Dresden. We hope your return journey was as pleasant as your journey here. My wife wishes to add a line. She suffers from cramps, and causes me, at times, much anxiety. How rejoiced I shall be when all is happily over! I cannot write to you at length to-day, dear Körner: I had a sleepless night, and my head is heavy. Goethe is still here, and the novel is drawing to a close. There are also some new 'Xenien'—pious and impious.

I have also commenced a little poem, which promises well. My next letter will probably bring it to you. You will have heard from Humboldt that he purposed visiting Carlsbad and Dresden. I fear he will not

return to Jena this year, and next year he will be of no service to me here. I have received letters from Schwaben, to say that my second sister is out of danger.

Carl is well, and greets the other Carl, and Emma. Fare ye right well, my beloved friends ! The books will follow soon.

SCHILLER.

You will receive with this, one copy only of the 'Horen,' on printing-paper, which you can return at your leisure. The two regular copies on post-paper, will follow in three weeks. Cotta has made a mistake.

Leipzig, 13 June, 1796.

'The Complaint of Ceres' is inimitable. This poem proves to me that you are not deficient in real poetical talents. The conception is poetical throughout. You have allowed your imagination to do its work in silence, and are aroused only in the execution of the unity of tone. Language and versification are select, and well suited to the subject. What pleases me exceedingly, is the dignity in the expression of desires, without detracting from feminine softness.

The type does not please me ; the letters are coarse and uneven. It will be a pity if the 'Almanack' is not better printed. I read the second number of 'Cellini' with great pleasure. The 'Gunpowder Plot' is rather a dry affair. The 'Charitinnen' are surely by Voss. Of the other poems, the 'Desire for Peace' pleases me best.

Frederick Schlegel purposes visiting Jena soon. His brother speaks in high terms of his existence there, and of the interest you have manifested towards him. You might probably make use of both Schlegels to lighten your labours for the 'Horen.'

KÖRNER.

Jena, 27 June, 1796.

Only two words to-day. I have just received the conclusion of 'Wilhelm Meister:' have commenced reading it, and can think of nothing else. The box with the books leaves to-day for Leipzig.

I hope soon to send you the 'Xenien' as they stand, you will find some hundreds of new ones, and not the worst of them either.

My wife has not suffered so much of late; Carl is well, and I am as usual. Greet Minna kindly from me. It rejoiced me to hear that my poem gave you all pleasure; but compared to Goethe, I am and shall always remain, a poetical dauber.

SCHILLER.

I will just copy you an air out of the eighth book of 'Wilhelm Meister.' It is heavenly—incomparable: Mignon, who dies in the novel, sings it.

Jena, 3 July, 1796.

For the last week I have been absorbed by 'Wilhelm Meister,' which I am reading and studying in all its parts. The more I familiarize myself to it, the greater satisfaction does it give me. I am determined to come to a sound judgment upon it, even should it cost me three months' labour. Nor do I know of any work that would better serve my own interests. It

will lead me further than any other original creation I could execute in that time; it will bring my sensibility and activity once more into play, and lead me back to the Objective by a pleasant path. Moreover, it would be impossible for me to attempt any original daub after the enjoyment of such a masterpiece. Should I fall into a poetical mood, I shall not neglect it. The 'Almanack' is already provided for.

Here is another number of the 'Horen,' which contains that portion of 'Cellini' which Goethe read aloud to us.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 8 July, 1796.

Two letters from you, a poem of Goethe, the 'Horen,' and the books on History have arrived. Goethe's poem is splendid, but do not drive your modesty too far. Goethe may claim precedence of you in this line, but this does not constitute the whole sphere of poetry. I, however, can easily understand that a man, in the first ebullition of enthusiasm, may underrate his own powers. During my sojourn at Jena, I often occupied myself by drawing a comparison between your talents, and still adhere to the opinion I expressed to you not long since, on your calling as a poet. The formless thought is your great point. It is imagination which must give it a shape. With Goethe, on the contrary, I fancy it is the play of his imagination which most distinguishes him; through this the form is given. It never can be insignificant as a production of the mind, but he gives himself no pains to think whether it is so or not. He is careful about unity, harmony, precision of outline, individuality; and

he endeavours to elucidate these in his narrative. This narrative (representation) is however again the result of a struggle with the opposing medium, and here I think you take precedence of Goethe ; you have a greater command of language. In versification you are severer upon yourself, and you do not suffer those errors of carelessness which are to be found in Goethe's best poems. You have also a superior knowledge of theatrical effect. You must endeavour to give fuller rein to your imagination, without being anxious about what it may produce. Your poetical projects will be most sure of success, when some chance offspring of your imagination shall happen to coincide with one of them. You must find the form without seeking for it ; you can arrange your mode of representing it according to your after liking.

I am glad you purpose writing a critique on the 'Meister.' It is an occupation which will interest you and elicit many new ideas : I am also glad of it on Goethe's account. He needs encouragement to incite him to works of this length. The German poet has no metropolis : his public is scattered, and consists of individual men, who know how to appreciate his merits, but whose voice is seldom heard. The unrevealed church stands in need of a representative, otherwise the poet fancies himself in a desert ; and no one is better fitted to act as this representative than you.

In the 'Horen,' 'Cellini' and the 'Enchantress' pleased me most. The 'Tempest' does not seem to have succeeded so well with Schlegel as 'Romeo.' The poems have many good points. Who are they by? The extract from Plato contains some delicate observations, which might tempt one to dive deeper into that

philosopher. It is a pity one has to wade through so much trash to get at him.

I have already taken historical works in hand. 'Strada' pleases me especially. I should like to have had in addition, Wilhelm's 'Apologie' and Viglius's 'Letters.' However, the stock I have may be turned to account. Wilhelm, methinks, becomes most interesting when he is in open feud with Philip. There is much in his previous conduct which mars the effect,—at least without sufficient data to explain its motives.

It is, therefore, my intention to touch very lightly on everything until the time when your history stops.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 11 July, 1796.

Two hours since, this afternoon, about one o'clock, my wife was most unexpectedly, and with Stark's help, happily delivered. My joy is double, as the new-comer is a boy, who steps into the world lusty and strong. A heavy stone has been rolled off my mind; Heaven will watch over her further recovery. I have acquired fresh hopes and energy.

Greet Minna affectionately from us both, as also Dorchen when you write to her. The Moonlight picture will give great pleasure when it arrives. I shall write again soon; I have no more time to spare.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 July, 1796.

For the last two post-days I have been expecting news concerning the invalid and the young one. I trust all is well. Send me a line.

Schlegel left yesterday, and will soon be inена.

He takes an article with him on Cæsar and Alexander, which contains good ideas, but is very deficient in form. I pointed out a few weak points to him, but the time was too short. It may, perhaps, be serviceable to you. In the periodical 'Germania,' there is a critique on your 'Almanack' under his name. He wrote it long ago, and Michaelis disposed of it for him. It contains good observations, but the tone is at times hard and pedantic. He fears you may hear of this critique, and not rightly construe the meaning of some of his remarks. I have endeavoured to quiet his apprehensions. You can scarcely boast a warmer admirer than him, and when, from his tone, the contrary might be presumed, it arises solely from a habit of criticism, or the necessity of strengthening his reputation as a critic by severe exactions.

I am eagerly expecting the 'Xenien,' of which you promised to send me a copy.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 23 July, 1796.

My wife and the little one have been doing well this last fortnight. She, especially, is well beyond expectation; the milk, however, which was not abundant from the first, has stopped, and so she is obliged to give up nursing, against her will. She will try it for another week, but I do not think with any chance of success. The little fellow may suffer from deficient nursing, but he is very healthy. I have not been very well myself, and this is one reason why I have been negligent in writing to you. Having had so much to think about, time has slipped heedlessly by, and I was not aware that I had been so long without

writing to you. I have consequently omitted telling you that my wife insists on Minna standing godmother. She is down in the church books, and must therefore not forget her Christian duties.

Goethe has been here for a week, to have a long talk with me about the 'Meister.' When affairs are settled, I shall send you the letters they gave rise to between us. I am sure they will interest you.

I could not send you the 'Xenien,' as the publisher is pressing ; I have also made a change in the arrangement of them. After going them over, I found that a large number would still be wanting to make them complete, and it is no such easy task to hit upon some hundred new ideas on scientific subjects, and as the completion of the 'Meister' occupied a great deal of Goethe's time and mine, we resolved to give up the idea of publishing them as a separate work, but to incorporate them in series in the 'Almanack.' In addition to the above reasons, we are also gainers by it, inasmuch as the distinct 'Xenien' will do each of us less harm, being separated by articles from different authors; as many that were well matched, will now come together, for we are no longer bound to the *Mondistichal* form; and, finally, as, appearing in the index under separate headings, they will give the 'Almanack' an appearance of containing a greater variety. Those likely to give rise to controversy, will only have an initial: we shall put our names to the others.

The affairs of Suabia, and political events generally, cause me some anxiety; and, come what will, we scribblers will be the sufferers. I should materially feel the consequences, if Cotta were compelled to

limit his business; the literary world will, at all events, receive a heavy blow, and I see no political prospects in my favour on the side of the Coadjutor, whose expectations have probably been deceived. Meanwhile, we must await the decrees of Providence.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 8 August, 1796.

Your last letter quieted our anxiety respecting the invalid and child. As she is weak, let her by all means give up nursing. It is always a bad speculation, for the child to risk losing its mother to preserve its nurse.

Do not forget to send me the letters on 'Meister.' I am very curious to see them.

It is a pity the 'Xenien' are to appear as unconnected epigrams in the 'Almanack.' I am sure you will both lose the relish for ever completing them as a distinct work. They are undoubtedly a great gain to the 'Almanack,' but lose their effect *en masse*. Political events will, I trust, not interfere with our circle. We do not live in the political world; all that we ask is peace, and the greatest chance of that is in the districts of upper Saxony. Well-informed persons here say that the neutrality of this territory is already guaranteed. Thus much is certain, that the horses of the Elector have been sent back from Weissenfels, whither the Prince wished to proceed, to be nearer the army. I see no danger for Cotta, as peace has been concluded with Wurtemberg. It is certainly not the most favourable time for any literary undertaking, as public attention is drawn to the newspapers; but this will all change after the peace.

The Coadjutor is really to be pitied ; he has sacrificed so much to obtain an object which is now, perhaps, irretrievably lost. The safest plan now is not to rely upon any Prince, but to trust in one's own exertions. You need never fear, unless your malady should lay you up, and you need not pay further consideration to that than to lay by in case of a week's or a month's indisposition. And in this respect I think you are already provided.

We have heard from Gessler, from Rome. His journey through the Tyrol was attended with some danger, as he came upon assemblages of the peasantry, and the transports of troops. He arrived in good time at Rome to see the most important things that are to be given up to France. He has now left for Naples : on his road, he visited the castle in Bavaria, of which Goethe spoke, and found there a bronze by Cellini.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 15 August, 1796.

I have only time to write you a few words to-day. The post to Schwaben runs again, and I have a heavy package to make up. I have received better accounts from my family than I had expected ; they have not suffered much from the war, but from the state of my father, who is dying by inches, from an obstinate and painful malady. You can imagine how sad this is under present circumstances.

Cotta writes me word that Tübingen has suffered very little from the French ; generally speaking, the towns have got off easily : some villages have been plundered. Publishers, and consequently authors, have not

been disturbed. The 'Horen' cannot, however, yet be trusted by post; letters from Suabia are obliged to go round by Frankfort.

My wife, who greets you, is getting on famously. Little Ernest, though he suffers from cramps, and is delicate, is in other respects well, and is getting accustomed to his new nourishment. I myself, to say the least, am not worse.

The Humboldts left a fortnight since, on a tour through the north of Germany, as far as the island of Rügen. Humboldt wished to visit those parts now, lest he should not have another opportunity, and a journey was indispensable to him, to recover from all he had undergone from anxiety for his mother; she is still alive, without however the slightest hope of recovery. He expects to find her, on his return to Berlin, on the 7th September, exactly the same. They have left the little one of all at Berlin, but have taken the girl with them.

The 'Almanack' is getting on, and will be rich in materials, it will be superior to the last. We have not quite abandoned the idea of the 'Xenien.' The more serious, philosophical, and poetical ones will be picked out and inserted in greater or smaller numbers. The most beautiful are not known to you, and you will derive much pleasure from them. We have thus, without counting many small separate lots, strings of eighty and ninety, connected together, and with both our initials to them, without regard to which of them belongs to either of us in particular.

The satirical ones, about two hundred and thirty in number, will come last, under the title 'Xenien,'

as the ‘Epigrams’ did in the last number of the ‘Almanack.’ You will find some other things of mine in the ‘Almanack,’ which you did not expect.

We embrace you affectionately. Write soon.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 29 August, 1796.

You have done me a great pleasure by letting me see your correspondence with Goethe. I behold him before me as he lives in these letters. Most characteristic is the confession of the half avowal of his best ideas. I find a certain effeminacy in this trait, of which I already had discovered some symptoms in Goethe’s character as an artist. I quite agree with what he says respecting the unpleasant tone of Herder’s letters. What does he mean by the parody he alludes to ? The observations of the good folks of Weimar, on the Idyl, are too miserable. I should like to read again his remarks upon the ‘Meister,’ with your letters, to which they allude, when I have the work itself. My curiosity to read it increases daily. I suppose there is no chance of seeing it in the manuscript ?

I am well satisfied with the arrangement about the ‘Xenien.’ The companionship is a good idea, and not to be relinquished. When does the ‘Almanack’ make its appearance ? All the paper in Schwaben is surely not wanted to make cartridges ?

It is sad that your family, in addition to the evils of war, are compelled to suffer from domestic affliction. In these parts we need scarcely fear any evil from war.

Gessler has written to me again from Naples. To strangers, a residence in Italy, at the present moment, is attended with many drawbacks. As every one is

leaving, every new-comer is looked upon with distrust. A man cannot climb a mount in pursuit of geological studies, without falling under suspicion. Gessler was not provided with a passport for Sicily, and it was with great difficulty that Senft procured one in Rome for Naples. Goethe will postpone his journey, I suppose, for better times. This need not prevent you from carrying your plan into execution next year. Goethe might be here, where he would find much new matter for his studies.

Funk has sent me an historical treatise for the 'Horen,' with which he is not at all satisfied. It may want touching up, and I have pointed out the weak points to him; but it will then be a very miserable contribution. I myself have not been idle, but have finished nothing.

KÖRNER.

(No date).

I send you a line to show you I am alive. I have been trying the type for the 'Almanack,' and have had the enclosed poem struck off as a sample. I trust it will please you all. Lolo* sends many kind greetings. She is much better since she has taken the milk-cure. Farewell! my dear friends. It is eleven at night, and I must leave off.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 21 September, 1796.

Your long silence had begun to cause me some anxiety, when I received yesterday your wife's letter.

* Schiller's wife.

I readily believe that the ‘Almanack’ will give you work enough. It is, however, better that you should superintend the printing of it. Under present circumstances, a long correspondence with Tübingen would give rise to much delay. Proof-sheets must soon be ready. Let me have them as soon as possible.

How goes it with the ‘Horen?’ Will not Cotta soon come out with something? The ‘Meister’ will surely soon be published.

Gessler writes me word from Naples that strangers lead a most miserable existence there. He will probably come back next spring. He purposed buying an estate somewhere near Dresden, and I am on the lookout for some place in a good situation. According to my plan, we can hold our conferences there in future. He has made a collection of works of art in Italy, especially casts of celebrated statues, which he purposed putting up. If he leaves it to me, he will get up a very decent villa, where we may pass many pleasant days together. I shall take care he has a good library. Gessler is really a man of taste and good inclinations. His position will therefore procure many enjoyments both for himself and for us.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 29 September, 1796.

Two words, dear Körner, to accompany the ‘Almanack.’ I have been suffering, for the last nine days, from an attack of the cramps, and a boil on the gums which torments me exceedingly. Little Ernst has also been a great sufferer from cramps: there is a slight eruption on his skin to-day, which has relieved him,

May Heaven watch over us ! This year has been a sad one for my family.

My father has now followed my sister to the grave ; it is true, after an illness of such duration and suffering, that we had long since given up all hope, and death was a relief to him. But you can fancy that it is not easy for the heart to be light under such trials.

God be praised ! Lotte and Carl are well. My brother-in-law and his sister are staying here ; so is Goethe. Humboldt hopes to be here three weeks hence.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 5 October, 1796.

It is truly sad, that just as the 'Almanack' is completed, so many things should combine to embitter your existence. It was, however, perhaps a relief to you, that your occupations did not leave you to your own thoughts. But I should have liked to have seen you enjoy uninterrupted the pleasure of such a collection, printed and displayed before you. You did an act of kindness to me by sending me a first copy ; I found many a treasure in it. Of those poems of yours which were new to me, the 'Maiden from Afar' and 'Pompey' pleased me most. Goethe's drollery, 'The Muses in the Marshes,' amused me exceedingly. I endeavoured to read the 'Xenien,' as if I did not know the authors ; and, with few exceptions, I found all the controversial ones up to the mark. A certain *vis comica* prevails in the greater part of them, of which a great dearth prevails in Germany, and makes them an important work of Art to those who have a

taste for the comic, be they interested in literary disputes or not. It is true, that the taste for the comic is rare now-a-days, and many a one endeavours to pass off his coarseness for humour. Many are wanting in candour, because they find some worthy acquaintance under the lash. Therefore, be not astonished if this work be taken up otherwise than it ought to be, even by that portion of the public which has no interest in the work.

Your castigation of Frederick Schlegel will do him no harm ; but do not give him up altogether. There is power in his very faults, though not yet brought into the proper direction. He is not wanting in brains, and in such a case I can pardon indiscretion. He may still attain perspicuity, order, and taste.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 11 October, 1795.

I have devoted the first quiet hours of my holidays to your 'Almanack.' I want to enter into details with you.

In 'Alexis and Dora,' what I especially admire is its symmetry. A young man in love is represented as a poet : it is to him exciting and soothing to recal the pleasures of the past, to revel in them, to deck them out in all the pomp of verse and language. He commences with the description of what surrounds him. The antithesis soon leads him to the ruling idea ; the natural transition leads him to the history of his love ; the greatest enthusiasm ensues, projects happy prospects for the future ; and the antithesis again conjures up gloomy pictures. He beholds the chasm to which his imagination leads him ; he suddenly lets drop the

curtain, appears again as the poet, and dissolves the dissonance with the same strain with which he commenced the poem. The individual traits are exquisitely drawn in the poem; all of them are important and characteristic, each vividly described; but none of them more highly coloured than is consonant with the mood of the narrator. The individual matter always remains subordinate to the principal idea.

In juxtaposition to this Idyl I should like to place 'The Complaint of Ceres.' Here there is desire also, but the desire of a Goddess. Feminine dignity breathes throughout. Here also the speaking character feels the want of giving vent to her feelings in words, and as this is done with dignity and grace, a poem is the consequence. As a Goddess, she yields not to grief; she struggles against it with a feminine sweetness, and conquers it by creation. The measure is very happily chosen. The long verses convey the idea of enduring strength, and this again is modified by the shorter verses, and the touches which harmonize well with the expression of softened sadness. On the other hand, I regard the elegiac measure as well suited to manly passion. The infinite striving in the hexameter constitutes, with the constrained limit of the pentameter, a mixed picture of the state of a finite nature at the moment of inspiration.*

KÖRNER.

* Körner then passes in review the different articles contained in the 'Almanack,'—viz. : 'Das Mädchen aus der Fremde.' 'The Girl Absent from Home,' (Schiller). 'Pompeii and Herculaneum,' (Schiller). 'Different Species of Morality,' (Herder). 'The Xenien,' (Schiller and Goethe) 'The Harmony of the Spheres,' (Kosegarten). 'Memory,' (Mereau).

Jena, 17 October, 1796.

The tooth-ache has left me; little Ernst is better, and I am beginning consequently to revive. Last week I had my hands full, for it fell to my lot—Cotta having commissioned the bookseller to do it, and he being obliged to leave for the Fair—to forward all the copies of the ‘Almanack’ to their various destinations. As some had to be sent with, others without, a calendar, and it was necessary to keep an account of all, write invoices, &c., it took a great deal of time. More than fourteen hundred copies have been sent to the Leipzig Fair. Cotta disposed of four hundred at once, one hundred and eight were sold here and at Weimar, although a dozen presentation copies are circulating from hand to hand.

Böhme, the publisher at Leipzig, writes me word that they find a ready sale. The same thing occurs to me this year with you gentlemen and my poems as did last—namely, you each of you have a different choice. Humboldt prefers ‘The Sexes’ above all the others; Goethe, the ‘Tabulae Voltivæ,’ in which he had but a very slight share. I also am of his opinion. Meantime, I rejoice that the first two please you—the ‘Maiden’ and ‘Herculaneum,’ in both of which I endeavoured to drop my old style, and it is a certain

‘The Sexes,’ (Schiller). ‘Queen Kobold.’ ‘Verses to Aurora.’ ‘The Gifts of the Gods.’ ‘The Determination not to Love.’ ‘The Alliance and the Exile,’ (Schiller). ‘The Sunset in the Forest.’ ‘The Chinese at Rome.’ ‘Diogenes and the Beggar.’ ‘The Child.’ ‘Enchantment of Sound.’ ‘The Wish.’ ‘The Visit.’ ‘Love and Happiness.’ ‘The Invented Paradise.’ ‘Pygmalion.’ ‘The Fox and the Crane.’ ‘The Skater.’ ‘The Country.’ ‘Amor’s Adventures,’ &c.

extension of my nature if I have not entirely failed in the attempt.

I enclose Zelter's 'Melodies' for the 'Almanack,' and two new numbers of the 'Horen,' which I have at length received, after a long interval. Be so kind as to forward the enclosed to Langbein.

SCHILLER.

I have this moment received your letter, which gives me great pleasure. But I have not time to add another line.

Jena, 28 October, 1796.

Your last letter on the 'Almanack' rejoiced me, and enlivened me exceedingly. Goethe, to whom I at once forwarded it, was much pleased, and requested me to express as much to you in his name. He now looks forward with great impatience to your opinion on the fourth volume of his 'Meister'; and if you can devote a few hours to it, I wish you would send me your opinion of it in full.

Goethe has a new poetical work in hand, which is nearly completed. It is a sort of homely Idyl, which Voss's 'Luise' did not exactly give rise to, but which aroused the idea anew within him. The manner in which he treats his subject is also in direct opposition to Voss.

The plot is most skillfully combined, and carried out in the true epic spirit. I have heard two-thirds of it,—namely, four cantos, and they are excellent. The whole poem will make about twelve sheets. This idea has been slumbering in his brain for some years; but the execution, which took place, as it were, under my very

eyes, was done with incredible ease and facility; for nine consecutive days he wrote one hundred and fifty hexameters daily.

I have not yet heard much respecting the probable fate of our 'Almanack.' To appreciate the comical portion of it, there is not enough of the humourous in the present reading-public, nor enough depth in the serious. We have, therefore, on the one hand a determined enemy in dullness, and on the other an invincible foe in superficiality. I do not, however, give myself a thought about it. As regards myself, I have cast off the public. Happily, in the dramatic line of authorship which I have taken up, I am in a position to forget the public altogether, and yet at the same time, in a certain degree, to reign over it and win it.

I am at the present moment exclusively and seriously occupied with 'Wallenstein.' I do not yet, it is true, quite see my way, but I trust three months hence to be pretty well master of my subject, that I may turn to the details; a few months will then do the rest. I take an interest in this new occupation, and I think I shall stick to it.

Humboldt will be here in a day or two. His wife and children have already arrived, but he is still at Halle, staying with Wolf. My children are hearty, and the little one of all has pulled up so wonderfully within the last ten days, that he is quite strong and healthy. Cordial greetings from us both to you all. Fare right well! and let me soon hear from you.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 5 November, 1796.

The reception of my observations on the ‘Almanack’ has given me confidence, and even without so flattering an encouragement, I could scarcely have resisted the temptation of giving vent to my opinion on the ‘Meister.’

I must first linger over some of the component parts, and rejoice not to find in the delineation of character any of that dark shading, which according to the vulgar prejudice is necessary to bring out the beauties of a work of Art. There is no question here of a privileged devil to whom all the evil is to be attributed. Even Barbara is not spiteful in the end, but only an ordinary being. Under the oppression of want, she is dead to all finer feelings. At the same time she entertains a real affection for Mariane and Felix. The greatest suffering—the fate of Mariane—is caused by a worthy man from a noble motive.

It may with equal truth be said that there is no superhuman ideal imagined. Signs of human weakness are apparent in all the characters; but what lends so much interest to the leading personages is the striving after something infinite. The manifold directions of this striving, give rise to multiplicity of character. In finite natures, this engenders partial and disproportioned views; and these are the shades of the picture—the dissonances of the harmony. This explains the cold and chilly character of the worldly Jarno. He strives to form a clear and precise judgment on men and their actions. He knows how to esteem truth and propriety, but all that is obscure and uncertain, is hateful to him. Enthusiasm is unknown to him. He only honours Art at a distance,

for he cannot explain all her ways. But Perfection has an effect upon him, and hence his esteem for the striving towards perfection of Lothario. In Shakspeare he admires only the material—the veracity of the representation. He marries Lydia, not out of friendship for Lothario, but because the truth of the sentiment attracts him. Thus, aridity and want of humanity in a so-styled beautiful soul, is the consequence of its own too sensitive existence. On the other hand, the idealized sensuality of Philine must work itself out in perfect liberty, not having any moral restraint to act as a counterpoise. A few figures only appear, as it were, as beings of a higher order encircled with a ray of light—the great-uncle of Natalie, and the Abbé—but they stand in the back-ground, and the outlines of their forms are but indistinctly visible.

Great skill is displayed in the connexion between the different characters and their fate. Both work reciprocally on each other. Each character is not the result of a chain of events, as the sum total of an addition, nor is the fate the effect of the character delineated. The individuality develops itself out of a self-sufficing inexplicable germ, and this development is favoured only by external circumstances. This is the effect of the puppet-show on Meister, the moral consumption of the beautiful soul. Thus, the memorable events in Meister's life—his sojourn at the Castle of the Count—the attack of the brigands—the visit to Lothario—are in part the consequence of a freedom of choice inherent in his character. The whole approaches hereby towards real nature; where man who is not wanting in individual strength, never allows his

actions to be swayed entirely by the world around him, but also does not rely solely upon his own resources. A luxuriant garden is spread before the eye : where the most beautiful plants seem to spring up in wild beauty, and no trace of artificial culture is visible.

But the influence of fate is visible in two personages ; Mignon and the old man. Here we behold a tender nature yield to the oppressive force of external circumstances. This tragic subject may perhaps destroy the totality of effect with a great portion of the public, who remain passive in the contemplation of a work of Art. This touching apparition concentrates the attention on one single point ; but every reader who does not allow himself to be carried away by his feelings, on a second reading will recognize how much dignity is thereby added to the work.

I can only compare the unity of the whole to a beautiful human mind (*nature*), which by the combined effect of its own internal resources and external circumstances, gradually develops itself. The goal of this development is a perfect equilibrium—harmony with liberty. In proportion as the individual powers are great, in proportion as the conflicting passions are powerful, so much the more is exacted to create unity without destruction out of this chaos. The higher cultivated is the person, and the more creative power there is in the world around him, so much the richer must be the nourishment of the mind which produces such a result.

What man cannot receive from without—mind and power—is to be found in Meister in a degree to which no limits of imagination have been discerned.

His reason is more than skill in attaining a desired end. His means are inexhaustible, and he appertains to that class of beings predestined to govern in their sphere. Earnestness, love and perseverance are visible in the execution of the plans he has mentally proposed to himself. The success of his activity remains always in a certain *chiaro-oscuro*, thus leaving free play to the imagination of the reader. We are made acquainted with his kind reception at the Castle of the Count, his success with the ladies, the applause that accrues to him on his representation of 'Hamlet'; but we are not shown any of his poetical inspirations. His soul is pure and innocent. Without a thought as to what is right, he has a sort of instinctive abhorrence of all that is coarse and dishonourable, and is forcibly attracted towards all that is noble. Love and friendship are indispensable to him, and he is easily deceived, as it is not in his nature to suspect any one of evil. He endeavours to please, but never at the expense of another. It pains him to hurt in the slightest degree the feelings of others, and when he is glad, he wishes all around him to participate in his joy. His accomplishments are without weakness.

He gives proofs of courage and energy of character when he delivers Mignon from the Italian, and when he maintains his independence against Jarno and the Abbé. The personal authority of the Abbé, which in a circle of distinguished men always carries so much weight with it, does not awe him. The amiable qualities of Philine have great attractions for him; but she does not subject him. He hates Jarno for having advised him to cast off the old man and Mignon. Added to

these qualities, are the advantages of a prepossessing appearance, natural dignity, and a melodious voice.

For such a being, it was necessary to frame a world for the formation, not of an artist, a statesman, a divine, a courtier—but of a *man*. Clothed in a modern dress, the representation was to be brought more within reach of this world. By selecting by-gone times, the ideal creation would have been facilitated, and preserved from many of the miserable pettinesses of the present; but the outlines of the personages would appear in a sort of haze, and the effect of the picture would be weakened by its unfinished state. An Ideal, the individual elements of which we find scattered here and there in the present, gives a much more contemplative picture to the imagination. This difference exists also in a lesser degree between foreign and our own home-habits; and this alone would suffice to induce the poet, who writes more especially for the German public, to select a German world.

The question may be put, whether, as soon as the object in view was the portraiture of a man, much would have been gained by the selection of a French, English, or Italian world (by transferring the scene of action to France, England, or Italy); and if it was not an advantage to the German that in his country fewer combinations offered themselves for a brilliant, though partial cultivation.

A bright conception existed, which was to be fully developed. To this end, a certain ease and independence were necessary, but not too many worldly goods and enjoyments. The advantages of the higher classes are like the apple of Proserpina, they bind to

the nether-world. He who can feel inspired for his own class, will do much in that class; but, like Werner, will never be able to rise above it.

A beautiful form attracted him; his imagination attributed all the higher gifts of the mind to her. Mariane's soul was like a slate which had never been written upon, where nothing responded to his Ideal: he felt that he was loved, and he was happy. She was no more than a loving girl; too little to him to be his wife, too much to be abandoned by him. Her death was necessary. Her character is brought out in the brightest light; all bitterness vanishes from Meister's soul, which the thought of having been deceived by her, nothing else would ever have allayed; and with complacency we see that Meister's instinct formed a more correct judgment than Werner's worldly-wise wisdom.

The stage is the bridge from the real to the ideal world. For a young man, for whom the pleasures around him had no allurements, and who knew of no better sphere, it had irresistible attractions. For him it became a school of art in general; but his calling was not that of an artist. It was but the craving to give expression to his better ideas and sentiments. The life behind the scenes soon disgusted him.

It was his lot to make an acquaintance with the most brilliant side of the real world. A wanton maiden was his first teacher. In Philine he beheld life in its highest sense, but not, it is true, in a lasting shape. Many were the forms that flitted across his path, many of them so lovely, that they could not fail to have an effect upon him.

To this exuberance of health, two sickly beings

placed themselves in contrast: Mignon and the harpist. The poetry of nature is, as it were, personified in them. Where Meister is weary from external circumstances, the contemplation of these two beings gives him fresh vigour.

The Countess was well fitted to arouse in Meister the desire to please. A certain dignity, more of rank than of character, were blended with feminine weakness. His imagination made him regard her almost as divine. He found himself irresistibly drawn towards her by her graceful and kind manners, and driven back by external circumstances (their relative positions). This mixed feeling called all his powers into play. She is brought very low by her repentance and fear, the penalties of her passion. But there is grace even in her repentance, and at her last farewell we cannot help loving her.

Aurelia may be held up as a warning example of the ravages that passion and imagination may commit in a noble creature, where harmony of soul is wanting.

In Natalie's aunt, on the contrary, there is repose; but this has been effected by cutting the knot—by retirement from the sensual world. Her piety is a perfect work of nature, and bears a noble stamp. But how many fair blossoms were nipped in the bud for such a fruit to come to maturity? The harsh points in her character are softened down by her tolerant spirit, and her esteem for Natalie is a noble trait that restores her to mankind.

Another species of internal peace, but connected with uninterrupted external activity, is manifest in Theresa. Here Life and Form are combined, but sap is wanting to this Life. There are no outbursts of

exaggerated enthusiasm, but there is Love and no Imagination. At the same time, her whole being has a perfection and clearness about it, which have great attractions for those, who have often painfully felt the want of them in themselves. A feminine softness also guides all her actions, which almost compensates for deeper feelings. Nor is she wanting in sensibility for what is grand and beautiful; but her piercing glance sees so many faults in the reality, that enthusiasm is unknown to her. Her impressions are pure, but momentary. Her all-absorbing impulse to activity does not allow her more time. She is never overpowered by a feeling, but she often gives way to one of her free will, when it may lead to action, and then she appears to the greatest advantage. The same internal peace is visible in Natalie, the same perspicuity of reason, the same activity; but Love gives life to all. This love spreads over the sphere of all her actions, without in one single instance losing anything of its intensity. In her it appears the holiness of a more exalted nature, but it is by no means oppressive; on the contrary, it is calming and elevating. She and Lothario may pass for representatives of the two sexes as they are pourtrayed in '*Woman's Worth*.' But Lothario is of a softer nature, and from culture strives more toward harmony than man in the poem.

Curiosity is excited respecting the early part of Lothario's history; but it is evident why it cannot be disclosed. He had figured in brilliant scenes, and the events of his life would, by their local colouring, have been detrimental to the keeping of the narrative. It was necessary for Meister to remain the hero.

In addition to these personages, there were other

especial circumstances, that had their effect upon Meister; to these belong his theatrical career, his sojourn at the castle of the Count, and the Secret Society. In the latter, I regard the ritual of absolution as a most happy idea, being, as it is, individual throughout, and therefore the more likely to have effect. But all these combined, were not sufficient for Meister's development. What gave the finishing touch was a child—a most true and beautiful idea.

The merit of such a plan was to be enhanced by carrying it out in a manner to disguise all preconcerted object, so as to afford a poetical enjoyment in the excitement of aroused expectation, in the removal of dissonances, and in a final satisfaction, quite apart from its philosophical substance. The gradual development of events is clever and surprising, but not artificial or paradoxical. On closer examination, the causes may be traced back to previous events, or be explained by some characteristic traits, or found in the natural workings of the human mind and heart. Some dissonances it was impossible to remove, so as to satisfy every reader. Mignon and the harpist contained the germ of destruction within them. A counterpoise to the feelings, created by the death of Mignon, is to be found in the obsequies. The holy feeling which they inspire elevates the soul into the Infinite. Perhaps, something soothing is not unjustly desired after the death of the old man. At least the strong contrast at the end, between this event and the final gratification, grates upon my ear. Rousseau asks, in one of his works, what is meant by a sonata? I should like to reply: a romance. If I translate this romance into a sonata, I should like to have a

waltzing measure after so harsh a dissonance, before the conclusion.

Would it not also gain in perspicuity if the growing passion of Natalie for Meister were more clearly indicated? It also struck me that the simple narrative of the chain of events, in the first three parts, is changed in the fourth. But this was, perhaps, intentionally so, on account of the greater tragic effect, or to increase the interest.

This was about the limits of the æsthetical duties of the artist; but the work of love now began. The structure was erected, the total effect attained; but without detracting from it, it might be enriched in its ornamental details. Under this head come the poems. The discourse on Hamlet, on art, education, and worldly wisdom, are rich food for the mind, contained in the observations scattered through the work. Of all this, nothing was to appear as a superfluous ornament, but each was to be anterior as a component part of the whole.

Serlo is well fitted for a conversation with Meister. The contrast between the two is not remarkable, but strong enough to give life to the dialogue; and before our eyes, as it were, opinions arise from character. *Ex parte* conversations, of this description, between those two personages, with whom we are now acquainted, would surely be hailed with welcome. We are so very poor in this branch of works of Art. One would also desire to hear the Abbé and Natalie converse on education; though they might feel little inclination to speak to each other on the subject.

In contemplating a work of Art of this description, it is possible to follow the artist to a certain distance,

and satisfactorily to explain his mode of proceeding ; but beyond that point he vanishes from our sight, however great may be our inclination to follow him into his sanctuary. Where he discerns, selects, arranges, he becomes the more evident to us, the more we make ourselves acquainted with his work ; but it is in vain that we endeavour to spy the genius when he breathes life into the picture of his imagination. He reveals himself solely by the effect he produces. The ordinary reader exclaims : " This is no invention !" There is a true history at the bottom of all this, and an electric shock vibrates through the frame of the true friend of the Arts.

Klar ist der *Æther* und doch von unergrundlicher Tiefe
Offen dem Aug', dem Verstand bleibt er doch ewig geheim.*

I should like to know something more of the origin of this work. Stein once told me that a great portion of it was written a long time since, and I am very curious to know what alterations and additions have been made. The beautiful spirit is surely new, also the greater portion of the poems. The character of Theresa must at least have been touched up recently. Additions have also been made to Lothario. I can scarcely look upon the obsequies and the history of Augustus as old matter.

I have been making all sorts of guesses about the Idyl. At times I thought it would consist of scenes similar to the meeting of Lothario with the beloved

* Clear the æther, and yet, of immeasurable depth, it is
Open to the eye ; to the reason, however, a secret it still
remains.

of his youth in the house of the former ; and then the subject did not seem to me suitable for a great work.

I am really glad that you have set earnestly to work at ‘Wallenstein.’ Considering the time you have already devoted to it, I scarcely think it will require three months’ preparation.

Voss’s ‘Musen Almanach’ is very poor ; even his own contributions, with the exception of his translations, are not of much value. The tone of his airs does not please me at all. He is usually dry, and when he attempts to be witty, he is usually coarse. In Baggesen’s drinking song, which contains a parody on the doctrine of the sciences, there are some pleasant drolleries. Stolberg has endeavoured to create a stir by his ‘Cassandra.’ There are, however, really some good passages in the first verses. I have also seen the ‘Berlin Almanack ;’ a poem by Madame Karschin. ‘Sappho’s Address to Herself,’ is perhaps the best thing in it. Bindemann shows great fluency of versification, but nothing beyond. Kosegarten’s contributions must have been written when he was a young man, and are not worthy of him.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 21 November, 1796.

Your letter on ‘Meister’ gave me as much pleasure as surprise ; and I subscribe to Goethe’s opinion of it, whose letter I enclose to you. You will, I trust, allow me to insert your observations without alteration in the ‘Horen,’ as an extract from a letter. Their unpretending tone will be welcome to all who have read the ‘Meister,’ and cannot fail to have more effect than a review *in formâ*.

Burgsdorf is staying here. I like him well. The Humboldts, myself, and he, usually pass our evenings together. He pleases me as much by his quiet and modest manners, as his sterling worth. He speaks of all of you with great affection.

Humboldt's mother died the other day. This event places him in much better circumstances, and allows him to carry out his various projects. He purposes passing next summer at Dresden, where we shall probably all meet.

I have not yet thanked you for setting my 'Mädchen aus der Ferne' to music. It was most welcome to me, and pleases me exceedingly. Zelter's 'Visit' does not seem to me a failure,—at least, it had a pleasing effect upon me.

I am at present exclusively occupied in pondering over the sources for my 'Wallenstein.' I find that I shall be compelled to study the whole history of the times he lived in to make anything decent of it. What I had formerly thought over and arranged, will not be of much service to me. I am only now aware of the exactions the subject makes, and the difficulties I shall have to contend against. But I hope to overcome them all.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 28 November, 1796.

I was naturally greatly rejoiced to hear that my observations on the 'Meister' found so favourable a reception from you and Goethe. I am especially pleased to find that I have understood Goethe's principal idea. As regards inserting it in the 'Horen,' do so on your own responsibility. I have no objection,

except that I fear it is not quite carefully enough written for such a purpose. It was done on the impulse of the moment, and was intended only for you and Goethe. It is true, I was well acquainted with the work, from reading it over and over again. I then endeavoured to arrive at a general idea of the effect of the work, unbiassed by all conventional exactions or personal influence.

Of the two reviews Goethe speaks of, the first especially is inimitable in its way. It is the production of some wisecrake, who sees the grass grow.

I understand the necessity of a preparatory historical study for ‘Wallenstein,’ and the details will gain greatly by it. But you will stumble upon much dead wood, which might discourage you, if the love of the work do not keep you up.

I have only one fault to find with Zelter’s music for the ‘Visit;’ namely, that he has destroyed the melody of the rythm in the poem. This fault at least I think I have avoided in the enclosed.

Neumann has shown me his music for the ‘Ideals.’ He will have it printed, and I shall then send it to you. There is much music in it, and in many passages the expression is happy. But his whole method of treating such a poem is in contradiction to the first elementary principles. He has a rage for laying stress on particular passages, and he has always the object spoken of in view, instead of the state of the subject in hand.

I am looking forward with a childish joy to next summer. I mean that we shall have a glorious time of it. I shall be very glad to see Humboldt again. His elegance will be of great service to me. I purpose

making some progress in the Greek classics this winter. Gessler may probably come on a visit to us about the same time. He wrote lately that he should probably come here in spring; but a letter from his travelling companion informs us that he has returned to Naples, in consequence of the peace with France; and it is now a question—if he visits Sicily or not—whether we shall see him.

I was sure Burgsdorf would please you. Remember us kindly to him, as also to Humboldt. I am glad Humboldt is now so independent as to be able to follow his inclinations. I trust he will steer clear of the shoals on which so many rich folks founder, and not become a slave to fashion, and poor in the true enjoyments of life. What we gradually accustom ourselves to, is no longer an enjoyment: we can only revel in superfluities. I endeavour to impress this upon Gessler, and hope to make him economical in his ordinary expenses. We can then count upon a fund of abilities in him and Humboldt, which will be a source of many enjoyments to us that we could not ourselves procure. Possession does not rank among my desires. There are so many things one man only need possess to make many friends participate in them. Gessler purposes fitting up a villa near Dresden; Humboldt may perhaps do the same; in which case something might be realized—like that on the estate of Natalie's uncle.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 28 November, 1796.

I am still brooding seriously over ‘Wallenstein;’ but the unfortunate work is still before me, shapeless and endless. You must not, however, suppose that I

have lost any dramatic qualities I may formerly have possessed. No; I am merely not satisfied, because my ideas of the subject and my exactions from myself are more clear and evident to me, and the latter more strict. None of my former compositions have so much force and substance as '*Wallenstein*' already has; but I feel too well what I ought to do, and what I will do —to take the work more easily.

The subject is, I may say, not pliant enough to allow me to do so; it combines nearly all the qualities which debar it from being so. It is in its ground-work a State event, and with regard to poetical adaptation, it has all the improprieties a political action can have:—an invisible abstract object, small and many means, dislocated action, timid progress, too cold a conformity of purpose for the poet's advantage, and yet without bringing it to perfection, or to poetical greatness; for, after all, the plan fails from want of skill. The mover of *Wallenstein*'s actions is the army, consequently, an endless plain to me, which I have not before my vision, and which it costs me great exertion to bring before my imagination. It is not, therefore, in my power to show the object on which he relies, and just as little that through which he falls—namely, the disposition of the Army, the Court, the Emperor. The very passions that actuate him—revenge and ambition, are of the coldest description. His character, moreover, is not noble—may not be so; he may appear an object of dread, never of unbounded admiration. Not to degrade or dwarf him, I dare not create anything great in opposition to him: he is necessarily a drag upon me.

This description will make you fear that I have lost

all relish for the work, or that if I continue it contrary to my inclination, it will be so much lost time. You need not fear: my inclination for it has not abated in the slightest degree, neither has my hope of great success. It was the very subject I stood in need of to try my new dramatic career. Bounded as I am within such narrow limits, where each step beyond them destroys the whole—in a word, where my object can only be obtained by innate truth, necessity, perseverance, and precision, a decisive crisis in my poetical character must be the result. And it is coming on. I find I go to work in a far different spirit than formerly. My subject is so much outside of myself, that I remain quite cool and unconcerned, and yet I feel enthusiasm for the work. With the exception of two personages that have won my affection, I treat the others—and especially the principal character—with the pure love only of the artist, and I promise you it will be none the worse for its being so.

But I found that a serious, though cheerless study of authorities, was indispensable to this objective method; it was necessary to seek events, characters, and personages in their own era,—a labour which might have been dispensed with if, by personal experience, I had made myself acquainted with men and things of those classes. I endeavour to fix a limit to the historical sources, to determine my ideas by the chain of events, and to realize them. I mean by these means to give life only to my personages: they must receive souls* (animation) from that power of which I

* *Beleben* and *beseelen*. We have, I believe, but one expression for both—"to animate." Prometheus animated his statues

may at times have given proof, and without which it would have been folly to have given one moment's thought to this work.

It is very possible, from the method I am now following, that my 'Wallenstein' may show a marked difference from my other works in the dryness of its style. What I have now to avoid, at least, is extreme abstemiousness, whilst formerly it was the extreme of intoxication. From this you will be able fully to understand why my former preparatory labours for Wallenstein will be of little or no avail; although it was you who induced me to proceed with the work. In other respects, I found it necessary to look upon the work as something quite new, and you will understand why I cannot advance rapidly. I trust, however, to be so far master of my subject in three months, as to be enabled to work it out without further delay. I, however, do not hope to finish it before the end of August of next year. It will be, therefore, near you that I shall rejoice in the termination of 'Wallenstein,' as was the case with 'Don Carlos'; and before then, I shall be indebted to you for many a word of encouragement.

I wish, first of all, to come to an agreement with you. You must promise me not to give ear to any partial notions I may feel inclined to give you of the work. The pressure of authorship might fall upon me, and I should then have deprived myself of the best

by the fire he filched from Heaven: whether he can be supposed to have inserted that higher degree of animation (*beseelen*) is a fine distinction. Our language has not the richness of the German.

part of your judgment, which can only be grounded upon a clear view of the complete work. I shall exact the same promise from Goethe and Humboldt, thus reserving to myself a treasure in your threefold judgments.

Should you know of any work that gives a faithful picture of military and political life—as ‘Memoirs,’ for example—I wish you would point it out to me. I have given myself great trouble in reading all I can discover on the subject, but I find very little for my pains.

Humboldt is of opinion I should write ‘Wallenstein’ in prose; as regards the work, it is all one to me whether I write it in iambics or as he recommends. The former would impart greater dignity to it, the latter allow of a wider range. But as I write it for the stage, I think Humboldt’s advice is worth following.

SCHILLER.

I enclose a new number of the ‘Horen,’ which may, perhaps, surprise you.

Dresden, 15 December, 1796.

From your present manner of viewing Art, I perfectly understand your method of treating ‘Wallenstein.’ You are also arrived at a juncture where the very difficulties of the subject would rather be an allurement to proceed than otherwise. I have, therefore, no fear for the result.

I have been for some time thinking whether I could not recommend you some ‘Memoirs of the Thirty Years’ War,’ and I can remember nothing. Galetti

quotes a number of authors in his ‘History of the Thirty Years’ War,’ but it may be questioned whether there is anything there that would be of service to you. Memoirs written by an inferior hand, seldom give more than a superficial idea of the manners and customs of the times they treat of. You want living models for your picture, and I think it matters little whether they be in the dress in which you will have to represent them. In the real world you have no opportunity of collecting materials for the existence of your personages ; all that remains to you, therefore, is the study of intelligent historians, who, from their own experience, enable us to cast a glance into the inner workings of human nature. I only know of two such—Tacitus and Retz. You will find a rich treasure in both, which may be made use of as a succedaneum for the present. However opposed in many respects, there still must be a great analogy with your subject. Thuanus might perhaps be of service to you, but I am not acquainted with his work. I have often discovered many good points in Strada.

It will be hard for me to keep my promise to forbear seeking to see portions of ‘Wallenstein.’ I, however, think the plan a good one, of not showing the individual scenes to any body. It, perhaps, spoilt the full effect of ‘Don Carlos,’ causing you to lay too much stress on the effect of separate scenes.

I do not agree with Humboldt about the iambics. I should be sorry to see them sacrificed ; and only the full persuasion that they would be detrimental to effect, could reconcile me to their loss. The question may be put, whether there will be any scene in ‘Wal-

lenstein' which cannot be given in iambics ? and if so, whether, like Shakspeare, the iambics might not be dropped in such scene. But this is not to my taste. It always jars upon my ears, like the singing in a German opera without a recitative. For the reading, every drama gains by being written in iambics. The reader is raised, as it were, by the rythm into the poetical region.

It is a glorious idea of yours to complete 'Wallenstein' near us. How many other things may not our being together, bring to maturity, of which we have now no idea ?

'Theon and Theano' seems to me to be written by Kosegarten ; there are many excellent passages in it, but, as usual, its general tenor is stiff and dry. The bones are too visible. 'Agnes von Lilien' is written by a man of talent ; there is a softness in it which makes me think the author is a woman. I discover here and there an attempt at ornament, which has the appearance of being added afterwards, and which betrays the beginner. It is only a master that dare appear in a simple garb.

Goethe did me the pleasure of sending me the elegy which is to serve as an introduction to the epic poem. There is a touching warmth and earnestness about these few lines, the effect of which will be increased by the simplicity of the language. If it were but possible to get a glimpse at a portion of the poem itself in manuscript !

KÖRNER.

Jena, 17 December, 1796.

My negligence in writing will make you presume that I am very deep in my work, and that is the fact. From planning and meditating over it, I came to the working out, and I find that, in some respects, the perfection of the plan depends upon the execution. Without this a real danger is incurred of becoming dry, cold and stiff, as the plan itself must spring from the life of it. I am now busy working it out, and, in a few weeks shall have completed the first act, which is by far the longest, and, owing to the disposition of the characters, the most difficult. At the end of the second act the whole plot is developed, and all the principal characters are on the scene, so that once there, and two acts finished, the other three are only to be regarded as the organic development from this stamen. - I am satisfied with what I have hitherto written, and have good hopes of the rest.

Burgsdorf, who is the bearer of this letter, has also left us. His society was very agreeable, I am very fond of such quiet, open characters. Have you read Madame de Staël's pamphlet, 'Sur l'influence des Passions.' It will please by its energetic and spirited style. She has not, it is true, a pleasing, but rather a *tranchant* reason, and she is too impassioned and violent for perfect harmony of effect, but it is interesting in the highest degree to follow her observations on the world that has surrounded her for the last six years, the conclusions she draws, and the manner in which she has nerved herself against it. But much more interesting to you, and upon other grounds, will be Diderot's work, 'Sur la Peinture,' a German translation of which has just been published.

It is a long time since I have read anything on Art, critical or philosophical, which afforded me so much food for thought. In his gay and joyous humour, he says things of the highest importance, and he interweaves his dialogue with the most valuable truths. Though the title speaks only of painting, as might have been expected, it contains much more on general principles, and is perhaps more applicable to poetry than to the Arts themselves. I recommend you to get the book by all means; it will be money well spent.

SCHILLER,

1797.

The Dresden Theatre—The twelfth number of the ‘Horen’—Agnes von Lilien—The Berlepsch family—Kant’s ‘Metaphysics of Law’—Körner’s critique on ‘Meister’ is published in the twelfth number of the ‘Horen’—Schiller purposes purchasing a country house—‘Herrmann and Dorothea’—Works on Astrology—Philip Melanchton, a believer in Astrology—Luther’s assertion respecting Melanchton—Corvinus and Sforza—Pico di Mirandola—Cardanus—Horoscope of our Saviour—Corn—Agrippa de Philosophia Occulta—Schiller studies Shakspeare—A Latin document on Astrology, translated from the Hebrew—Körner’s criticisms on Herder and Wieland—Schlegel’s ‘Julius Cæsar’—Aristotle on ‘Poetry’—Wallenstein’s Lager—Schiller’s Ballads, ‘The Diver,’ ‘The Glove,’ ‘The Ring of Polycrates’—Goethe leaves for Switzerland—‘The King of Thule’—‘The Cranes of Ibucus’—‘Fridolin’—Other Ballads and Poems by Schiller and Goethe in ‘the Almanack of the Muses’—‘Light and Warmth’—Schlegel’s stanzas on ‘Romeo and Juliet’—Goethe at Rome—His reputed Marriage—‘The Modern Pausias.’

Dresden, 17 January, 1797.

It is a long time since I have written to you, and you scarcely guess what has occupied my time so much. I have been for some time busied with arranging a system for teaching my wife the fundamental principles of harmony and melody, and wished to finish it during these holidays. I shall soon

have completed it, and shall not touch anything else until it be finished. With the new year, I shall give up the bad habit I have contracted of commencing things and never terminating them.

I wish good luck to your 'Wallenstein.' There are limits even to brooding over a plan.

In working out a subject, felicitous ideas often arise, and then the work runs free and easy. You have acquired great proficiency in what may be styled the mechanical attributes of a poet. Language and dialogue are at your command, and you have a certain instinct for theatrical effect, which never leads you astray. You are like the artist, whose practised hand obeys spontaneously the eye of the mind; and such being the case, the work is a pleasure. If you continue at this rate, you will not have much to add to 'Wallenstein' at Dresden. Burgsdorf said you had fixed your departure for June. Let us know betimes, that we may have rooms ready; we will have a joyous time of it. I have ordered the works of Madame de Staël and Diderot, which you speak of, to be sent to me; they are not to be got here. Diderot always interested me; he is more serious than most of his countrymen, without being pedantic. His lachrymose dramas have, however, done much mischief. Madame de Staël is not one of my favourites, and I require urging to be induced to take up a work of hers.

Our theatre is improving, and I visit it more frequently than formerly. Madame Albrecht is replaced by a Madame Hartwig, who is really not deficient in talent. Her voice and action are, however, too unrestrained, especially when she wishes to be gay; Hoffmann makes a good father, though his voice

is at times too soft. Christ understands his parts, and is even humourous. The villain's part, formerly filled by Schuwärth, is played by a new actor, from Mannheim, of the name of Ochsenheimer, who pleased me well. He makes a good old villain, he is not alert enough for a young one; he has an expressive cast of countenance. Iffland and Kotzebue are still the rage here. The latter is, I think, improving. There are really some well-drawn characters in 'Reconciliation,' especially that of the cobbler, which is well acted by Schirmer. I cannot, however, stand his screwed-up, sentimental dialogue. You will already have heard that Iffland has an appointment at Berlin, with three thousand dollars salary.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 21 January, 1797.

We have seen a copy of the twelfth number of the 'Horen,' and we are much interested at seeing the continuation of 'Agnes von Lilien.' Minna and Dorchen request me to beseech you to insert the rest soon. We cannot agree as to who is the author of it. Minna says it is very probably by you. The idea is not altogether impossible, but I do not think you would have worn the mask so long; moreover, it is not your style. The second part is, I think, richer in materials than the first, and I am at a loss to guess. That it is the work of a man of talent I am convinced, but I will take odds that it is not by Goethe. Simplicity of style is wanting, and it has too much the appearance of a *pendant* to Meister. Goethe never let two works of a similar nature follow each other.

The work is also deficient in those deeper insights into human nature which characterize your and Goethe's works. The style is fluent, and in the second part less studied. In short, I can forgive the Schlegel family if they are sadly plagued with the demon of curiosity.

The famous Berlepsch family are here, and they purpose remaining for a month or two. Herder gave them a very polite letter to me. I called upon them, did not see them, and waited till they called upon my wife. This they have done, and I have conversed with them, but am not much the wiser. To live with half-a-dozen such prophetesses would be to me an æsthetical hell.

We have a musical pedant here in the shape of a Madame Duschek, who will listen to no other music but Mozart's. She makes an excellent pendant to Madame Berlepsch. This latter lady only regards the tragical as poetry, holds forth on the decline of taste, and complains that the character of comic operas does not improve. Do you know her works? I have only read a little poem of hers in the 'Mercury,' 'To Herder,' which was pretty enough. She prides herself on her declamatory powers. We may, perhaps, hear her to-morrow. We have invited her to meet Madame Duschek. How did Herder manage to take a fancy to such a lay-sister! Mounier is a constant visitor at her house, and a marriage between them is spoken of. I have often met Mounier, but never entered into conversation with him. He is too important a looking personage for me, and his line of politics is by no means mine.

As regards my authorship, I am improving. The habit of commencing things and never finishing them shall be abandoned, dating from 1797. I commenced

a ‘Theoretical Treatise on Music’ for my wife these holidays, and I have got to the end of it. I now hope soon to be able to send you something for the ‘Horen.’

I have read carefully Kant’s ‘Metaphysics of Law,’ and have discovered much that is valuable to the lawyer; but I do not think he has treated the subject as fully as he might have done.

Minna has a request to make to you. At Jena there is a certain instrument maker of the name of Otto, who also makes Spanish guitars. He formerly resided at Gotha. My wife wishes to have a guitar from him. Be so good as to buy one, or order one. Cause it to be packed up by the maker, and forwarded to Kunze. Let me know the amount.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 24 January, 1797.

I congratulate you on your present industrious mood, and only hope that my ‘Horen’ may be the gainer by it. I stand, in fact, this year more in need than ever of some sound philosophical or critical contributions; and should feel really grateful to you if you could let me have something from time to time. I cannot now leave my ‘Wallenstein,’ and am consequently idle for the ‘Horen.’ Send me what you can—anything will be welcome. I send you the twelfth number of the ‘Horen,’ in which you will find your ‘Letter on Meister.’ Your judgment of ‘Agnes Lilien’ has not misled you. The continuation of it will confirm your opinion of her. The Schlegels express their opinion in too decided a tone when they say that ‘Agnes’ is not only one of Goethe’s works, but one of his best.

I am getting on with ‘Wallenstein’ but slowly, as

there is much to wade through. My courage, however, increases rather than diminishes. I have succeeded to my satisfaction, and I expect much more important results from the plan.

I already look forward with pleasure to the day on which I shall be able to show it to you complete. It shall be a finished work, I promise you, complete also in its detail.

My family are all well, and I am passably so. I long for the spring: I require a milder air and a warmer sun for my poetical reveries.

We greet you all heartily.

SCHILLER.

No date.

For ten days I have been delayed in my work by a stiff neck, which has been going the round of the house. As I am now in the middle of the work, every interruption, however slight, is a drawback to me, as it draws me out of the vein, which it is not always so easy to find again. I shall thank Heaven when I have written the last word of 'Wallenstein,' and see it finished on my desk. It is a sea to drink up, and I cannot see the bottom of it. If I could command ten weeks of uninterrupted health, it should be done; but, as it is, only one-third of the time is at my disposal.

Be so kind as to send me by next post 'Vossius de Poematum Cantu.' I have been asked for it.

I inclose you Humboldt's letter, which I should like to have back.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 7 February, 1797.

We have been a long time endeavouring to find out Otto, the instrument-maker, as he was not allowed to settle here. He has, however, returned here again, and has applied to Professor Griessbach for academical protection; I took advantage of the occasion to order the guitar. He will not make one under ten dollars. He says he made two for Dresden at that price; I think, one for Neumann, the other for Madame Brühl. He promises to have it finished in a fortnight.

I am negotiating for a summer residence and garden, and think I shall get it. The house is well suited for a summer residence for a family like mine; and if I lay out six hundred dollars, in addition to the twelve hundred it will cost me, it will make a very comfortable and commodious winter residence as well. The garden is not small, and the position is excellent. I hope this acquisition will tend greatly to the benefit of my health.

You will probably suppose that this will cause an alteration in my visit to Dresden. I shall not be able to leave so early in the summer, not on this account, but because of 'Wallenstein,' which will demand all my attention, and will not permit me to divert my thoughts from it. Then there is the 'Almanack,' so that, in fact, I scarcely know how I shall manage at all by September. Heaven, I trust, will assist me. Meanwhile I think of nothing else but my work. This once finished to my satisfaction, I shall doubly enjoy our meeting at Dresden.

We are all in good health. The little one is suffering from a tooth. We embrace you all tenderly.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 13 February, 1797.

I have been asked for the 'History of the Netherlands,' and must therefore request you to send me the book by return of post. The instrument maker has been here, and wishes to know if the guitar is to have five or six strings; he cannot commence it till he knows. Write, therefore, at once.

Goethe has been here since yesterday, but leaves again to-day, as he is wanted in Weimar. In a few weeks I shall spend some time with him.

I work now very slowly, and long for a less confined life and milder weather. The eternal imprisonment within the four walls of my room is becoming intolerable to me, and I could not stand it much longer. I hope to make the purchase of the country-house, and then I shall enter it by the end of March.

Farewell! and let me hear from you soon. We are all well here, and embrace you all heartily.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 February, 1797.

Two lines only, in haste. I shall send you the 'Netherlands' by next post, and a longer letter. If the country-house is necessary to your health, I have not a word to say; but the changing and settling down will take so much time, that I give up all hopes of seeing you this year for any period worth mentioning. I had looked forward to this

meeting with much pleasure, and you must therefore pardon me if I did not feel much from your letter.

Otto is to make a guitar with six strings. Let him pack it up. I will send you the money, or pay it to your order.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 18 February, 1787.

I send you the ‘History of the Netherlands.’ I doubt if the other historical books will be of any service to me for a Biography of William. There is something in this subject which discourages me; the character of William is so terribly prosaic. Skill in carrying out his plans, tact in choosing favourable moments, a clever politician, firmness in misfortune, are qualities that cannot be denied him; but all his actions were the natural consequences of the day, and not the result of republican enthusiasm. The means he selected were not always noble. In short, he acts an important part in the Revolution of the Netherlands; but, regarded as a man, he does not shine. Moreover, the ‘Horen’ is well provided with historical treatises. I must also confess I do not yet feel any great taste for historical subjects. There are so many gaps in the materials, that it is like making a speech of broken sentences.

The poem ‘Friendship,’ in the ‘Horen,’ is no doubt written by the same man who wrote a sonnet in the ‘Almanack,’ in imitation of the Spanish. I missed the rhyme; in poems of this kind the ear almost demands it.

I can scarcely think you will not have finished

'Wallenstein' before September. It would be better to pay less attention to the 'Almanack.' Small poems can be written in leisure hours.

Gessler will join us in the autumn. His weakness of sight spoilt two weeks of his stay at Naples. He purposes consulting Richter, of Göttingen. He brings many pretty things from Italy, and will settle down near us.

We have happily succeeded in getting rid of Madame Berlepsch. I have read her 'Summer Hours,' and have discovered a little talent only in a poem to Herder, on his return from Italy. The others are poor and hollow, and consist of patched-up phrases. Wherever there is an idea, it is borrowed from Herder. She is also a vulgar woman. We see little of Burgsdorf, as he goes out a great deal. He is always at balls and parties, and dances more than I should like him to do, as his chest is weak.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 24 February, 1797.

Fear not—our plan of meeting shall not be disturbed by my house-purchasing. Even if I had had to build, that should not have interfered with it. As matters stand, it is arranged that if I make the purchase I shall inhabit it alone this summer, and shall not commence alterations till the summer following. On this account, therefore, no hindrance will arise to our meeting; but 'Wallenstein' and the new 'Almanack' must determine the date of my departure. I must and can now only think about finishing them, and there is a wonderful deal to be done yet. Eight

weeks hence, I hope to be able to say precisely how much time ‘Wallenstein’ will still occupy me.

Goethe has sent me the enclosed for you. I may, perhaps, receive the first three cantos of his epic poem in time enough to read them also, for he is resolved to show them to you. Should they not arrive to-day, you will receive them by next post.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 9 March, 1797.

If you have not yet sent off Goethe’s poem, do so by all means by next post. He wants it sadly, as the first cantos are to be in the publisher’s hands early in April.

I have been much interrupted during the last fortnight in my ‘Wallenstein,’ and lost whole days. I am not, however, easily drawn out of the vein.

I cannot as yet tell you anything definitive respecting my purchase: it is still, however, negotiating; but there is scarcely any doubt of this being ultimately mine.

Can you recommend any works on Astrology to me? I am ill-provided with them. As you have at all times approached so near to astrology, you should at least know enough of it, to help a friend in need of information on the subject.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 10 March, 1797.

If you do not build this summer, I am satisfied. ‘Wallenstein’ and the ‘Almanack’ cannot occupy you all the autumn, and we shall then have some fine days to spend together.

You may assure Goethe that I know how to appreciate his communicating his poem to me.* Let me know when I must send it back. I shall find it difficult to part with it. See that the continuation be sent to me. How well he has succeeded in hitting off the original tone of this peculiar style; and the subject he has selected by no means facilitated the task. In Voss's personages there was nothing in their relation towards each other likely to disturb the interest. But the *borné* character of a village inn-keeper and apothecary, lowered the subject, and yet to make it perfect, it was necessary not to leave them in the background. There is something more patriarchal in the life of a village curate. His office alone, if he acts up to it, invests the curate with a certain dignity, which contrasts pleasantly with his simple mode of living. Here, on the contrary, it was necessary to draw all the interest from human nature alone, receiving nothing from external circumstances, but which yet preserved itself intact in the most unpropitious situations. The character of the apothecary is less noble, yet friendly. Hermann's father stands forth more prominently, but he is passionate unto harshness. When he speaks with enthusiasm, as in the first canto, he appears, at the first view, out of his element; but it is soon evident that there are obvious reasons for it. The Curate is essentially different from the Curate of Voss. Gifted with a cultivated mind, his position only makes him tolerant and friendly. The character of the Mother is inimitably drawn, but offered less difficulties than Hermann,

* 'Hermann und Dorothea,' a poem in hexameters.

who was not to lose too much from the Father's indignation. Little incidents, that illustrate and give more truth to the picture, are well interwoven, which is not the case with Voss. I shall write more at length in my next.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 14 March, 1797.

If you had desired me to give you information on works of Alchymy or Divinity, instead of Astrology, which I never studied, I could be of more service to you.

Stolle mentions a number of works in his 'History of the Sciences.' I have the book myself, and have made all the inquiries I could here.

According to a review in 'Le Clerc, Bibliothèque Universelle,' t. vii. p. 352, the following work would be of great service to you. 'Universa Astrologia Naturalis, variis Experimentis Comprobata, &c., autore Antonio Francisco de Bonattis, I. V. D. Patavina, Patavii 1687, 4.' There seems here to be method in folly. He denounces the extravagancies through the dreams of the Arabians, endeavours to lead them back to the unadorned theory of Ptolemy, asserts the influence of the stars on large masses only, and through them on individual persons; does not regard the power of the constellation as insurmountable, as a healthy body suffers less from a bad climate, &c. That there is no empty space in nature,—that the star owes its influence to the fluxion of small bodies,—the effect of which is propagated by the atmosphere. That there were general influences on the destinies of whole nations—and the individual influence on princes, states-

men and generals often undergoes a modification through them. In Reimann's introduction to the 'Historia Litteraria,' vol. iv. 256, you will find many interesting remarks. The ridiculous style will make you laugh. It was in this work I discovered that Joachim Camerarius and Philip Melanchton were great friends of Astrology, and special admirers of Ptolemy. In Melanchton's (t. iv.) 'Selectar Declamationum,' p. 362, there is a preface to 'Schoneri Libris de Judiciis Nativitatum.' Luther observes in his 'Table Dialogues,' that Melanchton always endeavoured to make him believe in Astrology, but that it had no attractions for him. His objections are, however, purely theological.

Matthias Corvinus and Ludovicus Sforza were great believers in Astrology. Pico di Mirandola wrote twelve letters against Astrology; Cardanus stood up in its defence. In his works there is a horoscope of Christ, perhaps a serviceable example. '*Salmasii diatribe de annis climactericis et antiqua astrologia*' will be of no service to you. It is a tedious cram of learning, without order or system. In Gerh. Jo. Vossii '*tractat de scientiis mathematicis*', there is a Treatise against Astrology. There is a short notice of the doings of the astrologers in the 'Introduction to the Curious Sciences, especially of Physiognomia, etc.': Frankfort and Leipzig, 1718, 8. What I could make of it is briefly as follows: Time and place of birth must be accurately given. The next step is to discover the longitude and the latitude of the birth-place. The *globus cœlestis* gives the position of the stars on the horizon, and the astronomical calendars determine the positions of the planets and of the sun. The heavens

are divided into twelve compartments, of equal dimensions, in the direction the meridian intersects horizon. The meridian, where it enters the horizon, and the two middle points between these two hemispheres, form four corners. The houses at these corners are the most important; each has a peculiar influence on the affairs of Man. The signs of the zodiac, and their position in the different compartments, are then observed, as also the positions of the other planets, the sun, the moon, &c., the relative distance of the planets from each other, where the courses of the sun and moon cross. It is important whether two planets are in conjunction or in opposition, or whether the line of distance form a triangle, quadrangle, or hexagon. A planet is weak when it is too near the sun, when it stands in certain relationship with a planet of opposite denomination—if it is not situated in one of the more important houses, &c. The more circumstances combine to strengthen the effect of the planet, the greater is its power. The direction of the sun is also to be observed, as of the moon and the planets. The *revolutiones* are also of importance—the position of the stars on the anniversary of the birth—the *transitus*—the return of the planet to the point it was at the time of birth—the *profectiones*—the position of the stars after every twelve years. The numbers three, four, seven, and nine play a conspicuous part, and analogies are drawn between the seven planets, the seven metals, the seven spirits, &c. You will also find something in ‘Corn. Agrippa de Philosophia Occulta.’ Morhof’s ‘Polyhistory,’ may also be of service to you.

Enough for to-day, something else may perhaps occur to me.

What has become of the second number of the ‘Horen?’ ‘Agnes von Lilien’ has caused a sensation here, and the continuation is eagerly expected.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 7 April, 1797.

There has been a long pause in our correspondence, as in all my other occupations. Goethe has been here for six weeks, and I have been overwhelmed with visits, so that ‘Wallenstein’ and everything else has been neglected. As long as I lead a placid and uniform existence, my occupations go on regularly; but once put out, it takes weeks and months to get me into the vein again.

Goethe’s epic poem, which I saw arise, and which in our conversations brought all ideas on epic and dramatic art under discussion, added to the reading of Shakspeare and Sophocles, both of which I have been studying lately, has been of great service to my ‘Wallenstein’, and this opportunity enabled me to cast a deeper glance into Art. I have reformed many points in the original plan. This great crisis has not, however, disturbed the ground-work of my play; I may therefore presume that it is a good and substantial one. The most difficult part is, it is true, is still to come, namely the poetical execution of so difficult a plan as mine really is.

Many thanks for your astrological communication; it was of great service to me. I have had since then many a droll pamphlet on this subject in my hand, of the sixteenth sæculum; among others, a dialogue in

Latin, translated from the Hebrew, between a certain Sophia and a certain Philo on love, in which half of the Mythology is brought forward in connection with astrology.

I hope to take possession of my garden next week. I look forward to it with pleasure, and hope to make good there the time I have lost during the last three months. We are rather anxious just now respecting the result of the vaccination of our youngest. I have some hopes, so has Starke, that he has already had the small-pox, as he suffered four months ago from an eruption of that description, accompanied by fever. It is three days since he was vaccinated, and he is as well and hearty as he has been all along.

Farewell! I greet you all heartily. The enclosed song is from ‘Wallenstein.’* You may perhaps feel inclined to set it to music.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 April, 1797.

My thanks for the ‘Reiterlied.’ I have made two or three attempts to set it to music, but have not yet hit the right measure: it must be neither too wild nor too noble. The rhythm is so easily disjointed. The line “Hurrying fate, it drives him on,” strikes me as rather coming from the poet than from the horseman.

I am glad that ‘Wallenstein’ has withstood another examination. Provided you do not lose taste for the work—and that is scarcely possible now—I have no fears for the rest.

* ‘Wohl auf Kameraden, auf’s Pferd, auf’s Pferd!
In’s Feld, in die Freiheit gezogen!’

The guitar has not arrived ; but a poet has—Schlegel has arrived from Jena. I have not seen his wife. Minna met her, and says she is very pretty. He has translated Shakspeare's 'Julius Cæsar.' What do you think of it ? The sixth volume of Herder's 'Memoirs' contains some good things among the legends. Herder's own poems do not please me, and there is a prevailing disconsolate tone in them all, which awakens an unpleasant feeling. Already, in the preface, he seems to believe in a moral famine, in which every rose ought to be made into bread. But his bread is really too little baked to give any nourishment, even if the case were really so bad. He must suffer from an unhappy sensibility, which makes him look at everything on the dark side, if he does not meet with all that he wishes for in the immediate circle of his acquaintances.

Göschen has sent me Wieland's works, and this has induced me to read some of them which are new to me, and others which I had partly forgotten. I am more convinced than ever of the immense damage done to him by the French school. He is so well read, his imagination is so overstocked, that he cannot draw from his own resources ; and these resources may not be great, and this explains the poverty of individuality in his works. He does not show much taste for the spirit of the Greeks ; but, on the other hand, his aim at elegant and light writing is very visible ; and how seldom does he succeed ! How often does he not become heavy, and sin against true elegance of style ! Intrinsic power is often sought for in vain in his writings. His brush is weak, and his colouring often overladen in detail, and dull in the main features

His great experience often lends a false gloss to his productions; but on a closer examination, their poverty is visible. I once entertained the idea of writing a severe critique on his works after his death; but it is scarcely necessary. He has created too little sensation in Germany. His style is not of a nature to find imitators. At most, it would serve to dispel the delusion under which a few foreigners are labouring, who regard him—who is anything but a German—as the representative of our literature.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 21 April, 1797.

Only a few lines to-day. My young one has suffered greatly from fever, which was aggravated by his cutting a tooth; at the same time he was seized with violent cramps, which caused us much anxiety. Now that the eruption has come out, he is relieved, and in a few days he will be on the road to convalescence, if the bad weather has no baneful influence.

This illness of the child made me unfit for any work during the last four days, especially as we are so lodged that every movement in the house is audible, I hope, however, in a few days to have my mind at ease respecting him, and I shall then at once take possession of my garden.

Lotte sends many greetings. I embrace you all.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 28 April, 1797.

We have been very anxious about your little one, especially as Schlegel said he had bad accounts. Truly, it requires some courage to vaccinate a child when it

is teething. On the other hand, this case may be an example against the usual fears. Write to me as soon as all danger is over. It was natural enough that you could not work during the child's illness.

Once in the open air, you will get on manfully. I also have a greater taste for the country this year than formerly, and shall soon take up my quarters at the Weinberg.

The guitar has arrived, and has a fine tone. But tell the maker to pack up his handiwork more carefully in future. The box was not deep enough, and the strings were loose when it arrived. I wish Otto to send me a complete set of strings, as they are not to be had here, or at least not so good.*

Jena, May 1, 1797.

My little one is quite recovered. Stark does not fear vaccinating a child whilst cutting its teeth, as many doctors do; he persisted in advising that the child should be vaccinated, notwithstanding the objections of myself and wife.

I have not yet entered my garden; the rainy weather does not permit the new fittings to dry; but I long to be there, as it is quite impossible for me to work in the town.

Humboldt has now left us, probably for some time. Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea' will be pub-

* The guitar in question will have a peculiar interest for the reader, when he is informed that it is the "Leyer" of Theodor Körner (Körner's son). It was the inseparable companion of the young poet in the campaign of 1813. This "Leyer" and his "sword" have outlived Körner's house, and are preserved as precious relics.

lished by Vieweg, of Berlin, at next Michaelmas Fair, in the shape of a Calendar. He preferred that form ; first, because he is better paid for it, and again, because the poem will receive a greater circulation.

I have but little prepared for my ‘Almanack.’ But it will get on by degrees.

SCHILLER.

I heartily agree in all your remarks on Herder and Wieland. Wieland is eloquent and witty, but has scarcely any greater claim to be ranked among the poets than Voltaire and Pope. He belongs to the palmy days, when flashes of wit were regarded as synonymous with poetical genius.

What leads men astray in forming a good or bad opinion of him, is his German individuality with this French varnish. This Germanism often makes him a true poet, and, still oftener, an old woman and a philister.* He is neither flesh nor fish. His works, however, are not devoid of poetical inspirations of the highest order ; his natural gifts are of no mean quality, though they have suffered from the way he has been brought up.

Herder has dwindled into a pathological subject, and I can only compare what he writes to a maladive fluxion, which does not restore him to health. What disgusts me most with him is an indolent carelessness, accompanied by sarcastic impudence. He shows a venomous envy towards all that is good and energetic.

* *Philister*, a slang term, common amongst students to denote their landlord (who is always pronounced to be a good-natured ass) ;— their “governor,” or any other person they think beneath their notice.

and affects to protect what is middling. He made the most offensive remarks to Goethe about his 'Meister.' His heart is overloaded with bile against Kant and the philosophers of the new school; and he dare not speak out, for fear of having some unpleasant truths told him, but snaps at a man's legs when he can do so with impunity. It is melancholy to behold a man gifted with such extraordinary powers, lost for the good cause: at times I feel inclined to entertain a similar opinion of Schlosser.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 29 May, 1797.

Only two lines, with music for your 'Reiterlied,' and a letter to Goethe. If he has left Jena, forward the letter at once, as I have announced the arrival of Herr von Senf, who purposes visiting Weimar. You will doubtless meet him; he will be able to tell you many things about Italy. He could not wait for Gessler, being engaged to an English-woman he met at Naples.

May I show your 'Reiterlied' to Thielemann? I am sure it will give him great pleasure.

I am deep in philosophy again, and flatter myself that I have discovered some rays of light. The object I have in view is of great importance, and every approach to it is a point gained. On this occasion I have remarked that Kant's works, which I am obliged to study hard, become more obscure to me the oftener I read them. I found this more especially in some passages in his 'Criticism on Reason.'

We have seen very little of William Schlegel and his wife. She does not please me, and there is

something in his manners which I do not admire. His ‘Julius Cæsar’ is a good translation, but does not read like an original work. The dialogue is stiff at times. The obscure passages are chiefly the fault of the original ; but the question arises, whether he ought not to have translated it according to his own interpretation. At all events, he should have added an explanatory note to such passages. With all his talent for the external beauties of poetry, Schlegel still seems not to have got further than the court-yard. The same may be said of his reviews. Minna and Dorchen greet you heartily.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 3 June, 1797.

I do not know which of us has been most remiss in writing. For my part, my time has been so much occupied that I have had no time for anything. We have been overrun with visitors. Goethe has been here for some weeks, and this is probably the last I shall see of him before his journey to Italy. He has almost made up his mind to leave this two months hence. As the Humboldts have left, and I have broken off intercourse with the Schlegels, I shall be much alone this summer. I have, however, my brother-in-law, and his sister also has taken a house here. I hope to turn this leisure time to account for the ‘Almanack.’ I have been reading ‘Aristotle on Poetry,’ together with Goethe, and far from restricting my ideas, it has strengthened and encouraged me. To judge from the views taken by French writers of Aristotle, one would expect to find a cold, illiberal legislator, and he is quite the reverse. It is worth your while to read his works. I had a German

translation by Curtius, which was published many years since at Hanover.

He did not at all put me out of humour with my 'Wallenstein.' I feel that, apart from the difference between ancient and modern tragedies, I have responded and will respond to his view.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 10 June, 1797.

It will not be easy for you to dispense with the society of Goethe and Humboldt, and I am now glad of your garden-purchase, as it will afford you occupation in your leisure hours. Your boy will soon be a companion to you, and being left to yourself, 'Wallenstein' will proceed rapidly. Madame Humboldt spoke to me of various projects for the 'Almanack'—of a Pindaric ode, songs, &c. Let me see some of them soon.

I enclose you a sample of excellent music. Should you stand in need of a composer, I should recommend Haydn; Salieri would be preferable if he understands German.

I had not more than half an hour's conversation with Alexander Humboldt, and found him very interesting. Frau von Humboldt was also much more agreeable, gay and lively than when she was last here. She spoke a great deal about the Schlegels. I can understand that their disagreeable manners must finally preponderate. But their natures are not common, but only distorted. Wilhelm Schlegel has been spoilt latterly by his wife and his profession as a critic. During his first visit to Dresden, he really pleased me very much, because of the love he manifested for the Arts and for the higher walks of what is beautiful. I never thought

him a productive genius. Frederick is more so, in his line, but with him there is still much of the *rudis indigestaque moles*.

You have aroused the inclination within me to read Aristotle, and I have already commenced, and found many shrewd remarks in him.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 18 June, 1797.

I can only write you a few words to-day; but to make amends I send you something to read. I hope it will give you all pleasure.

Show Thielemann the poem. I shall be glad of it. I should like to hear a soldier's opinion of it. If you can get him into the house when the prologue is read, I should like to hear what effect it has upon him.*

I have not yet heard your composition properly played or sung. It does not seem to me spirited enough. I have not heard Neumann's 'Ideale.' I trust he will not send me a copy of it, as I should not know what to say, and common politeness would make me answer him.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 25 June, 1797.

The prologue was a surprise to me, as well as a pleasure. The idea of introducing the tragedy by it seems paradoxical; but on maturer consideration, the advantage is evident in the gradually increasing interest, at least to the narrative. The versification may perhaps give rise to some difficulties on its represen-

* Wallenstein's 'Lager,'—Prologue to Wallenstein.

tation, as it is seldom our actors succeed in mastering verse. But it has other advantages, and is well suited to dignified and passionate language. I am almost of opinion that you have decided on writing the tragedy itself in iambics.

Would it not be as well to have 'Wallenstein' given on the stage before it is published? I think it would be more advantageous, and you could make good conditions. Humboldt is working hard at his 'Characteristics.' His style is becoming purer. His ideas are clear and prolific.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 9 July, 1797.

Your ballads have afforded me great enjoyment. 'The Diver' especially, 'The Glove' is also excellent, the versification is well studied. These poems are so many proofs of my assertion: that you need but give rein to your imagination, without more ado to convince yourself of your calling as a poet.

The choice of the subject has much to say to the success of ballads. If the subject is in itself poetical, it may be treated simply, and needs no additional ornament to interest the reader. The talent of the poet displays itself then in his power to seize upon and pourtray the marrow of the subject. The less we become sensible of a limit in this power, without, however, outstepping the boundaries of human nature, the greater is the artist. And if we honour the talent (Geist-spirit) of the artist we learn to love his mind (Seele) in the prevailing tone of his narrative. He pourtrays his own character and feelings, in the view he takes of his subject, especially by a calm placidity,

which is shed over the lively interest he takes in it. What I term mind (Seele) is more especially manifest in the language and versification—the bodily form of the spirit. The expression—a purple darkness, struck me as singular, and others have made the same remark. I know that the ancients made use of a similar expression, but I think that it is here out of place.

The verse-measure of ‘The Diver’ is, I think, well suited for ballads of greater length. Verses of the length of those of ‘The Glove,’* however beautiful they may be, would impede the free course of the narration. Dactyls often lend a quicker movement to a verse which has a very pleasing effect. The uniform and studied rythm in ‘Polycrates’† is well suited to the subject. Minna declares herself in favour of the “purple darkness.”‡ In attacks of giddiness, she says, that dark objects often appeared to her of a violet colour. Not being subject to giddiness, I am at loss to express an opinion. She also admires the richness of the expression, which I am willing to acknowledge, but which I should not allow to pass if this adjective will not stand an explanation.

KÖRNER.

* Vor seinem Löwengarten,
Das Kampfspiel zu erwarten,
Sass König Franz.
Und um ihn die Grossen der Krone
Und rings auf hohem Balcone
Die Damen in schönem Kranz.

† The ‘Ring of Polycrates.’ Beautifully translated by Bulwer.

‡ Denn unter mir lag’s noch bergetief
In Purpurner Finsterniss da.

Jena, 10 July, 1797.

I am glad that my first dramatic attempt, after an interval of ten years, has earned your approbation. If my health is but tolerable, I shall endeavour to be more deserving of it by the sequel.

I regard it as a great point gained to have got the better of most of my former failings, and that in the crisis I have saved what was good.

But the subject which I have selected for this new dramatic attempt is truly discouraging, and I have to eat the sour bread of penitence for the frivolity I displayed in the choice of it. You are not perhaps aware what labour it costs a poor devil of a poet, living such a retired life, to give movement to this wild and unknown mass, and to transform so dry a piece of state-policy into a human act. It will take me a year to finish 'Wallenstein.'

This spring and summer I have lost many months; the 'Almanack' will occupy my time till September, and in winter I am a slow coach at working.

I shall endeavour to manage to be with you before the winter sets in, if it is but for three weeks.

I send you something to amuse you. Should the style please you, I can complete the half-dozen, there is really something poetical in that nation.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 21 July, 1797.

I received your letter at Weimar, where I have been spending a week, to enjoy the society of Goethe during the last days of his stay here. He will have informed you himself that he leaves next week for Zurich,

where Meyer has arrived from Italy. I do not know for how long I shall lose him; they may perhaps both return to Weimar at the commencement of the winter.

Meyer was driven out of Italy by bad health. A thousand thanks for your last letter; it gave me great joy to find that my first attempt at ballads earned your approbation. Your remark that their success depends in a great measure on the subject selected, is a most just one. If I knew how to select, the rest I could manage easily enough. You are perhaps a better hand at it; turn the matter over, and point me out something.

As regards the purple darkness, you need have no anxiety, although I am obliged to Minna for coming to my assistance, with her experience in giddiness; I and my diver am justified: the diver, under the diving-bell, sees the colours green and the shades have a purple appearance when he comes up again from the surface. I call the light rosy, as its produces that effect upon the vision after the previous green colours.

I am now writing a few sonnets for the 'Almanack,' which are to be set to music. Much has been commenced, and nothing finished.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 21 July 1797,

The 'Radowessische Lied'* is characteristic, and in many passages touching. If the subject is to your taste, I have nothing to say against your writing

* Death-song of an Indian Chief.

some more in the same style. But I think your time might be better employed.

The rythm is too European and mars the effect. I should like to see something more foreign about it.

What you write about your journey is not consolatory. I had hoped to spend some months in your society. I still count on some weeks.

I can easily understand the difficulties attending 'Wallenstein,' but I trust they are not insurmountable.

Burgsdorf has left. He did not please me so well latterly. There is something effeminate about him, which I do not like. Activity he has none; and no energy in anything. He is passive, and gives way to a silent adoration in the contemplation of works of Art, without being able to account to himself for the feeling. A certain instinct leads him to distinguish the good from the bad; but this is not enough: his own powers ought to kindle from coming in contact with those of others.

I have a great respect for Alexander Humboldt for the energy of mind he displays in carrying out an object. William is a pleasanter companion, as he is quieter and more conversable. Alexander is somewhat hasty and ironical, which is often the case with men of very active minds. William has grown upon me, and there are many points of contact between us. How I should like to spend two or three months in the society of you both.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 30 July, 1797.

Subjects for ballads are surely not wanting in a library of novels. Much might be found in the ‘History of the Crusades,’ for example, the adventures of Richard Cœur de Lion. Something so choice as the ‘Diver’ would certainly never have come into my head. Without a little dose of Love, a ballad acquires a heaviness, which no poetical talent can overcome. But this Love must remain in the back-ground, and be rather imagined from its effects, as is the case in the ‘Diver’ and Goethe’s ‘King of Thule’, a great favourite of mine.* Magnificent scenes of nature and pure and natural feelings are well suited to ballads; but modern cultivation and conventional manners are entirely out of place. An event is to be immortalized by a poetical monument; for this a popular style is requisite, but not a plebeian tone.

When I say popular, I mean by people, men of heart and imagination, without extended information or cultivated mind, who imagine they hear the voice of a superior being, of something above them; but this voice must be perfectly comprehensible to them. By the richness of the rhyme, and the harmonious flow of language, the unspoiled nature of man is attracted, and the interest and excitement kept up unabated. It then

* Es war ein König in Thule,
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle,
Einen goldenen Becher gab, u. s. w.

There was a King in Thule,
True unto the grave,
To whom, dying, his true love
A golden beaker gave, &c.

becomes open to impressions of a nobler cast, and receives readily every picture of the imagination, of which the component parts lie within its sphere. The slightest reminiscence of its limited powers would at once cause the enthusiasm to subside—thence the pernicious effect of every idea which sets forth the presumption of a defined degree of knowledge.

On this occasion I have been induced to read some of Bürger's ballads. The narrative is vivid, and the language and versification at times excellent, but not equal throughout. In ballads, the subjective, as is the case in epic poetry, must be of a more elevated nature, partaking of the nature of the poet in general, without the individuality of the particular poet. In the drama we must not be reminded of the poet; but here we not only wish to see the object itself, but as it is reflected in the poet's mind. In the lyric poem, on the contrary, the special nature of the narrator appears with the greatest possible fullness of individuality, but always in an ideal state.

Send me all the sonnets that are ready. Hitherto you have made them no easy task for the musician, inserting many passages which read much better than they would be sung

The Humboldts have left, and send many greetings. They appeared sorry to leave Dresden. He is a pleasant companion. His sweet disposition makes his society very agreeable; and you may reckon upon his feeling an interest and pleasure in every branch of mental activity.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 6 August, 1797.

The overpowering heat of last week has shaken me so much, to which a cold has contributed, that I have been very unwell for the last week, very feverish, and in fear of a severe attack of illness. To-day I feel somewhat better, although I feel languid, both mentally and bodily.

I was glad to hear that Humboldt's society pleased you so much. He combines all the qualities of a pleasant companion. He is a man who takes an eager interest in any new idea, examines it well, abstains from expressing a decided or partial opinion at once, and seizes hold of, and appreciates the meaning wished to be conveyed by another, with the greatest facility.

However instructive his conversation is for all those who have a fund of original ideas to communicate to him, it is at the same time necessary for his powers to be brought out, and to provide food for the keen edge of his intellectual appetite: he cannot create, he can only discern and combine.

I fear that the preparations he is making to seize upon the new masses that Italy will open to his view, will be detrimental to the effect which that country ought to produce upon him. He is already laying out plans and projects to follow out, providing himself with tubes of his own invention to look through at that world; and the result will be, that he will only find what he brought with himself: and his anxiety to bring hence some isolated results of his investigations will, I fear, not allow the full effect to tell as it ought upon his imagination.

Italy might prove of the greatest service to him, if

it could impart a certain impulse to his imagination, which is kept prisoner, as it were, by his reason. But to effect this, he should not enter as a conqueror, with machines and apparatus to take possession of it for his reason. What he wants is a calm and unassuming sensibility: his mind is too active, and rushes towards fixed results with too great haste. But you know him well, and doubtless agree with my observations.

I have not yet formed an opinion of Alexander. I fear, however, that in despite of his great talents and unceasing activity, he will never produce anything great.* I cannot discover in him a spark of pure objective interest in anything he undertakes; and however curious it may appear, with his immense fund of information, I find a poverty of thought, which is the worst of evils in the study to which he has devoted himself. His is that naked, *trenchant* reason, which measures out Nature, whose ways are always mysterious and beautiful, with an impudence and a daring, which I cannot understand; and adopts for his guidance formulas, often nothing more than empty words, and always circumscribed ideas. In a word, he appears to me to have too coarse an organ, and too little discernment for his work. He has no imagination; and he is therefore deficient in what I regard as most essential to his science, for Nature must be studied and felt in all her parts, as in her sublimest laws.

Alexander makes a good impression upon many, and gains in a comparison with his brother, because he knows how to make himself appreciated. But as regards real merit, there is no comparison between the

* Schiller's fears have proved groundless.

two; so much higher opinion do I entertain of William.

Your opinion of Burgsdorf may be correct enough; I saw too little of him, and took too little interest in him to be able to form an opinion. I always found him, however of late, powerless, and like all weak natures, obstinate.

Goethe has been gone a week; I have not yet heard from him.

My work, as you may fancy, has been at a stand-still for the last fortnight, which makes my state doubly insupportable. I have neither inclination nor power to do anything. I will send you some sonnets by next post, set to music by Zelter. He will write music for the 'Reiterlied' also; it pleased him exceedingly.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 25 August, 1797.

Your opinion of Alexander Humboldt appears to me too severe. I have not read his work on the 'Nerves,' and only know him from his conversation; but admitting that he is wanting in imagination to feel the beauties of Nature, I think, nevertheless, that he is capable of rendering great service to science. His desire to measure and dissect everything that comes within his reach, is a proof of keen observation, and without this there are no fit materials for the naturalist. As a mathematician he cannot be blamed for applying figures and measurements to everything that comes within his sphere of action. He endeavours to organize the separate parts to a system, pays attention to hypotheses which enlarge

his views and is thus led to dive deeper into the mysteries of Nature, I allow that his activity is not always equally balanced. Men of this description are always too much occupied in their own sphere to pay much attention to what occurs beyond it. This gives them an appearance of harshness and want of feeling. William Humboldt has written to me from Vienna: he still likes the place, but he must soon be tired of its emptiness. What do you say to his 'Treatise on Character?' I found very good ideas in it, but have not discovered any clear result. He fights manfully with his subject, but clearness is an attribute of victory, and he is still in the struggle.

I am now reading Euripides, which is new to me. I think him inferior to Sophocles. There is something in Orestes revolting in the plot to murder Helena. The speeches are long and full of repetitions. In 'Hippolytus,' Phædra's passion is delicately and forcibly drawn. Voss's translation of Virgil's 'Eclogues,' is an interesting production. He might have made his comments shorter: he spouts forth learning at times quite unnecessarily—almost as bad as Böttiger.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 15 September, 1797.

Only two words to-day, dear Körner, to show you I am alive. I have been very unwell since my last, and thought I should have been seriously ill; an emetic has relieved me. I am still suffering from a bad cold, the remnant of a violent catarrh. My labours have been nearly six weeks at a stand-still. My head was so heavy that all inclination to work

forsook me. Now that I am better, I find that there is so much to be done—not to speak of the getting up of the ‘Almanack,’ which will be published here—that I scarcely know where to begin.

I hope to send you the printed ‘Almanack,’ ten days hence at latest, which will contain many pretty things by me and Goethe. My sonnets will not be ready till next year; my indisposition put a stop to them.

Humboldt writes me word that he is getting tired of Vienna; that he will leave it certainly early in October, but that he has almost given up the idea of a journey to Italy. He has, however, a great inclination to go next month to Paris.

Goethe writes regularly to me, and his instructive, intellectual letters, which I will give you some day to read, make me accompany him on his journey, and give me much food for thought. He was eight days in Stuttgart, which city pleased him much. By this time he is with Meyer, at Zurich. As regards his Italian journey, I do not know what his plans are, nor do I think he knows himself.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 September, 1797.

I am expecting proofs of the ‘Almanack’ by every post. Rackenitz brought me lately a ballad, the ‘Cranes of Ibucus.’ I should say it was your work rather than Goethe’s. The style is evident in the tragic chorus; the versification, on the other hand, partakes more of Goethe. The narrative is excellent, and some passages are of great effect; but it is, on the whole dry, as is the case with the ‘Ring of Polycrates.’

Unity is here again an abstract idea, the vengeance of fate as that of Nemesis. Such ideas are not drawbacks to dramatic effect, because the attention is too much concentrated on the passing events before the spectator, and the idea is only visible in the background. This is not the case with descriptive poetry. The real marrow of a ballad is the display of high human virtues in action.

The enthusiasm of some human event is seized upon, and, as it were, immortalized, by a poetic monument. The goal is either victory after a fierce contest, or heroic resignation by a preponderance of external obstacles.

I have read through '*Hermann and Dorothea*', but have not yet studied it. The tone is well kept up throughout, and the rising interest thrown into the poem, towards the conclusion, has an excellent effect: it is undoubtedly one of Goethe's best productions. It is perhaps of too high an æsthetical value to be appreciated as it deserves. The greater portion of the public hold fast to the subject, and, in this instance, the leading political parties are more or less interested, I therefore expect to hear the most extravagant expressions of admiration and censure. Does Humboldt really purpose going to Paris? At all events, once there, he will not dare to do much. At Paris the majority seem decidedly in favour of the party now in power, and a renewal of disturbances is scarcely to be feared.

This summer I have finished nothing. I had purposed writing a philosophical treatise, but the necessity of attending myself to the education of my children, occupied my time. I have read and thought much on

education, and, from a pedagogical necessity, have fallen upon the study of Nature, which, for many years, I had consigned to a corner ; I now begin to find a taste for it : at all events, I have individually made a step in advance, though I have produced nothing.

I trust your health is better.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 2 October, 1797.

At last I send the ‘Musen Almanach’ : I hope it will please you all. The music will follow next week. My health is much better, although, when I got rid of my cold, the cramps came on again, and inability to sleep.

It is a long time since I have heard from any of you. Write me word how you are all getting on. Goethe is in Switzerland, with Meyer. I am ignorant of Humboldt’s whereabouts. In his last letter, written three weeks since, he wrote me word that he would shortly leave Vienna, and probably go to Paris ; should he have written to you and given you another address, let me know. I do not know where to find him, and wish to avoid sending my letters and parcels to him by Vienna, as they run the risk of being opened.

I have taken up ‘Wallenstein’ again, but it will take me some time before I warm in it again. My illness and the ‘Almanack,’ have diverted my attention from it.

SCHILLER.

I have this moment received your letter. I was surprised to hear that you should have received ‘Ibycus’ from Rackenitz, sooner than through me. This is an indiscretion of Böttiger, to whom I sent a copy before

it was printed, to ascertain that I had not sinned against the Greek style.

The dryness of which you complain in this ballad, and in 'Polycrates,' is scarcely separable from the subject; the personages are only there on account of the idea, and are, as individuals, subordinate to it. The only question, therefore, would be: is it allowable to select such subjects for ballads?

I have not so high an opinion of ballads, as to suppose that poetry is to hold a secondary place.

Dresden, 8 October, 1797.

A few words at starting, on the 'Almanack.' Of your poems, the 'Gang nach dem Eisenhammer' (Fridolin), pleases me best. Of Goethe's, the 'Modern Pausias' is my favourite. 'The Bride of Corinth' is a poem of great merit, but partakes of a certain obscurity, perhaps intentional, which, to my idea, spoils its effect. Of your smaller poems, I prefer the 'Secret,' and the 'Words of Faith.'

I am astonished that you should entertain a poor opinion of ballads, the more so as I am of opinion that they succeed with you beyond measure. What distinguishes them from the epic poem, is, I think, only their lesser compass. To explain myself fully, I must enter a little more into detail. The qualification of a perfect poem (perfect, complete, *selbstständig*), consists, methinks, in the more exalted nature of the poet, which embodies itself with a subject. Subjective value tells here exclusively; the object must never be represented for its own sake. But the subjective value must be *manifest*, and this takes place either in a state of contemplation, or feeling—lyrical poem—or in

creation (*ποίησις*)—epic and dramatic poem. Here the creating genius is visible in his handiwork, when he has glorified his full powers in its development; the world in which he lives and rules, whether it be of greater or lesser dimensions, is of little importance. A single incident may suffice to kindle the *love* of the poet. This explains the intimate connexion between subject and object, the piercing into the marrow of the subject under treatment—in a word, the *spirit* of the treatment.

The *skill*, is quite another thing, in which the external form of poetry is made subservient to another end. To this class belong fables, tales, didactic poetry (*Lehrgedicht*), epistles. Amongst these tales, I should not place the ‘Glove,’ which is a poem, in itself a picture, partly animal, partly chivalrous. On the other hand, there are stories which in themselves, either by a surprising *dénouement*, some peculiarity, a comic or affecting contrast, attract attention. The great thing in such cases, is to keep the thread of the narrative clean, clear, and perfect; to select a fitting tone, and to keep it up till the end.

I classify ‘Light and Warmth,’ ‘Breadth and Depth’ amongst didactic poetry; the ‘Words of Faith’ among the lyrical. I think the ‘Glove’ has gained by the change in the end, partly on account of the customs of chivalry, partly because it brings out the verse better. Of the other poems anon. Schlegel does not seem to have got any further. I know nothing more of the Humboldts than that they were to leave Vienna early in October. He has not given me any other address.

Jena, 20 October, 1797.

A few words to accompany my parcel. I am glad that my contributions to the 'Almanack' please you. 'Fridolin' was quite a new line to me, and I trembled for success. I am now curious to hear Goethe's and Humboldt's opinion.

You do not do justice, I think, to Schlegel, if you place all his poems in the 'Almanack' on the same footing. In his stanzas on 'Romeo and Juliet' he has really excelled himself: they are written in the true spirit, and speak of feelings of which I did not think him capable—provided he has not borrowed them.

The 'Stolen Gods' is also good. His 'Prometheus and Arion' I give up to your tender mercies. What do you say to my new contributors—Schmidt, K. A., and F.? You would do me a great pleasure, and Goethe also, if you would write a critical review of the 'Almanack' in the same manner as last year. Of the melodies which I send you to-day, the 'Reiterlied' must be played in a lower key than it is marked. It was a curious idea of the composer to make a dragoon sing in a key almost too high for a woman's voice. Otherwise, the melody pleased me. If you could put your composition for it in a little better order, as some of the verses are rather jumbled up, you would do me a pleasure.

Zelter has also set it to music, and they tell me with great success. I have not yet received it.

SCHILLER. *

Dresden, 7 November, 1797.

I have been a long time silent, as I wished to send you a closely-written letter on the ‘Almanack,’ and owing to heavy official duties, could not find leisure. To-day I write a line merely to show I am in the land of the living.

Of the music, Zelter’s composition to Goethe’s ‘Indian Legend’ pleases me best. Zumsteg shows talent, but his music is at times studied. I send you to-day my composition for the ‘Reiterleid,’ set differently, each verse separate.

Göschen has been here, and told me, with evident pleasure, that he had received a favourable answer from you to an offer about ‘Don Carlos.’

You said something once about a small epic poem. Would not that be the very thing for Göschen when ‘Wallenstein’ is ready? I find it a difficult task to abstain asking for a glimpse of so much of ‘Wallenstein’ as is finished; but I must give in if you hold firm to your determination.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 20 November, 1797.

Goethe arrived quite unexpectedly yesterday, having returned with Meyer from Switzerland. Respecting G—, Meyer told me that he heard from his Roman acquaintances, on good authority, that G. was engaged to a very pretty Roman girl, of low origin, and not of the most exemplary conduct; and is said to have really married her. He pays an annuity to her parents, and to her sister, with whom he was first acquainted. He told me so many circumstances concerning it, that I cannot doubt the truth of it. He picked up the

girl's acquaintance amongst the artists, to whom she used to sit as a model. Try and get on the right side of this story. I am very sorry for G., as the girl is said to be a great thief, and of very loose conduct. He would be regularly duped. Humboldt wrote to me three weeks since from Munich, that he was going direct to Basle, and that he should decide about his visit to Paris.

Goethe's journey has done him a great deal of good. Meyer is also come back much improved in health.

Owing to sleepless nights, I have lost much of my time this month, which I regret the more as I had set earnestly to work at 'Wallenstein.' I have now decided on writing the whole of it in iambics. I am surprised how I could ever have thought of writing it in anything else. It is impossible to compose a poem in prose. I have revised all that I had written. In its new shape, it has a far different appearance, and may now be called a tragedy. Farewell for to-day, and let me soon have your critical letter on the 'Almanack.'

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 1 December, 1797.

I wish you joy of Goethe's return. It must have been a joyful surprise to you. I was surprised at his sudden arrival. His last letter was dated the 2nd of September, from Genoa, in which he talked of coming back soon. Since then, I had not heard from him. I had heard something of what Meyer told you through a third. Matters appear, however, to have taken a favourable turn. I do not believe in the marriage; I know, however, that he took the girl with him from

Rome to Switzerland. I have never mentioned the subject to him, and never will. I know, however, that he has left the girl in Switzerland, to give her a fitting education. If he now entertains the idea of making her his wife at some future time, I lay a wager he will not do it after all. Sensuality attached him to her. She will never be able to enchain him by her letters; absence is, therefore, already a great point gained. He is also very dependant upon the opinion of others, if passion has not mastered him. Godean, a Swiss, who knows Goethe, and who is on intimate terms with him, has probably turned this to account. The girl may also find it dull in Switzerland; will be doing some silly thing; will make off with some one who pleases her better, and G. will escape with a slight loss of money. When I heard of this affair, I wrote to him at Genoa, pourtraying in as vivid a colouring as I could our literary activity and enjoyments, without alluding to his *liaison*. I hope thus to keep him in breath, and turn his energies in the proper direction. He has brought some fine specimens of art from Italy, and expects more. He remains this winter here, and purposes visiting Silesia in the summer.

I am glad that I was right respecting the iambics. I have had many a discussion with Humboldt on the subject. I am persuaded that the dignity of such a poem demands a certain pomp of verse.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 25 December, 1797.

It is a long time since you have written. I trust 'Wallenstein' has been progressing. I have been

reading through parchments, and am just beginning to draw breath again. It was quite a relief to me to take up again the 'Musen Almanach.' It was like new matter to me.

The 'Modern Pausias' affords me most enjoyment, when I conjure up a picture in which the flower-girl and her lover are pourtrayed as represented by the poet in the six first distichs. A competition ensues between the work of Art and the poem. The poet is aware of his advantage, and passes rapidly over the visible picture into a world of ideas, feelings, and recollections. But the past is only to give us a more lively and more faithful picture of the present. The story, and not the narrative only, is an object of representation. And here I admire especially the skill with which the narrative is divided between the two personages. Contrast and harmony exist in the most beautiful proportions, and their union produces a perfect work, each joint of which seems to fit naturally in its socket. Art and artist are forgotten in the delightful contemplation of a work of a noble and exalted mind.

The 'Dream' appears to me the production of Fräulein Imhof. It is well told, and the versification, with a few exceptional cases of oversight, is harmonious. But the conclusion is heavy.

The poem, 'The Singer's Solitude,' proves talent and feeling. It reminds one, however, too much of some of the songs by the Harper in 'Meister,' with which it can bear no comparison.

Respecting the 'Ring of Polycrates' and your other ballads, I have already expressed an opinion.

The versification of the ‘Zauberlehrling’ (Magician’s Pupil) is very happily chosen, and the magic words have an original and solemn effect.

I have just received your letter, and, therefore, put off my criticisms till another day. Is not your indisposition the consequence of a cold? Madame Humboldt tells me you sleep dressed on the sofa. This can scarcely be good for you. You should undress and get into bed at all events, with a self-extinguishing night candle near you: you could read till sleep stole over you, and not deprive yourself of the nightly perspiration.

If you could send me a bit of ‘Wallenstein,’ it would give me great pleasure.

I look forward with pleasure to Goethe’s ‘Faust.’ I have been once or twice on the point of asking him to show me the manuscript, but have not dared.

Humboldt has written to Gessler from Paris. He is in the enjoyment of good health, but writes, that in honour of liberty, all letters addressed to strangers are broken open. I have made the acquaintance of an intelligent young man of the name of Hardenberg, who knew you at Jena.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 25 December, 1797.

I have had a severe attack of diarrhæa and vomiting, and feared a serious illness. But it is an epidemic which is prevailing here, and has, therefore, nothing to do with my old malady. The attack has, however, knocked me up for the week, and interrupted my labours, which are interrupted often enough without that. With God’s blessing, I hope ‘Wallenstein’

will be finished next year. If I could command three months of uninterrupted health, it should be finished, but my indisposition, and especially my sleepless nights, deprive me of one day out of three, and rob me of that connected labour which is so requisite to maintain equanimity in the writer.

It is a long time since I have heard from any of you. My children and Lottchen are well.

I have not had a line from Humboldt for the last eight weeks. If he is not in Paris, I do not know how to excuse his long silence, which leaves me in such a state of uncertainty about his fate and his residence.

I expect Goethe here next week, to remain some time. He will probably finish 'Faust' here.

I also find it difficult not to show you something of 'Wallenstein' before it is completed, especially as I can scarcely hope to finish it before next July. I shall, perhaps, send you the two first acts and something of the third, as soon as I have got them into order. This first half, which is rather a preparation for what is to follow, forms in some measure a complete whole in itself. What follows is rather the development of this first portion.

SCHILLER.





WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.

1798.

Humboldt at Paris—Schiller's satisfaction with 'Wallenstein'—Goethe's 'Bride of Corinth'—Schiller receives the diploma of a French Citizen, signed by Danton, Roland and Clavière—He receives the title of 'Ordinarius honorarius'—Jean Paul Richter—Voss's Ovid—Goethe at Jena—Humboldt's analysis of 'Hermann and Dorothea'—Ludwig Tieck—'Wallenstein's Camp' is given at Weimar with success—Goethe's Propylæi—'Treatise on the Laocoon.'

Jena, 8 January, 1798.

Only a few lines to-day, to relieve your anxiety about my health. I am all right again, in excellent spirits and good working order. The other members of my family enjoy good health, and greet you all affectionately.

Humboldt has written me a long letter from Paris, which I will send to you as soon as I have answered it.

I expect Goethe here next week, and his arrival will be an important epoch for my work, as I purpose reading 'Wallenstein' to him, as far as it is ready. I am full of expectation, though I am pretty certain of the effect it will produce on a cultivated mind: I cannot deny that I feel well satisfied with my own work and that I admire it. You will not miss any of the fire and energy of my best years, without their roughness. It

is true, it is no Greek tragedy, and was not intended for one, nor would the age have thanked me for one, had I made the attempt. It has become too rich a subject—a small world—and the development of it has compelled me to go to a great length. Although there are some scenes wanting to complete the second act, and nothing of the following ones is arranged, I shall be able to read to Goethe four times the quantity contained in the prologue. You may, therefore, form some opinion of its length. The fourth and fifth acts will, however, be short, and the whole tragedy, exclusive of prologue, will not exceed fifteen printed sheets.

I wish you to send me some patterns of paper-hangings from Dresden. Farewell! and continue your criticisms on the 'Almanack,' which give me and Goethe great pleasure. We greet you all tenderly.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 19 January, 1798.

I am quite impatient to see 'Wallenstein.' Send it as soon as possible, and tell me how long I may keep it.

I have also received a long letter from Humboldt, which turns chiefly on the opera and ballet. Before answering it, I should like to read his letter to you, as he refers to it. I shall send you both I enclose the continuation of my remarks on the 'Almanack.' The remainder will follow soon.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 12 February, 1798.

I send you Humboldt's letter at once, that you may answer him without delay. I should like to have it back again, as I wish to show it to Goethe, who likes to read observations upon himself.

We all agree with your remarks on his 'Bride of Corinth,' but you give it a higher value than it deserved. Goethe wrote it from a mere whim to write something contrary to his opinions. The 'Bayadere' is decidedly superior.

Humboldt's letter, let me into the secret between you two, of publishing together some work or other. As far as I can guess, it is to be a psychological critical review of authors and works. I trust the plan will be carried out: it is the very thing for you both. Let me know more of it if possible. There is no fear of my leaving 'Wallenstein' in the lurch now. I have got through the worst of it. In four months I hope to have finished it. Should it last longer, I fear I should lose all inclination for the work, as the continual direction of the mind towards one exclusive object becomes a burthen at last, and change is necessary to keep the soul alive.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 16 March, 1798.

Each successive post-day I have hoped to have been able to send a portion of 'Wallenstein,' but although there is a decent stock ready, there are some gaps which must be filled up, and I have not yet been in the right humour to do so; and to leave them thus would annoy you, although they do not constitute an essential portion of the work. Notwithstanding

the many interruptions caused by my illness this winter, and again during the last week, I have nevertheless made considerable progress, and hope to have finished by the end of June. I regard it really as an epoch, my giving you 'Wallenstein' to read. Since my last drama, eleven years ago, we both of us have grown much more exacting respecting a work of Art, and God grant that my powers have increased in equal proportion.

Your criticisms on the 'Almanack' are always a feast to me, and keep me in the right path. Continue them. I shall lay them all before Goethe next week when he comes here, and rejoice with him on the agreement of your opinion with our own.

I have received at last, a fortnight since, the diploma of French citizenship from Paris, which was drawn up five years ago by Roland, and has been all this time at Strasburg. It has come to me like something from the realms of the dead; the *Loi* bears the signatures of Danton and Clavière, and the letter which accompanies it, is signed by Roland. It was Custine who procured it during the German campaign, and all of them are no more.

To this mark of honour, another one has been recently conferred upon me, which is just as of little service to me. Our courts have of their own accord conferred the dignity of Professor *ordinarius honorarius* upon me. I gain nothing by it, not even a claim to a future vacancy. It however pleased me that they have paid the compliment to me, though I do not expect to derive any advantage from it, as I have not given lectures for some years.

The 'Horen' will cease. It is quite impossible for

me to pay proper attention to it, and Cotta is rather a loser than a gainer by the high rate of remuneration given. He was however willing to continue it.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 26 March, 1798.

Your good reception of my criticisms has encouraged me to send the remainder.

That our exactions for a work of Art have increased during the last eleven years, I am aware; and I think we may consider it a source of congratulation. Woe to him who feels that he has remained stationary! Our progress is a guarantee that the blossoms of our spirit have not faded, without which all higher enjoyments are impossible.

But I shall certainly not be severer towards 'Wallenstein' than you are yourself against your own works, after having lost sight of them for a time.

The compliment from Paris is not of much import. The tomfoolery of this people is disgusting to me. Their Generals alone deserve respect. I should, however, like to see Roland's letter. The new title of Professor conferred upon you, is at least a proof of German honest good-will, which has its own value.

I expected to hear you would give up the 'Horen.' But have you no intention of starting another publication, not to appear at fixed periods, in which you and Goethe could note down your observations on Nature and Art, as at times the spirit of criticism must be stronger than the power of creation? Humboldt and myself perhaps might send you an odd contribution now and then.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 27 April, 1798.

An unlucky star has presided over me this spring and autumn, for I have been four times interrupted by illness since October. I have again been laid up for a fortnight with cold and fever, and was even confined for some days to my bed. It has shaken me considerably, my head especially has suffered; so that nearly five weeks have been lost to my work, and about as many more during the winter. The worst of it is, that I have lost inclination to the work, as well as time; and it may be some time before I can take it up again.

Your critiques on the 'Almanack' have given Goethe great pleasure, and he has been conning them over for some time. He does not agree with your remarks on 'Ibycus' and 'Polycrates,' though I do; and takes the defence of both poems against us. He says you have taken too narrow a view of them, and that they ought to be regarded as constituting in themselves a new branch of poetry.

We are still in town: my illness and the inclemency of the weather have prevented me removing to the garden. I hope there gradually to recover inclination to work. Iffland has got a week's engagement at Weimar. Schröder talks of coming here in the autumn to take a part in 'Wallenstein.' I fear, however, that it will not be ready for the stage so soon.

Huber is at present at Tübingen, an assistant of Posselt's in Universal History. How he has spoiled his own existence! He is obliged to write an immensity to earn the mere necessities of life.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 May, 1798.

You could scarcely expect to escape the influenza this spring ; we have all had it, one after the other. I was horror-struck to read you had lost inclination to work at ‘ Wallenstein.’ I trust, however, it will come again as the work proceeds, should you only labour from a sense of duty to finish it.

I am very glad to hear that my remarks on the ‘ Almanack’ gave pleasure to you and Goethe. How I wish Goethe could find time to put his apology for ‘ Ibucus’ and ‘ Polycrates’ to paper ! I can only form a guess of his view of them, and it would be very interesting to examine it closer.

Jean Paul Richter* is here ; I have not seen him, and doubt if he will seek my acquaintance. He is very intimate with Frau von Berlepsch, who cannot be overfond of us, as we have avoided her as much as possible.

Gries, the author of ‘ Phaëton,’ brought me a greeting from you, and purposes remaining here some time. What sort of a man is he ?

Of the productions of the Fair, Voss’s ‘ Ovid’ interested me most.

Have you a good stock in hand for the ‘ Almanack ?’ This and ‘ Wallenstein’ will occupy best part of the summer ; but then you might manage a trip to Dresden. I must make an obligatory visit to Zerbst, which I cannot omit without offending my aunt.

* Johann Paul Richter, better known as Jean Paul, one of the most humourous writers that Germany can boast of. He was born in 1763, and died in 1825.

We are all well. Dora paints again in the gallery. Emma seems to have a taste for drawing. Carl is a gay youngster, rather passionate, but not ill-natured. He has no great taste for study, but he is quick at accounts and very shrewd. Emma learns everything with great facility; she takes up everything with great earnestness, from a real love of study; and when she plays, is a child all the same.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 25 May, 1798.

Goethe has been here for the last week, and will probably remain a month. We have been much occupied with a manuscript treatise by Humboldt, in which he not only gives a complete analysis of 'Hermann and Dorothea,' but discusses at great length this branch of poetry. The most important questions concerning poetry are here brought forward. The treatise, or rather the work (as it will form a thick volume, when published) is deeply considered; the spirit of poetry dissected with keen observation, and his principles based on mature thought. Nevertheless, I fear it will not make the impression it ought. In addition to the peculiar faults of Humboldt's style, it is written with too much scholastic stiffness to be of general use. Humboldt is deficient in a certain necessary boldness in expressing his ideas, and, in consequence, it is at times difficult to comprehend his meaning; one of his sentences drives out the other, the attention is drawn to various points at once, and none engage it exclusively. For us, however, who are accustomed to his style, this work is of the highest interest; and in

thought, keenness of observation and discernment, there are few works equal to it. I shall send it to you as soon as we have done with it.

I recommend Herr Gries to you, on account of his musical talents. He can converse also on poetry, though, in many respects, he is but an echo of Schlegel.

With the exception of the ‘Odyssey,’ Voss’s manner of treating the Greeks and Latins, does not please me. He is very skilful at making well-sounding verses, but nothing else; he seems to care little for the spirit of what he is translating. Ovid, in his hands, fares worse than Homer; and Virgil has not escaped unscathed.

You seem to think me a quicker worker than is really the case, or is possible. I shall congratulate myself if, no indisposition intervening, I have finished ‘Wallenstein,’ and my contributions to the ‘Almanack,’ by the middle of next October.

SCHILLER.

Jena, 15 June, 1798.

Only a few lines to-day. My head is so full of what I have to complete, that I scarcely know where to begin. Goethe is here, and we spend all our evenings together.

We are collecting materials for the ‘Almanack.’ Goethe has some excellent contributions ready, which I will send you when I can. What other contributions may arrive, is known only to the gods.

A man should avoid undertaking so complicated and thankless a work as my ‘Wallenstein,’ where the poet is obliged to expend all his poetical powers to give

life to a dull subject. This work deprives me of all the comfort of my existence; it keeps my attention continually riveted on one point, and leaves me no leisure to receive other impressions. The idea that it must be completed is constantly before me, and as the work proceeds, it increases; gaps become manifest which I had not dreamed of before, and which must be filled up. I am glad now that I have not shown you the first acts, as you will see it in the shape in which it can and must remain.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 12 August, 1798.

I returned the day before yesterday from my visit to Zerbst, and find no letter from you, and it is now a month since I received one. I am aware that your hands are pretty full of work just now, but you might have written a line, if but a line, or your wife could have written, to prevent us being anxious respecting your health.

I have passed the last three weeks in such a manner, that I purpose erasing them from my existence. I am beginning to draw breath again, and to put a few reasonable ideas together. We are all, however, in the enjoyment of good health; and Dora, who is still in Töplitz, speaks highly of the beneficial effects of the Carlsbad waters. Minna sends many greetings.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 15 August, 1798.

You will have received ere this a letter from me, favoured by Count Moltke. I wish you joy of your return to Dresden; such expeditions are not exactly

pleasant ones, especially for persons of our way of thinking, and you must put up with it as best you can, provided you are not all again deceived this time.*

I have not been a bit the more assiduous during your absence. I have lost all taste for Lyrics this year; I have even an antipathy to them, as the 'Almanack' continually calls me away from 'Wallenstein.' I have vowed, accordingly, that two more numbers, and then the 'Almanack' shall cease. I find that the time I spend in editing it, and writing contributions for it, might be much more profitably employed: the apathy of the public for Lyrical poetry, and the indifferent reception the 'Almanack' has met with, are not exactly of a nature to encourage me to continue it; therefore, should 'Wallenstein' succeed, I shall adhere to the Drama, and devote my other hours to theoretical and critical reviews.

My health this summer has been very tolerable, and the rest of the family have been well. I wish we could have met this year; but it could not be foreseen that, notwithstanding my remaining here, I have not got on any further with the work than would have been the case had I given myself a holiday. I was thinking we might manage to see each other in October, at some intermediate place, such as Wurzen; if only for three days. We could leave the children at home. You could bring Gessler with you, and I Goethe. What a pleasure it would be for me to read aloud to you as much of my 'Wallenstein' as is finished! it would recall that never-to-be-forgotten evening, Anno Do-

* An allusion to his uncle's will.

mini 1787, when I read aloud to you the last act of 'Don Carlos ;' for I must avow that your family, the Humboldts, Goethe, and my wife, are the only beings I love to think of when I write, and who can recompense me for my pains : the public, constituted as it is, is enough to spoil any man's pleasure.

I read the two last acts of 'Wallenstein' to Goethe the other day, in their unfinished state, and had the exquisite satisfaction of moving him exceedingly, and I can only attribute it to the correctness of form, as his feelings are not easily aroused by pathetic sentiments.

I enclose a poem. Next week I will send another.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 August, 1798.

Count Moltke, who is the bearer of a letter from you, has not yet made his appearance. But your letter of the 15th, with a poem enclosed, gave me great pleasure. Truly, it would be well if we could manage to meet ; and you may fancy what a pleasure it would be to hear you read 'Wallenstein.' When the time comes, write at once when you can leave, and we, for our part, will do all in our power to realize the plan.

I do not think you do justice to the public. A small portion only of the effect produced by your writings is known to you. The German is not usually addicted to expressing aloud the deep impression a work of Art may have produced upon him. His admiration must be drawn out by circumstances. Diffidence will prevent many from praising your works in your presence. On the other hand, there are many who would

delight in making you acquainted with every ill-considered printed opinion they could lay their hands on. But the literary wasps who have been called about your ears by the publication of the 'Xenien,' do not constitute the public, any more than the Parisian tools of the contending factions can be called the French nation. What I will concede to you is, that the public do not know how to appreciate poetical *forms*. But Goethe is a greater sufferer than you in this respect. Your writings have always something that speaks to the feelings, if not to the artist, and it would therefore be a pity to lose taste for the 'Almanack.' You should engage an editor if it occupies too much of your time; but it is just as well that you should have some external inducement to make you write poems. The internal impulse would come while working, if the first essay succeeded.

The poem you have sent me appertains to a peculiar class, which few men are capable of appreciating. Let me soon have the other one, with anything else of yours or Goethe's that may be ready for the 'Almanack.'

I have a prospect of another situation, which will be an immediate increase of two hundred dollars to my salary, gradually increasing to eight hundred, and not attended with more work than the one I now hold. It is the situation of Referendary—a sort of private secretaryship to the Minister of Conferences of a special department.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 31 August, 1798.

I congratulate you on your improved prospects, although it is with regret that I relinquish the hopes of seeing you established at Leipzig. I had looked forward to and flattered myself much with this prospect,—we should have been so much nearer each other. The real, indeed the only value of existence—mutual encouragement and cultivation—would have gained by it; in my opinion, not only yourself, but all of you would have enjoyed existence more in a more independent position—such as a University appointment, and which would have enabled us to see more of each other, including Goethe in our circle. For the time has now arrived, when our relation, cemented by time, purity, and uninterrupted duration, has become a portion of our existence, and would have borne goodly fruits. In life we meet with so many hollow and empty connexions, that we eagerly seize upon every occasion of communicating our ideas; there are, in sooth, so fearfully few real relations, and so few men of sound understanding, that when they happily do meet, they should draw as closely to each other as possible.

In this respect I am greatly indebted to Goethe, and I know that I have had a beneficial influence upon him. It is now four years that our friendship has continued without interruption. These four years have invigorated my being, and brought me forward much quicker than would otherwise have been the case. It is an epoch of my nature, and it would have acquired a higher importance if we had been enabled during this period to live more in each other's society. But enough of this. You must, however, forgive me if I am not pleased to hear of your new political position,

which will establish you at Dresden, at a time when I had learnt to regard hours passed in the contemplation of philosophical and æsthetical subjects as the noblest aim of life.

I hope to send you more poems by next post. I must be quick, to be able to devote my time to 'Wal- lenstein,' for I should like mightily to take you at your word, and to meet you five or six weeks hence.

Let me know whether Moltke has presented my letter. It was only a short letter of introduction, but I have other reasons for wishing to know.

We embrace you all tenderly. My wife is very desirous of hearing from Dorchen how Fichte and his wife got on at Carlsbad.

Have you made the acquaintance of Schelling, who is now gone to Dresden? You have doubtless read his work, 'Über die Weltseele.' He is a man of first-rate talents, whose acquaintance I look forward to with pleasure, he having been appointed Professor at this University.*

SCHILLER.

* The translator had the honour of spending many evenings at the house of Professor Schelling, then Professor of Philosophy at the University of Munich. Mr Schelling's eldest son, a clergyman of the Lutheran persuasion, usually read aloud some new work, the merits of which were then discussed. Madame Schelling, a most highly talented lady, and her two amiable daughters, presided at these *soirées*, which were held twice a week. The house then occupied by Professor Schelling, at Munich, was also occupied by Baron Cotta, the eminent publisher.

Friedrick Wilhelm von Schelling, the greatest of modern philosophers, was born on the 27th of January, 1775, and studied at the Universities of Leipzig and Jena. He was

Jena, 30 September, 1798.

Your reply to my letter confirms my opinion of what I never doubted—that you know how to draw the greatest advantage from your position. I have nothing to add to your reasons; you can appreciate external circumstances better than I can. I alone know you. If you had attached yourself at Leipzig, without doubt we should have seen more of each other, as I think nothing of a short day's journey, and we might have met every six weeks or so at Weissenfels. Living at Leipzig, no more journeys to Leipzig would be required, and then you could have spent your holidays here with your family. As we live in the garden, my house in town would always have been at your service. I mention this merely to show that my expectations were not altogether chimerical.

Goethe never let me rest in peace until I gave him my prologue for the inauguration of our winter theatricals and a new theatre. In ten days, therefore, it will be acted at Weimar. To make it quite independent of the play, I have increased it nearly one half by the introduction of many new personages, and it is now, in truth, a lively picture of the camp of Wallenstein. The representations at Weimar will enable me to form an idea how to arrange the whole play for another theatre in the manner likely to produce

appointed Professor of Philosophy at the latter University in 1798, and in 1807 Member of the Academy of Munich. In 1820, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy at the University of Erlangen, but fixed his domicile at Munich on the inauguration of that University. Schelling is the founder of an entire new system of Philosophy.

the best effect. I wish you could be present; but in truth our actors do not deserve being run after.

I have divided the play itself, after mature deliberation and many consultations with Goethe, into two parts. Without this ‘Wallenstein’ would have become a *monstrum* in length, and to be represented, would have to be reduced. With the prologue, it now constitutes three important plays, each distinct in itself, of which the last is the tragedy. Each of the last two consists of five acts, and there is the favourable circumstance that the scene is not changed between the two. The second part bears the name of the ‘Piccolomini.’ Wallenstein only appears once in this part. The third part is called ‘Wallenstein,’ and is, in itself, a complete tragedy. The ‘Piccolomini’ may be called a play, and the Prologue a comedy.

Goethe greets you. I showed him your last letter, and he agrees with your view of your position, and that your arguments are conclusive.

He greets you all tenderly. We, ourselves, and the children are all well: on the whole we have been in good health this summer.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 13 October, 1798.

I write you a few lines to thank you for the ‘Almanack.’ It arrived at dinner-time, and I treated the ladies at dessert with your two romances. They were loudly applauded, and we all emptied our glasses to your prosperity. Your opinion of this class of poetry is, I am aware, not great; perhaps, because it gives you less trouble, a proof of your talent for it. I, however place these productions amongst your best works.

'Das Eleusische Fest' is of great value to me and a small circle; though the effect may not be general. Its foreign clothing will prevent it from becoming popular.

Of Goethe's poems, 'Euphrosyne and Amyntas' pleases me best; the 'Boy and the Mill-stream' is also admirable.

Louise's contributions are very good. Mathisson has contributed well, but his verses are cold. Of Schlegel's contribution I prefer his 'Leben's melodien'; but the idea is not new. Ludwig Tieck* appears to great advantage among the new contributors. I shall write shortly, more at length, respecting some of the poems.

Can you not send me the manuscript of 'Wallenstein's Camp,' as it now stands? A journey to Weimar, at the present moment, is quite out of the question. I have my hands full till the end of the year.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 29 Oct. 1798.

When I tell you, that in nine weeks I must have the two other parts of 'Wallenstein' ready for the stage, you will not chide me for negligence in writing. I am at a loss to think how I can have

* Ludwig Tieck, a modern writer and poet who enjoys a high reputation in Germany, was born at Berlin in 1773. He was one of the most active contributors to the 'Musen Almanack,' edited by the two Schlegels, at Tübingen (1802). He published a series of 'Volksmärchen,' or popular tales—various poems—amongst others his 'Emperor Octaviavamus' in 1804. He received subsequently the appointment of Director of the Dresden Theatre.

them ready by then, as in addition to writing some new sheets, I have to touch up each scene in ten acts. The very necessity, however, of revising it in so short a space of time, cannot fail to have a beneficial effect upon it.

The Prologue has been given at Weimar. The actors were passable enough; they did their best, and we could not expect more. The novelty of rhymed verses, did not strike the public as odd; the actors spoke out boldly, and the public was pleased. In other respects, the result was what we had anticipated. The mass gaped in astonishment at the dramatic *monstrum*; some were delighted beyond bounds. If you can procure the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' from Posselt in Dresden, you may read full details of this first representation. Goethe wrote the account himself, to anticipate Böttiger. If you cannot procure it, I will send you a number.

I am glad that the 'Almanack' gave you pleasure, and more so that the ballads pleased you. Do not suppose that I treat this class of poetry too lightly; it is easy for me, because I understand it, and in no branch of poetry do I feel such a proficiency as in this one. If you will analyse the two ballads, you will find that they are well conned and arranged.

The 'Eleusische Fest' will, I am aware, not interest everybody, but the fault lies rather in the dryness of the subject than in the mythical machinery; this is, on the contrary, the only lively thing about it. May the devil take me if I can make anything poetical out of the most unpoetical of subjects.

The best thing in the 'Almanack,' in my opinion,

and also in Goethe's, is the Prologue to 'Wallenstein.' It has made a great sensation in Weimar, both in print and on the stage.

We look forward with pleasure to your critiques on the 'Almanack.' Send them soon. Goethe is impatient for them.

I will send you the Dramatic Prologue as soon as I have made a clear copy of it.

SCHILLER.

Let me know in your next by what titles I am to address you in future.

Dresden, 19 November, 1798.

It is a long time since you have read anything of mine. I have been waiting for some leisure hours to write you something respecting the 'Almanack.' I send you a short commencement.

I read the review of the 'Prologue' in Posselt's paper. The 'Capuziner' seems to have been a hit. Let me have the 'Prologue' soon.

Goethe's 'Propylæi' pleased me exceedingly, especially the introduction, which is admirably written; and his 'Treatise on the Laocoön' is distinguished by that clearness which I miss so much in most reviews of works of Art.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 27 December, 1798.

I enclose you a few additional observations on the 'Almanack.' Our correspondence has flagged of late. Your hands are full, and I am by no means idle.

Let me hear from you soon whether the severe cold has affected you.

I have heard from Humboldt. They are both well, and do not yet talk of returning.

KÖRNER.

1799.

The ‘Piccolomini’ is given at Weimar—Fichte’s ‘Apology’—Schiller sends ‘Wallenstein’ to Körner—Körner’s critique on ‘Wallenstein’—Schiller commences ‘Mary Stuart’—Schiller is presented to the King and Queen of Prussia—A London publisher offers Schiller sixty guineas for his manuscript—The Duke of Weimar adds to Schiller’s salary—The Duchess of Weimar presents Schiller with a silver coffee service—Herder’s ‘Aurora’—Lotte presents Schiller with a daughter—Lotte is seriously ill—Emma Körner—The Ex-Minister Narbonne wishes to translate ‘Wallenstein’ into French—Cotta offers to undertake the publication.

Jena, 10 February, 1799.

It is an eternity since I have written to you or to any other mortal. But you know what prevented me, and will have excused me. I returned the other day from Weimar, where I had been for five weeks with all my family, endeavouring by my presence and personal influence to obtain a tolerably good representation of my ‘Piccolomini.’ This is happily done; I attained my object. The piece had all the effect that could be expected from such a company. It was given on two successive evenings, and the interest evinced on the second evening was even greater than on the first. It seems odd to me that the public should know my ‘Wallenstein’ before you; but it cannot be helped. You shall not receive it until it is quite finished. It is

a pleasure I have reserved to myself. I wish to hear your unbiassed opinion of the whole play. In six weeks I hope to have finished the last part; I shall then send you all at once.

My sojourn at Weimar has given me better hopes of my health. I was drawn into society, and really enjoyed it. I even went to Court and to the public balls, without suffering from cramps. During these five weeks I lived like other men, and amused myself more than I have done for the last five years put together.

It is true, these five weeks were entirely lost to my work, otherwise ‘Wallenstein’ would be now finished; but in other respects I do not regret my idleness. Your critical remarks on the ‘Almanack’ gave us great pleasure. We agree with you on nearly every point. Pray continue them.

You will have read Humboldt’s pamphlet before this. What do you think of it? It may be dry and pedantic, but it contains a fund of ideas.

Let me hear what the Dresden folks say of Fichte’s ‘Apology.’ The tone it is written in has given offence both here and at Weimar.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 20 February, 1799.

I can well understand you could not find time to write, but the severity of the winter made me fear for your health, and I should have written soon to your wife, had I not received your letter. Your gay doings are a proof of your returning health.

I am a long time deprived of ‘Wallenstein,’ but I shall be a gainer by the total impression it will make upon me, which I look forward to with pleasure.

I am told that the ‘Piccolomini’ is to be given at Berlin ; in which case have you made an agreement with some of the theatres ? Have you no inclination to do the same here ? Or do you fear our censorship ? The Capuziner in the Camp would have to be left out, at all events.

I enclose the conclusion of my remarks on the ‘Almanack.’ I hear it is to be the last number. Wherefore give up this publication ? The task of selecting from the many contributions sent may not be a pleasant one ; but I am sorry that an inducement for you to work will be lost. I do not mean to say you will be idle, but your time will be devoted to works of greater compass, and we shall have to put up with the loss of many smaller poems, which I am very sorry for.

I have commenced reading Humboldt’s pamphlet, but the first chapters frightened me. I have neither time nor inclination to descend into these terrible depths.

On abstract subjects, I prefer a scholastic style, where the reader may advance step by step, without having his attention diverted by incidents apart from the main idea. This book, with all its richness of contents, will find but few readers. In style it takes precedence of his other works. The introduction especially is very well written ; his sentences predict substance, but I am too old now to put up with predictions. I must know what I have before me ; what appears to me erected on air, must vanish if I cannot find a firmer foundation for it—and the foundation in this case lies—if it exists at all—in the innermost depths of metaphysics. The construction of a meta-

physical edifice for private use, has become a necessity to me, and I have some hopes of succeeding in establishing one. I devote all my leisure hours, which are now more frequent, to it. When I have completed my 'Philosophy,' I will then take up Humboldt's.

Fichte's 'Apology' is at times carelessly written, and is not equal throughout. It contains some excellent passages, full of manly eloquence and philosophical enthusiasm, and, on the other hand, much that is weak, poor, and tedious. The Graces have not favoured him, but he is not deficient in energy. I have heard very little said about it here, except from young men who take an interest in Fichte. Reinhardt will express an official opinion upon it, but will certainly not give an honest one.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 25-March, 1799.

I send you the *opus* at last. Be so good as to read it over carefully to yourself first, to make yourself acquainted with it before reading it aloud. You can keep it for a fortnight.

I have had no time to go through it a second time, and there may be some accidental faults of spelling in it. You must not be too particular with a few faulty iambics. It was written for the stage, and perfect purity and integrity were not imperatively demanded. The great point in view, was the general effect. Adieu ! let me know by return of post, that it has arrived safely.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 31 March, 1799.

I wish you could have beheld the impression your work made upon me. The effect, I am sure, would not have been indifferent to you. Let me only say, that I feel myself young again, and carried back to the joyous days when we lived together. I expected to find much Art in 'Wallenstein,' but feared to find a certain coldness arising from a methodical system. The greater was my astonishment at the youthful freshness which breathes throughout the whole work. Not a word now of the details. I know nothing about them as yet. I must tell you under what unfavourable circumstances I received the manuscript. On returning home on Friday at eight o'clock in the evening, I found it waiting for me. Saturday is my day of business, and I must be in the Courts at eleven. I hoped to be able to read it through before then, but ill-luck brought me the unluckiest of visits, which I could not elude. Chancellor Burgsdorf is dead, and I have been left guardian to his children. His affairs are sadly complicated, and to me of a most hateful nature. It was the man of business of his widow, who comes to consult me daily on pressing matters, that interrupted me in the middle of 'Wallenstein,' and to put me completely out of humour. I took the last pages with me to my desk, and read till called upon to speak. I was in the middle of the fifth act when I was obliged to lay it down. I read the remainder at home before dinner.

And now, farewell for to-day ! As soon as I am in the vein to write something reasonable, you shall hear from me.

Hearty greetings from Minna and Dorchen. To-day

I purpose reading the Play to them. Minna, however, could not help stealing glimpses at it.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 8 April, 1799.

I was rejoiced to hear of the first impression ‘Wallenstein’ produced upon you: it rewards me for the long restraint I put upon myself, not to let you see any part of it before the whole was finished.

I enclose the Prologue in a revised shape. You will find many alterations. Let me have the three parts back by next post, as I wish to send them on. I will let you have them back again a few weeks hence.

‘Wallenstein’ will be given at the Weimar theatre, for the first time, on the 20th of the present month. I leave this to-morrow, and shall remain at Weimar until the 23rd: direct, therefore, to Weimar. Any letter written before the 18th, will reach me there.

We embrace you all tenderly. Let me hear how the lecture on ‘Wallenstein’ passed off.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 9 April, 1799.

I will now attempt to explain to myself and to you the effect produced by your ‘Wallenstein;’ for it is, especially, because of the total effect, that I give it precedence over your earlier dramatic productions. Without the auxiliary aid of surprises, you have succeeded in keeping alive the stirring interest which is usually excited only in the fifth act, throughout the entire second part; and yet this uninterrupted tragic feeling is not painful, but elevating. A noble monu-

ment is erected on Wallenstein's grave, from all that was great and noble in his character. We behold him, Max, and Thekla, with feelings of an elevated and tender emotion, which raises the soul. The anguish we feel at the decrees of fate is assuaged by the contemplation of what is great and noble in human nature. Very wisely, therefore, have you thrust Seni and astrology in the back-ground in the second part; And this is serviceable to your plan. The desire for Jupiter, in the first scene of the fifth act, is most characteristic and touching. There is, perhaps, too much of the comic in the scene between Devereux and Macdonald—which, however successful you may be in it elsewhere—is of a nature to mar the principal effect. All you wanted was horror at the foul deed, combined with blunt coarseness and respect for Wallenstein.

The first part is a gorgeous porch to the temple. Presented alone, it ends in discord—the variety and splendour of the individual parts are all the greater. Here the comic is in its proper place, and the outline, even of 'Wallenstein,' might be shadowed forth here as in a mist. The character of Wallenstein satisfied me completely, and the task was no easy one. His cold ambition jars upon the heart, his belief in astrology and his vacillating conduct upon the reason. His various and brilliant talents as a General are of a nature to produce an immense effect in real life within the space of a few years ; but on the stage it is not so easy to condense them, to select the striking incidents, to convey to the spectator a proportionate idea of the greatness of his nature. To engage our sympathies for him, Max was indispensable. Wallenstein is revealed in the enthusiasm of this youth. We have a

foreboding of that greatness which he displays in the second part. He plays with the playthings of policy—ambition does not absorb his mind to the exclusion of every thing else. It was open to friendship, inclined to confidence ; and this very amiable inconsistency was the cause of his downfal. Struggling with his fate, he appears in a brilliant light. Indomitable courage is tinged with softness—he loves Max as a friend and Thekla as a father—but his feelings are those of a man. In the scene we behold him in calm and playful spirits, and we feel almost inclined to congratulate him that he is murdered in such a mood.

Max and Thekla could not but succeed with you, and I am sure cost you little exertion. But Octavio was nearly becoming an object of aversion. The confidence he places in his son, however, and the conclusion of the second part redeem him. The character of Butler offered great difficulties, and, perhaps, stands in need of a slight alteration. In the second act there is something so revolting in the idea, that the trust placed in him by Wallenstein—that Gordon's loyal frankness—that all the former ties that bound him to Wallenstein should have had no influence with him—should be as nought, that it can only be excused by motives of the most stringent character ; Wallenstein's insulting him is not sufficient. Nor could that be alluded to in the second part, as the portrait of Wallenstein will not stand so deep a shadow. This is pointed out, it is true, in the first part ; but it will escape the observation of many, and might have been made more conspicuous.

The Countess Terzky is a very serviceable tool to

urge Wallenstein to a decision. He had too little esteem for Illo and Terzky to allow himself to be led by them. Nor did their position allow them to speak on so high a footing with him. The Countess could say anything, and Wallenstein had nothing to oppose to her arguments.

He had raised himself to a pinnacle of power by a display of extraordinary energies, and it seemed inconsistent not to employ it. He was ashamed of this inconsistency before a being whose reason commanded his respect. In his innermost soul he has an aversion to every unworthy act, of which he was not himself aware, and even had he been aware of it, he should not have used it against the Countess. But all his other grounds are weak. The character of the Countess is well maintained; it is at times hard, but never a caricature.

The character of the Duchess is drawn with a bold hand. A tender wife and mother, she betrays evidences of a life spent in Courts. At Max's departure she still hopes for protection at Vienna.

Among the secondary characters, that of Isalani is well finished. That of Illo is not quite clear to me. But this adds perhaps to the colouring of the play.

Seni is a hit; and I find neither too much nor too little repetition in the play. But the question may be raised, whether on the stage so many scenes in the Astrologer's room will not interrupt the interest.

In Wrangel, the peculiarities of the Swede are happily developed.

Gordon is an important personage in the second

part. He is a substitute for the chorus in the Greek tragedies. Such a man was indispensable to complete the group of figures in the back-ground of the picture.

As regards the dialogue, I find more poetical splendour in the first part, more correctness of ideas in the second, though at times the style (expression) is not perfect. Transitions into the lyrical, where the poet speaks rather than the person in the play, of which there are many instances in your earlier productions, are less frequent in the second part than in the first. I do not reckon among these the rhymed verses at the conclusion of the important passages. A lyric burst of this description, which the situation warrants, is often attended with the happiest effect. My favourite passages in this respect are the conclusion of the seventh scene of the second act, in the first part, where Thekla speaks with the inspiration of a Cassandra; and the conclusion of the fourth act of the second part.

I have put a pencil mark in the margin at those passages which attracted my attention. Your own judgment will point out to you why I marked them. It is chiefly where I found the idea not quite in keeping with the character or humour of the moment. I have also marked a few passages which I thought somewhat obscure.

It made a lively impression on Minna and Dorchen. Max and Thekla had great success with them. Gessler was greatly charmed with Octavio. I attempted to read some of the passages to the Countess Schulenburg, and to her daughter, of the convent of Reda, two women of high education and feeling, and it gave them great pleasure.

There are some glorious things in the Camp, espe-

cially the Capuziner. The cut at the poor Saxons is malicious, but unhappily too true.

Let me have the manuscript back again by all means, as soon as you can spare it. When do you suppose it will be published ?

KÖRNER.

Jena, 8 May, 1799.

I received your last letter in the midst of my distractions at Weimar ; and it was the more welcome, as I was heartily sick of the insipid twaddle I was condemned to hear upon the subject there, and felt the want of a serious and grounded opinion. Do not expect a reasonable answer from me for some three or four months to come. I have forcibly endeavoured to tear myself away from this subject, and it does me good to live in a new element. You shall have the manuscript back next week, and can keep it some months, so that you will have time enough to make your notes. Can you not manage to write a review of it for the 'Allgemeine Zeitung ?' You would render Goethe and me a great service. Neither he nor I can undertake it, and yet it must be done. You can take as a guide to go by the announcement of the 'Piccolomini,' which Goethe and I wrote together for that very paper. Give yourself no great trouble ; the object is to make a good impression.

'Wallenstein' has made a great sensation at the Weimar theatre. There was but one opinion about it, and nothing else was spoken of for eight days afterwards.

Thank God ! I have already hit upon a new subject for a tragedy, though I was six weeks before I could

come to a resolution. This time you shall not know the subject till the work is finished. I hope to have completed it by the end of the winter at least. First of all, the subject does not offer so many difficulties as 'Wallenstein,' and I have in some measure learnt my trade at the latter. If I were not under the necessity of devoting some of the summer months to the 'Propylæi,' I might hope to finish the new tragedy by the end of this year.

My health keeps up wonderfully. I trust it will; I receive additional strength this summer. Goethe now keeps a carriage and horses, and drives me out every day. In a few days we take up our quarters in the 'Garden,' which you will probably also do soon.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 May, 1799.

I rejoice to see that you have taken a liking to dramatic composition. Each new play will disclose fresh progress in the art; thus, you will in future avoid dividing a play into many parts. 'Wallenstein,' it is true, becomes more interesting from our having witnessed the 'Piccolomini' before it. But after seeing the 'Piccolomini,' every man will go home with his expectations not realized, and it is a pity; for in the interval of four-and-twenty hours, in which a man sleeps, eats, and transacts his prosy daily business, the previous effect evaporates. The manner in which 'Wallenstein' opens, connects the link between the two parts at once.

It is cruel of you not to inform me of the subject of your new tragedy. I love to make all sorts of con-

jectures on the manner in which you are likely to treat a subject.

Let me have 'Wallenstein' soon. I will write the announcement, but you must add all about the representation.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 19 May, 1799.

I send you 'Wallenstein' and as much of the 'Piccolomini' as I have copied. You will really do me and Goethe a favour by writing the announcement, and the sooner the better. I need not say that we do not desire a puff, but a quiet article, such as a friend might say openly of the work of a friend, and if necessary put his name to it. We will provide a review of the representation.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 30 May, 1799.

Here is the article on 'Wallenstein'; it differs somewhat in style from the announcement of the 'Piccolomini'; but after what has already been said on the whole composition, I scarcely thought it to the point. I have therefore followed my own bent, and worked with pleasure, and *con amore*. I have marked where the new paragraphs ought to begin.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 20 June, 1799.

I have been daily expecting the 'Piccolomini' back, to be able to send it to you, as I have no other decent copy of the first act. You must, therefore, have a few days' patience. I enclose the Prologue.

Thanks for your review of the third part. There is one point, however, which puts me in a dilemma, namely, that many passages are quoted. I forgot to mention that before the tragedy is published, I wished as few passages to be quoted as possible. It is always detrimental to a work when selected passages are read before the whole work appears, as the essence of the piece is made known before the whole of it is published. I must, therefore, endeavour to obviate this; but it is difficult to do so, as the whole article proceeds upon this method. If the play had been published, it would certainly be the best.

Jena, 9 August, 1799.

My long silence will have doubtless made you aware that I am up to my ears in my new work; and such is the case. For the last two months I have devoted myself to it exclusively, so as to get rightly into it, and I am pretty far advanced. One third of the new tragedy, and the part that offered most difficulties, is already behind me. I am now convinced that I have not made a mistake in the selection of the subject, although it might be supposed that so well known a tragic subject as the one I have selected—just because it has never been taken up by a good poet—had some hidden fault. My health has greatly improved from living in the ‘Garden,’ and the retired life I lead is of great advantage to me. Goethe has not been here this summer, as the erection of the palace at Weimar does not allow him to leave. But I expect him in a few weeks.

The King of Prussia was at Weimar when I was staying there, and I was presented to the royal pair. The Queen is a lady of the most gracious and engaging

manners. ‘Wallenstein’ was played, and the characters were well cast. What has astonished and pleased me at all the representations of this play, at which I have been present, is, that the passages really poetical, even where they leave the dramatic for the lyrical, were always those which made the greatest and deepest impression upon the audience.

As I purpose devoting myself exclusively to the drama during the next six years, I shall be obliged to go to Weimar for the winter for the advantage of the theatre. It will greatly facilitate my labours. The imagination will receive an impulse from without; for in the isolated life I have hitherto been leading, I was obliged to have recourse to intense internal straining and many *faux-frais*. I shall be at my Duke to make me an advance, that I may keep up two establishments, and to facilitate my stay at Weimar.

Dramatic productions, moreover, are most lucrative to me, as different theatres pay me for one drama, and the publisher pays me higher for this than for any other work. A London publisher has also made me the offer of sixty pounds sterling for every manuscript sent to England before it has been published, to be translated there, under the sole condition that the English translation is to appear one fortnight before the original in Germany.

You see, therefore, that I am no longer urged on by the financial spur to continue the ‘Almanack.’ If you knew what annoyances it caused me with some twenty or thirty verse-makers in Germany, and how difficult it was, out of the immense mass of contributions, to get up a few sheets of readable matter, you would wish me joy of being eased of this burthen. Henceforth,

thank God ! I shall have no worse poet to deal with than myself ; nor shall I have to give myself very much trouble about the public.

Lottchen has perhaps already written that we expect an addition to our little family towards the end of the autumn. I trust all will pass over well. My poor Lotte suffers much from cramps when in the family way.

We trust Minna is quite well again ; and you doubtless now enjoy the fine weather in your garden.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 14 August, 1799.

I wish you joy of the progress of your new work, which cannot fail to derive advantage from the rapidity with which you have worked at it. Practice will always improve your judgment in the selection of a subject, and this will greatly facilitate your labours. The more I read ‘Wallenstein,’ the more I become aware of the difficulties you had to contend against. And to overcome them, all that was wanting, after all, was a certain practical experience,—something essentially different from the higher range of poetical attainments.

As you have decided on devoting yourself to the drama for some time, I shall set about making a collection of historical facts for you to choose from. Modern history and the middle ages have decidedly an advantage, the customs and manners being more familiar to us ; but there are individual acts of a simple and noble character in ancient history, which are deserving of having your powers employed upon them.

I congratulate you on the prospect of an addition to your family. I am told your boys are fine, handsome

lads. How I wish we could see each other. Your health might permit of a journey just now. My present situation offers difficulties to my leaving which cannot be obviated—this year at least.

The baths have quite restored Minna. Dora is very assiduous at painting in the gallery, and Emma draws at her side. The child has made great progress, and is generally clever at everything. All she does is from interest in the object, and she is all the same,—quite natural and childlike. She plays with her dolls with as much pleasure as she draws or dances. Carl is a wild, but a sweet-tempered boy; not without talents, but too unsteady and flighty to turn them to account. His frame is well developed, and he is strong and active.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 26 September, 1799.

I have now decided on spending the winter in future at Weimar; the Duke has made an addition of two hundred dollars to my income, with an allowance of wood, which, owing to the high price of wood at Weimar; is not to be despised. I shall therefore have to make many alterations in my mode of living; and amongst others, shall be obliged to go more into society. Although living at Weimar is more expensive than at Jena, I can deduct my expenses at Jena from what I shall have to spend at Weimar, and the difference will not be great. Here I never go out, and am therefore obliged to entertain people. At Weimar this will not be necessary, and the two hundred dollars will be a clear profit.

‘Wallenstein’ has produced us a handsome present,

in the shape of a coffee-service in silver, from the reigning Duchess; so this time the Muses have behaved well.

The ‘Almanack’ will soon be published; and circumstances have compelled me, against my inclinations, to interrupt my dramatic labours, and to write a few poems. To-morrow I hope to be enabled to return to the theatrical Muse. I am sorry to say that this number of the ‘Almanack’ contains nothing from Goethe. He has lost all taste for writing this summer. He has been here for some weeks, and greets you all.

It will be a kind act to provide me with dramatic subjects, as it is there that I am chiefly at a loss. I am already tired of historical subjects, as they keep the imagination within too narrow limits, and are always intolerably prosaic.

Have you read ‘Discourses on Religion,’ just published at Berlin, and Tieck’s Romances? I read both recently, and I mention them together as Berlin publications, and as they are in a certain measure from the same coterie. The first, with all its pretensions to warmth and earnestness, is dry, and often pedantic; nor does it contain much original matter. Tieck’s style is known to you, from ‘Puss in Boots.’ He has a pleasant, humorous way of telling a story, but still he is too poor in ideas. His connexion with the Schlegels has done him much harm.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 October, 1799.

I congratulate you on your increase of income and residence at Weimar. Your life there will be pleasant enough, without the dependance of a courtier, or coquetting with a court which expresses its esteem for you in the most sensible manner. The theatre will doubtless provide you many a valuable hint. The very worst plays may give rise to an idea worth carrying out.

The Fair offers but little in the way of literature. Voss's '*Æneid*' does not please me. I cannot relish the unnatural, and often coarse language. I compared his translation with yours, which latter gave me great pleasure. Hexameters do not suffice in themselves; and I am at a loss to conceive how a man of talent can have so miserable an idea of the fidelity of a translator.

Voss's '*Musen Almanach*' will not cast yours into the shade, even should your next number be a poor one. I am astonished that it has not yet made its appearance.

If you relinquish historical subjects altogether, it will be difficult to find dramatic materials for you. I think, at least, that the customs must be historical, though the leading characters need not be so. The Spanish and Moorish romances might offer a variety of subjects, so might the times of the Crusades. Knight-errantry is to the moderns about the same as the heroes of old were to the Greeks. These materials are also more susceptible of a certain sentimental impression, which we do not like to miss in the drama. The East opens a field to such situations of a less prosaic nature, especially the East Indies.

The Brahmins might easily be idealized, and their relative position towards the Europeans might give rise to many a tragic incident. I feel inclined to read Raynal with this object in view. The first Portuguese in India are perhaps more adapted for the theatre than the Spaniards in America.

What do you expect from Herder's new journal, 'Aurora?' If Richter, as I hear, is to be a large contributor, I fear it will be but a clouded day-break. I fear Jeremiads from Herder. The literary and moral chaos of the age we live in, may at times put a man out of humour, but the author must rise above it. He must strike boldly and heartily where he perceives a germ of progress. A healthy nature should spread health, joy and harmony around it.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 1 November, 1799.

Your letter, dear Körner, found me in a very sad situation. My wife was delivered of a daughter three weeks since. The delivery was difficult, but was happily got over; but she was attacked, a few days afterwards, with a nervous fever, attended with delirium; and for the last ten days she has been in a complete state of prostration, accompanied by ravings.

The doctor has, however, pronounced her out of danger, and has assured me that the affection of the brain will not have any bad consequences; but the state she is in is nevertheless fearful. I often tremble for the worst; and, taking the best view of it, she will be for a long time in a very delicate state. You can fancy what I suffer under these circumstances. My own health keeps up, although I never sleep two

nights consecutively, and by day I do not leave her bedside. She will suffer no one but me and her mother near her. Starke, who attends her, has done his best; and if she is saved, it is his work. To-day cold bandages have been applied to her head, and seemingly with a good result; for she recognized me and her mother for a short time, and had a few hours' sleep.

Heaven grant that I may be able to send you better accounts in a few days!

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 6 November, 1797.

You will believe me when I say how deeply we all feel for you. Write to us, we entreat you, by next post, if but a few lines, to say how it fares with your good wife. As the attack came immediately after her confinement, its origin is ascertained, and it will probably not be of long duration. Take care of yourself, however; your health seems to have improved wonderfully of late. Do not forget what duties you have to fulfil, not only to your wife in her present state, but to your children; and do not over-fatigue yourself.

You have not said one word about your daughter. I trust the child is well, and I rejoice that your wish to have a daughter is fulfilled. The childish fancies of a girl are most pleasing, and Emma is often a source of amusement to me. She makes great progress in drawing, and shows much talent and assiduity in anything she undertakes; at the same time, she is a simple, joyful little creature; and when she comes home from the gallery, where her sketches have been praised, she plays with her doll as if nothing had occurred.

The ‘Almanack’ is a better number than I had expected from your letter. The ‘Song of the Bell’ may be ranked with your best productions. There is a certain stamp of German Art upon it, as is the case with ‘Fridolin,’* which is rarely found to be of the true kind, and which does not succeed with many, in spite of all their pretensions to Germanism. The ‘Sisters of Lesbos’ is the production of a good school. The characters of the women are drawn with a delicate hand ; the men are indifferent. The verses might be touched up here and there.

I will write more at length shortly, when your mind is calmer, and you are in a fit state to read something of this description.

KÖRNER.

Jena, 18 November, 1799.

My wife is gradually recovering ; but almost imperceptibly. She begins to be more aware of the state she is in—to take an interest in the things around her ; her memory is also returning, though she still speaks incoherently, and wanders from one subject to another. The doctor, however, assures me that ten days hence, a great change for the better will be visible.

The girl is a healthy little thing, and a lovely child. I have procured a healthy and good-tempered nurse for her. The sight of this healthy and finely-formed little creature, alleviates our sufferings.

SCHILLER.

* ‘Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer.’

Dresden, 13 December, 1799.

Your last letter calmed our apprehensions in some degree; but we still anxiously expect news of the beneficial crisis, of which you had such hopes. Write soon how she is getting on.

I have a commission for you from Rittmeister Thielemann. At Eisenach, he made the acquaintance of the Ex-Minister Narbonne, who pleases him exceedingly. The latter, says Thielemann, is much taken with your 'Wallenstein,' and wishes to translate it into French. Cotta will undertake the publication, and feels an interest in it. I am not able to express an opinion, as I am not acquainted with Narbonne in this respect, and I dare not rely upon Thielemann's judgment, as he is soon dazzled by French tinsel. Goethe can easily give you the necessary information. If you feel inclined to come to an agreement with him, you need only give a hint to me, or Cotta.

I read Jacobi's Letter to Fichte, with great interest. I think he has struck into a better path than Herder; and, on many points, I entirely agree with Jacobi. I have acquired a few leisure hours of late, and take advantage of them to study philosophy.

KÖRNER.

1800.

Lottchen recovers—Second critique of Körner on ‘Wallenstein’—Schiller has another attack of his old complaint—Fichte’s ‘Destiny of Man.’—‘Macbeth’—Schiller finishes his tragedy of ‘Mary Stuart’ in the old Castle of Ettersburg—It is acted at Weimar—Schiller sends the manuscript of ‘Mary Stuart’ to Körner—Tieck’s ‘Genoveva’—Körner’s critique of ‘Mary Stuart’—Discussion on tragedy—Schiller’s high conception of the character of the Maid of Orleans—Herder’s ‘Kalligone’—Rapid sale of ‘Wallenstein’—Goethe—Wieland’s ‘Aristippus’—Fichte’s ‘Closed City’—Close of the seventeenth century.

Weimar, 5 January, 1800.

Moving and settling prevented me from writing to you during the first few weeks of my arrival here; I do not even recollect whether I wrote to you from here or not. My wife is now completely restored to health, and looks none the worse from her severe illness. The children are all well. I like this place well enough: I see more society, and I am nearer to those I esteem. I see Goethe every day. I am working hard at my play, and if I stick to it, I hope to finish it by the end of February.

I enclose you the first acts of the ‘Piccolomini.’ If you can find time to put your observations upon them

to paper, you will do me a pleasure : I shall commence the publication next month. I have a great many plans, and must set heartily to work, as living here is much more expensive than I had imagined. I shall, however, endeavour to earn more, sooner than relinquish the advantages of the place, which have a beneficial influence on my mind and spirits. Jena was no longer a fit place for me : there was nothing there to excite me. It is true, there is not much in the way of talent in circulation here ; but as there are a great many idle men, the want is felt of stirring up something intellectual, and thus Poetry and Art are brought forward.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 12 January, 1800.

It is true enough that you did not write from Weimar, and we might have remained in a state of anxiety about your wife, if, by good chance, we had not made the acquaintance of an officer, recently arrived from Weimar, who assured us that she was able to go out. Both of you have had to suffer much, and it is a proof of a great improvement in your health that you have not suffered bodily, and that you have even been able to write. Weimar, on the whole, must please you better than Jena. You will have many intellectual enjoyments not procurable at Jena, and preserve your independence all the same. You see more of Goethe than formerly, and the theatre will afford you amusement. Society in general at Weimar is more intellectual than at Jena. I was glad to see the first act of the 'Piccolomini' ; I have a few leisure hours just now, and shall set to work at it at once, and send you

my opinion of it. This is, perhaps, the best moment for me to form a judgement upon it, as some time has elapsed since the first impression, and I have had occasion to make observations on the effect of various passages.

I hope soon to hear more of your new play. What am I to believe about Goethe's 'Mahomet?' I hear it spoken of, and yet you have not said a word about it; you have even written that he had been idle last year. Has he translated Voltaire's play, and arranged it for the German stage?

Here, all goes on as usual. My wife must be stronger than she was, as she has not suffered from the severe cold. The children are well, and develop themselves apace. Both have sweet dispositions, but are of different natures; Emma is assiduous, and succeeds in all she undertakes; Carl is quicker than Emma, but finishes little, as he flies from one thing to the other. He grows daily more active and strong.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 16 January, 1792.

I enclose you a few additional observations on 'Wallenstein.' You will not regard it as presumption, my having expressed a frank opinion. The poet himself is, in these cases, the best judge, but there is no harm in submitting a thought to his judgment which might have escaped him in the contemplation of his own work.

You have not yet demanded back your manuscript, and, until you do, I shall certainly keep it.

KÖRNER.

If festivals in honour of the Arts were customary among us, as with the Greeks, then we might hope to see the three parts of 'Wallenstein' represented on the same day. The combined effect, in that case, may be imagined by one who has had the satisfaction of reading it through from beginning to end, without interruption. But even this enjoyment is seldom allowed to a true lover of Art, and the question may arise whether your canvass is not too large for *our rooms*. Such a consideration seems paltry at the moment of production, but when the work is complete, means may perhaps be devised to bring out the full effect of the separate parts for the benefit of those who have it not in their power to behold the whole together, but only piece-wise. 'Wallenstein's Camp' cannot be regarded as complete in itself; but I regard it as the more important because it is an introduction, and it would be a pity if the richness of the subject should be a hindrance, and I do not see wherefore it should not always be given with the 'Piccolomini.' With reference only to its historical exposition, and the biographical characteristics of 'Wallenstein,' it might be dispensed with, but not so the effect produced by the last scene. In the prosaic days in which we live, we require something to transport us beyond the realms of reality to enable us to appreciate a work of fiction; and nothing answers this purpose better than martial scenes. The enthusiasm which they create is still within the boundaries of the senses, and therefore of effect with an extended circle—it was necessary to develop the plot gradually—it was necessary to make the spectator gradually aware of the truth of what was before his eyes, and his interest was to be gradually increased.

In a picture of the larger dimensions, we would reluctantly miss any of the subsidiary figures and details of the whole work; but for the stage I should desire a condensation, preserving the chief features.

Unity, it is true, prevails in the ‘Piccolomini,’ but it is not evident at the first glance. There are three things to attract the attention at once:—the fate of Wallenstein, the relative position of the two Piccolomini towards each other, and the love of Max and Thekla. The real interest, however, is concentrated in Max. All that surrounds him is nothing more than a mirror in which his noble nature is reflected. But the spectator might be made aware of this, somehow or other. Would it not be an advantage if the motives of Max’s admiration of Wallenstein were pointed out? We are introduced to Wallenstein’s amiable qualities in the second part. Would it not be better if, at the second act, we were enabled to cast a glance into his innermost thoughts? A scene between him and Max would suffice, in which the latter might communicate the wishes of the troops. Much of the soliloquy in the fourth act might be made serviceable, and left out afterwards. Max’s demand in the fourth act, would then tell more powerfully on Wallenstein, and could not—which is what I wish—be so easily denied. The scene between Max and Wallenstein in the fifth act might be more studied which would necessitate a few slight alterations. Wallenstein would not then be so much eclipsed in the third act. A contrast was necessary to bring him out prominently in the fourth; but is not the shading perhaps too deep here? We behold the low trickeries by which Illo and Terzky endeavour to put a stop to

his indecision—his blind confidence in his most mortal enemy—the slight probability of his favouring an affection which has gained our liveliest sympathies. All this, methinks, demands a stronger contrast than I find in the first act.

The greatness of Wallenstein must interest us; but he is deficient in something which raises Max above him. This deficiency is want of decision. With all advantages of heart and mind, he appears as a moral chaos, always in contradiction with himself, and endeavouring in vain to bring about impossible combinations. His indecision of character is therefore so important a feature that it demands a speedy explanation, lest it should be misunderstood. The moral harmony—the noble nature of Max are the natural consequences of his inborn nature, the merit of which he is not conscious. What is to him so easy, he supposes to be natural to all, so numerous are the noble qualities which inspire him. This explains his ideal admiration of Wallenstein. This idea must be kept continually before us during the first three acts, that Max may not lose in our estimation. Max is destined to appear in all his grandeur in the last scene of the fifth act; I therefore think it would be as well to let the idea of placing himself at the head of the troops that remained faithful, and of advancing with them from Pilzer, originate with him. Such a determination would be a contrast to the conduct of Octavio in the preceding scene. Max might be induced to express it by the question :

“And if I trust your heart, on you alone
To follow its behests, it will depend.”

He might express himself with dignity, as one conscious of his own influence with the better portion of the army. Octavio put to shame, would acknowledge his noble nature, and leave him with admiration and confidence.

There are no heroes in the second part; the whole interest lies in the tragic treatment of the subject. The inconsistencies of Wallenstein here stimulate the deep emotion, in which you have succeeded so well. They spring often from the noblest impulses, and yet serve only to accelerate his downfall. The despair of Max is not in keeping with the dignity thrown around him in the first part. But it was necessary that greatness should be interwoven with the limited powers of human nature, the faithful portraiture of which constitutes real tragic effect. I have one observation to make respecting Butler. I should like him more gloomy and reserved. This would contrast better with Wallenstein's light-heartedness. Nor does it appear necessary that Butler should render to himself such a precise account of his reasons of action. I should therefore cause him to say less alone, letting the soliloquy in the third act end with the line—

“Here, on Bohemia’s frontier, he must perish.”

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 March, 1800.

I thought you so deeply occupied with your new work, that your long silence did not surprise me, and I was not apprized of your illness until your dear wife did us the favour to write us word of your convales-

cence. According to her account, I may hope the best for the future, and the attack seems to have resulted in a beneficial crisis. Avoid laborious work now, until your health is completely restored. Would not change of air in the summer do you good? I then might hope to see you here. This year I can scarcely manage to leave. My present situation does not permit me to absent myself for more than eight or ten days at a time, and for so short a stay with you, I fear the fatigues of the journey would be too much for Minna and Dora, who are not particularly clever in the travelling line. Turn this over in your mind, and do not allow slight obstacles to prevent your coming. You are independent, can take your time, the best roads, and sleep at nights. It would be really delightful if we could spend a few weeks in each other's society. Goethe might, perhaps, be induced to accompany you.

I have read the 'Discourses on Religion,' and discovered some good and prolific ideas in them. But the work is not sufficiently worked out. Too much is indicated, and too little explained. Paradoxes are not of unfrequent occurrence, and it is in Schlegel's manner. The style is not equable, nor does the work betray a deep thinker. I regard it as a youthful production of a clever man, whose taste has not yet been cultivated.

Fichte's 'Destiny of Man' is a remarkable production, which I have not sufficiently studied yet. Here, again, the hard, destructive, heartless character of his philosophy is manifest. But on this side, it seems, he is not open to attack. Jacobi led the public astray by stating, that in other respects it was not to be refuted; I doubt it very much. The war against him

must be on the offensive ; and, if I had time, I am not wanting in inclination to give him battle.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 24 March, 1800.

I send you all a hearty greeting, to give you some sign of life after so long a silence. My illness must have been a very severe one, for though I have been six weeks convalescent, I am still suffering from it. I am still so weak that I can scarcely creep up stairs. My cough is still very bad, and I expectorate a great deal.

The end of the last, and the commencement of the present year, form a sad epoch in my family, and I fear we shall have reason to remember it for the rest of our days. As putting the finishing touch to ‘ Wallenstein’ happened at this unlucky time, you must not be astonished, dear Körner, if I have not paid much attention to your observations. Moreover, a production of Art, in so far as it is projected in an artistic spirit, is a living work, where each part is intimately connected with the whole, where nothing can be touched without setting the whole machine in motion. And even if I had been able to command the leisure and tone of mind necessary, I should have perhaps experienced some difficulty in satisfying your desires, as on many points I entertain my own peculiar ideas on poetry and the drama, which I cannot relinquish without a struggle. Ten days hence I hope to send you the first two parts published.

That old woman-tongued and sycophant, Böttiger, has spoilt my pleasure about ‘ Mary Stuart.’ I

wished you not to have known what I was about until you had received the play complete, so as to prevent you from preparing yourself for it, and spoiling your imagination by brooding over the historical materials, a study likely to mar the first impression. Unhappily, this play has also been delayed by the sad distractions of the present year.

Fare you well !

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 19 April, 1800.

These bright sunny days will, I trust, accelerate your return to health. Let not your labours prevent you from enjoying the fresh air as much as possible. You can easily pull up what you may now neglect. It would, however, have been little less than a miracle, if the severe illness of your wife, and the bitter winter weather, had not seriously attacked your health.

My observations on 'Wallenstein' do not seem to have found much favour with you. I am not sorry, however, at having sent them. It was a pleasure to me to make myself intimately acquainted with the work. It is impossible to contemplate a work of Art for any length of time without our imagination being called into play, and we are then often induced to suggest alterations which may not be requisite. But I cannot imagine that our ideas on poetry, and especially on tragic poetry, should be of so opposite a nature : this was not the case formerly.

You must not be angry at Böttiger's loquacity. The poor sinner cannot avoid enriching his letters with anecdotes of this description. He will spoil nothing.

The history of Mary Stuart is not vividly impressed upon my memory, and I shall avoid reading anything on the subject.

You say not a word about 'Macbeth.' Let me see the manuscript as soon as it is finished. I hope you will remain the summer in Weimar, unless you should undertake a journey, which would do you a world of good. Goethe is said to have a pretty villa, which he has doubtless fitted up with taste. He seems to be lost to poetry now. I read the history of the Museum in the 'Propylæi' with great pleasure. I recognized the author of 'Wilhelm Meister' at once.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 16 June, 1800.

This time, I need not be ashamed of my long silence. I was so taken up with my work, that I could think of nothing else; and it is only now that I have finished it, that I can remember old debts. I retired for a few weeks, accompanied only by a servant, to Ettersburg, taking up my quarters in an old castle, and there I completed 'Mary Stuart.' I returned last week, and directed the rehearsals at the theatre; it was acted for the first time the day before yesterday, and with a success beyond my expectations. I am beginning to master the difficulties of the drama, and to understand my work. I shall send you the manuscript as soon as the most pressing demands are despatched. I have had two copies made for Berlin and Leipzig. I trust, however, to be able to send it to you with the remainder of 'Wallenstein'—which is all published, with the exception of two sheets—ten days hence at latest. Meanwhile, I send you 'Mac-

beth,* that you may have something of mine to read. Compare it carefully with the original, and with the translations that have hitherto been made. It is true, it cuts but a sorry figure by the side of the English original; but I, at least, am not to blame; it is to be attributed to the language, and the restrictions for the stage.

My health for the last two months has been very good. I take a good deal of exercise, and live a great deal in the open air. I am visible in the streets and places of public amusement, and am aware of a great change in myself. This is partly to be attributed to my occupation. I am never so well as when I am deeply interested in some work. And for this reason, I have already made preparations for another.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 26 June, 1800.

I was aware that you are much occupied, and a letter from your sweet wife to Dora calmed my apprehensions respecting your health. I consequently postponed writing, in the hope that every post would bring a letter from you.

Many thanks for 'Macbeth.' I read it first without the original, and rejoiced to find it a perfect cast. This is not usual with Shakspeare; and as I had no clear recollection of the original, I at first regarded it as a characteristic of the play. But on comparing the two, I discovered that you had found it necessary to omit certain passages to avoid spoiling the total effect. The great difficulty consisted in finding a something to

* A translation of Shakspeare's play.

substitute for what was omitted. In this I think you have completely succeeded in the song of the warder and the chorus of the witches. A strict Shakspearian might find fault with you for the addition in the first scene of the witches. I myself should like to see it anywhere else. It has a clearness about it, which throws too sudden a light on the mysterious figures.

It would be difficult to find a truer version of the spirit of the original. Even Shakspeare's peculiarities of figurative language are faithfully translated, as far as it could be done without marring the general effect. In such passages, we are reminded that it is a translation we have before us. Language and dialogue are in keeping with the original. I detected one single dissonance in the expression "*O schönes zeug!*" in the eighth scene of the third act.

I wish that this work would induce you to translate, from time to time, other plays of Shakspeare, or other poets of by-gone days. They would be a great acquisition to the German stage. Many would require arranging, but you are the man to do it. Thus, many of Corneille's tragedies, the 'Cid,' for instance, might be serviceable. In this latter, however, it would be necessary to strike out a great deal. Amongst the Spanish authors, I think much might be found. I may perhaps stumble upon something by running them over. Gessler, who is now here, has this idea in his head, and I shall help him to carry it out this winter.

We are all curious to see 'Mary Stuart.' Send it as soon as you can, and let us know when it will be given at Leipzig. If possible, we will go there to see it. What

if we could manage to meet you? Think of this, and let me know your mind.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 29 June, 1800.

I have received the printed copy of 'Wallenstein,' and have just read it through. I find many happy alterations in the arrangements of the parts. I think it a great improvement for the second part to commence with the scene with the Astrologer. The strangeness of it transports us at once from a real to a poetical sphere, and prepares us for what follows.

It has also the advantage, that in the first part Wallenstein keeps more in the back-ground, or the imagination beholds him only as reflected in the ideas he has called forth in others. He appears personally only in the scene of the audience, and greatly to his advantage. His indecision of character is gradually developed in the subsequent scenes, in his conversation with Wrangel; and the scattered incidents are more easily put together, so as to form a complete portrait.

I was sorry at first to find that the fourth act of the second part did not close with Thekla's soliloquy. I, however, understand that the scene between mother and daughter, if both actresses act up to their parts, cannot fail of creating great effect.

The preparations for the murder at the commencement of the fifth act, are better disposed than before, and increase the effect produced by the after-appearance of Wallenstein. Those passages especially gain where I thought Wallenstein displayed too much softness.

The last scenes of 'Wallenstein' had the same

powerful effect upon me as at the first reading. With the exception of yourself, there is perhaps no one so well acquainted with this work as I am. Without referring to the manuscript, I at once perceived where the slightest alteration had been made. I read many parts with a calm enjoyment, and lingered over them for the sake of comparing them with the original form. But after the third scene in the fifth act, I was overpowered and lost in the tragic effect—an effect the like of which no dramatic work ever produced on me before.

By curtailing the first part, this advantage is gained, that the Camp may be given with it.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 3 July, 1800.

I send you ‘Mary Stuart,’ and trust you will bid her a kind welcome. You can keep the manuscript for a fortnight, but then I must have it back, as my friends here and at Jena are waiting for it. Should you wish to keep it longer, get it copied. I must only beg of you not to find fault with the seventh scene of the fifth act : it has been altered for the stage. I shall send you the alterations when you have read through the play.

I am glad that ‘Macbeth’ pleases you. Your remark about the insertion in the first scene with the Witches may be a correct one, but I thought it necessary for the stage, as the great mass of the public pay too little attention, and it is necessary to think for them.

I cannot advise you to go to Leipzig to see ‘Mary’ acted, as Goethe tells me the company there is bad beyond description.

Our company here is better in every respect, not on ac-

count of any striking talents so much as of a uniformity and harmony of action between the whole body. This company performs during the present and next month at Lauchstädt. If 'Mary' is given twice there, (to-day, the 3rd, it is given for the first time) we might manage to meet there. Let me have an answer, and then I will consider what can be done.

The study of Spanish literature will doubtless prove to you a most attractive occupation, if you can put up with romantic poetry. It is the production of another clime—of another world. I do not think so much may be derived from it, for our German stage, as you seem to hope. We take greater pleasure in philosophical depths and truth of feeling than in the play of fancy. Tieck has latterly adopted this romantic style in his poems, and with great success. You have doubtless read his 'Genoveva?' The Schlegels have also taken up Spanish literature; but their partial views and pretensions disgust one.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 9 July, 1800.

After a work like 'Wallenstein,' my expectations of you increased, and 'Mary Stuart' did not offer so extensive a field for your talents. Your merit is the greater from the manner in which you have treated the subject; and with inward satisfaction I observe the additional progress you have made in Dramatic Art, the more I contemplate this work.

You approach nearer to the ancients in representing an action. There is no hero in your play, none of the

leading persons are idealized, none of the failings concealed which are attributed to them in history. Talbot is the only one we honour and love : but he is only a secondary character, and stands as a substitute for the Chorus of the Greeks. And how well have you succeeded in producing that deep emotion—the emotion of real tragedy !

I perceive the advantage of making the action the prevailing feature in a dramatic production. All is thus concentrated in a focus. The individual characters do not lose by it ; whilst on the other hand, each character stands out in bold relief by the participation it takes in the action of the play. You have succeeded here in connecting the most prominent features of those times—the struggle of the hierarchy against its dissenting subjects—with the fate of Mary.

I recognize your most energetic style in the language. Even something of the youth of the ‘Robbers,’ in certain of the scenes with Mortimer. I regard the seventh scene of the fifth act as a masterly production, and I must do Minna and Dora the justice to say, that they were not shocked by it.* There is no reason why religious subjects should be excluded from the precincts of dramatic art : and that such are banished from the stage, is simply a proof of the still-prevailing low state of estimation of the drama. But, as long as those prejudices do exist, it is as well to alter such a scene for the stage. In our days, when so little is deemed sacred, there is a two-fold reason for sparing that which is held so.

* Mary receives the Holy Sacrament, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic confession.

The dialogue is simpler and less ornate than in your earlier productions, without losing in substance. The iambics flow easier than ever, and the sudden change of measure at the commencement of the third act, has an excellent effect. I shall shortly review it more at length. I have read it twice through, and I shall now take up the 'History of Elizabeth and Mary' to see how you have treated the historical personages.

I have, in my possession, an English play on the subject by Banks. I cast my eye over it, but found it a miserable affair. He enters, at great length, into the history of Norfolk's love and his execution.

I wish we could meet at Lauchstädt. Write me word when you could be there. I think Goethe is too severe upon the Leipzig company; Christ and Ochsenheimer, Bösenberg, Schirmer, and Opitz, in some characters, and Mesdames Hartwich and Schmelka are not without talent. That the company is not perfect I will allow. Perhaps at Weimar they are better broken in, and less liable to interruptions, which, in a play of this description, has a painful effect. It is also evident that when a company pull well together, matters run on smoothly, even when the talents of each individual are but mediocre. The Leipzig company is, on the contrary, in a state of complete anarchy; every man acts as best suits himself. But this liberty of action affords me a peculiar enjoyment, especially with Christ and Ochsenheimer, and makes me overlook many faults. Even with a first-rate company, the imagination of the spectator is always limited. He beholds certain figures, which do not come up to his notion of the Ideals of the Poet. To compensate for

this, I demand original talent in the actor. He must not only give us a faithful reproduction of the works of the Poet, but, as he cannot avoid detracting in some degree from it, he must add something of his own to make amends. In like manner, the musician must not simply echo the words of the poet; he must express ideas through his own organ, which the poet only indicated.

Even you, methinks, would not regret seeing '*Mary Stuart*' acted at Leipzig, if it were but to see Christ as Talbot, and Ochsenheimer as Burleigh.

Minna, Dora, and Gessler, unite in thanking you for the enjoyment you have given them. Your permission to copy has been immediately taken advantage of, without the manuscript going out of the house.

All our friends voluntarily offered their assistance.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 13 July, 1800.

It was a great consolation to me to hear from you that the absence of that interest, which always attends a hero or heroine, has not made '*Mary Stuart*' sink in your opinion. Your observation is a just one, that the principal characters do not gain our affections; and I cannot deny that this was the point on which I did not agree with you in '*Wallenstein*'; for, in your judgment of the latter, I thought I detected something too material, as you seemed to place too much value on Max Piccolomini, and hinted that he was the chief figure in the '*Piccolomini*', to the detriment of *Wal- lenstein* himself. I am of opinion that the hero ought never to be judged by moral feelings, but by the whole

action of the play,—in so far as it relates to him, or proceeds from him. The hero of a tragedy only wants as much moral weight as is necessary to excite pity and terror. To be sure, much more is expected from the tragic poet: and in judging a work of Art, it is difficult for any of us to avoid following the bent of our own inclinations and aversions. But you will allow that we ought to avoid doing so, and that Art would be the gainer by it.

As I, moreover, have always taken delight in subjects that interest the heart—I shall, at least, endeavour not to do the one without the other; although it would be, perhaps, more in the spirit of true tragedy to avoid occasions of producing a mixed effect.

The subject of my new play,* will of itself create great interest. Here there is a principal character, in comparison with whom, as far as the interest is concerned, all the other characters—and there is no small number of them—sink into insignificance. But the subject is one worthy of high tragedy; and if I can give it, by the manner of treating it, as much as I was enabled to impart to ‘Mary Stuart,’ I look forward to great success.

Be so good as to let me have all the documents you can lay your hands on concerning trials of witches, and such like. I touch closely upon this subject in my new play, and must draw from such sources.

As regards the Lauchstädt Meeting, I am only waiting to hear when the next representation will be given. It would rejoice me greatly to see you all again.

SCHILLER.

* ‘Joan of Arc.’

Weimar, 17 July, 1800.

I expect you to fix the day for my leaving for Lauchstädt, as I am not bound either by time or business. I have written to the manager to let you know, without a moment's delay, when '*Mary Stuart*' will be played.

Our meeting, however, need not depend upon that ; yet I should not like it to be at Leipzig, where you have friends, and where I should not have much pleasure. Goethe, also, wishes me to go to Lauchstädt to make some arrangements. I count upon our spending four or five days together, at Lauchstädt.

Let me have an answer soon.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 July, 1800,

The day before yesterday, I received two letters from you, and since then I have been busy forming plans for making our meeting at Lauchstädt possible. Beck, the actor, wrote me word yesterday, that he expects you there on the 2nd of August. I am very desirous to see you, and trust I shall be enabled to undertake the journey. But I cannot say for certain, as yet. My present situation places many obstacles in the way of such a journey, and makes it requisite for me to come to some arrangement with my colleagues. It will depend chiefly, however, how my wife and the rest of the family are. I cannot leave them for so long a time. I shall let you know this week, if and when I start, nothing unforeseen intervening.

I return you '*Mary Stuart*.' I have kept a copy,

chiefly in Minna's handwriting. I trust we may soon have the opportunity of conversing upon it personally, and reserve my observations till then.

But I must add a word or two on the hero in tragedy. I quite agree that his attributes must not depend upon moral worth; and I must have expressed myself indistinctly in my remarks on 'Wallenstein,' if you understood the contrary. But in a tragic picture, I look for an absolute personal worth—a noble nature, in the principal character. Without this personal worth, the action would lose its interest. It might excite fear, or compassion, but even Aristotle requires that both be purified. And to ennable our sympathy, the characters must possess an ideal value. Your Mary is idealized.

By your new arrangement of 'Wallenstein,' you have remedied in part what I found fault with. The impression of Wallenstein's character upon the spectator, at the end of the 'Piccolomini,' was not a favourable one. The *tout ensemble* of Wallenstein is alone ideal. He does not appear always to advantage. Those passages in which he is thrown into the shade are brought closer to the others, and the general effect is increased by it. In the 'Piccolomini' he is now visible in the back-ground, like a shadowy towering figure, the form of which is not quite distinct; but who is revealed to us in some measure by the actions of the other personages.

The great mistake in the conception of ideals consists generally in the personification of empty abstractions. The true artist infuses as much of the real into his figures as possible. And notwithstanding the inevitable restriction imposed upon everything precise,

(real) there is always a wide field left to the spectator in the endless regions of fancy.

I am making all sorts of conjectures respecting the subject of your new play. You will doubtless be shy of Böttiger this time.

I enclose you a catalogue of works on witches and witchcraft. Those I have underlined will probably be of most service to you. I myself do not possess any works of that description.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 25 July, 1800.

I have, I am sorry to say, been indulging in a vain hope. All circumstances considered, I must relinquish the pleasure of meeting you. To explain to you my reasons would be tedious to us both. You will readily believe me, that I only gave in to necessity. You are at all events more independent than I am ; and if your health, as I trust it will, gradually improve, you will surely soon come and pay us a visit.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 28 July, 1800.

We regret much that we shall not see you this year. I have neither time nor means for a long journey to Dresden at present ; but nothing under sheer impossibility shall prevent me from paying you a visit next year, when I hope to have more quiet and leisure. I am troubled by an evil spirit until I have finished two new plays I have in my head. Deducting the time I did not work, it took me seven months and a half to write 'Mary Stuart,' dating from the time I first conceived the idea. I may therefore hope, with

the acquisition of greater practice and skill in the execution, to write a play in six months. I may thus hope to make up for lost time; and if I live to fifty, may deserve a place amongst the most prolific dramatic writers.

I will make no secret to you of my new plan; but I must beg of you not to say a word about it to any one else, as I lose all pleasure in working when I hear people around me discussing what is not yet finished. The 'Maid of Orleans' is the subject I have selected. My plot is nearly finished, and I hope to be able to set to work within a fortnight. The subject is poetical in an eminent degree, according to the view I take of it, and most affecting. But I tremble for success, because I entertain so high an idea of it, and fear I shall not be able to come up to my own conceptions. Six weeks hence I must know how I stand. I shall touch very slightly on witchcraft, and trust for all I shall want to the resources of my own imagination. There is scarcely anything poetical in works of this nature, and Goethe tells me that they were of no service to him in writing 'Faust.' The same may be said of astrology. It is wonderful how dull and common-place these apes (*fratzen*) are, who occupied the minds of men for so long a period.

The 'Maid of Orleans' cannot be laced in so tight a pair of stays as 'Mary Stuart.' The volume may not contain so many pages, but the dramatic action takes a bolder sweep, and moves with greater boldness and freedom. Each subject has (or ought to have) its own peculiar form, and art consists in finding the proper one. The idea of a tragedy must always be moving and self-creating (*werdend*), and only manifest itself

(*virtualiter*) in a hundred or a thousand different shapes.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 6 August, 1800.

It is kind of you to hold out hopes to me of seeing you next year, as I must relinquish them now. I doubt not you will have finished your task by then, and I rejoice at your dramatic ardour. I meanwhile shall not remain dead to Art, and shall arrange my æsthetical ideas in better order.

The selection of your new subject is a most happy one. It must present a rich and living picture. Shakspeare has touched but slightly upon it in the first part of 'King Henry VI.', and, like a true Englishman, has endeavoured to eclipse the Frenchman by Talbot. I sent for Dufresnoy's 'Histoire de la Pucelle,' but it is a poor production—a mere collection of documents. It however tells some anecdotes which give a faithful picture of the spirit of those times.

What on earth is Goethe doing? No one hears of him. The seventh volume of the new edition of his works contains but a few new poems, and the larger poems, of which he gave hopes, have never been completed.

I have commenced reading Herder's 'Kalligone,' and, as I have often remarked, find his philosophy unsound. In metacriticisms he is more careful.

Do you know anything about Humboldt. According to his last letter, he must soon be in Germany.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, September, 1800.

It is long since I have heard from you, and I am expecting a few lines to say how you are all getting on. Since my last letter, I have been rather idle, and have not made much progress in my work. Goethe has withdrawn into solitude to write something; for ill-luck will have it that he cannot write at Weimar. What he has published in the last four or five years, all originated at Jena. The Humboldts have postponed their return, which was fixed for the end of the present, till next month, on account of his wife and children not being well. He purposes publishing an account of his travels in Spain. I have seen fragments of it, and they read well.

I enclose you my poems. You will look in vain for several of them; some I have left out entirely, others because I had no time to give them a finishing touch. I may make a second volume of them, or enlarge the present one. You will also perhaps miss passages in some of them. I have endeavoured to relieve the poems as much as possible from abstract ideas. There was a time when I was too much inclined that way. You will find but few new ones, and can scarcely expect any, as you are aware how badly I fared this winter. There are, however, some additions.

Myself and publisher are well satisfied with the sale of 'Wallenstein.' One edition of 4,500 copies is nearly out, and Cotta is already preparing a second, which is fortunate, as 'Wallenstein' has not been published above two months.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 10 September, 1800.

I had been impatiently expecting the publication of your poems, and feared lest you should prove too severe a critic upon yourself, give yourself too much trouble, and finally get disgusted with the revision, and throw it up. It is true, you have made such great progress, that many of your earlier productions may not now satisfy you. And as your pen has been so prolific of late, we must not complain if we are deprived of some of them, which, notwithstanding their intrinsic merit, as poetical compositions, still perhaps in some instances required total revision. But many will not forgive you for having excluded the 'Artists' and the 'Ode to Joy.' Your motive is evident to me. I am, however, far from thinking that you could not give them a form more in keeping with your present ideas. I think the poem of the 'Artists,' which is a favourite of mine, might be split into two poems. It is true, you have adopted later a more poetical form, but the historical portion might form an excellent poem.

Gessler tells me the most extraordinary stories about Humboldt and ghost-seeing. Have you heard aught about it? Also that Alexander Humboldt fancies that his mother appears to him.

The new poems, 'To Goethe,' 'The Words of Fancy,' 'The Meeting,' are, I think, among the best. In the poem 'To Goethe,' I found an echo of my own sentiments.

I fully expected that 'Wallenstein' would have a good sale, but that it should be so great surprised me. Cotta must make an honest penny out of your works.

How fares it with the 'Museum Almanack?' I saw it advertised. I am glad even if you only put your

name to it. It will at times induce both you and Goethe to set down on paper what would otherwise remain in your own heads.

I feared at first that a residence at Weimar would be a draw-back to your working. But the result has proved the reverse. Perhaps Goethe, from his position, finds it more difficult to live retired.

We saw your mother-in-law the other day by chance, with the Princesses of Schwarzburg. The latter appeared to me unaffected, and not without a taste for the Arts.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 21 October, 1800.

I do not know which of us is in arrear with letters. I am in all probability the debtor, and you will pardon my laziness. When I do not write, I grow idle; but as you are not afflicted with that evil in so great a degree as myself, and have a better control over your nature, you should rouse me up at times, and send me a line, telling me what you are all doing.

Nothing has changed here since I last wrote. My health has been good, so that I can go out and follow the new mode of life I have adopted. But my work gets on slowly. The preliminaries give me much trouble, and it is always some time before I feel firm in the saddle. I am, however, confident of success, although I anticipate that it will give me plenty to do during the winter.

I have not yet replied to you respecting my poems. Some of the poems omitted, are not for that reason entirely rejected, but they could not well be inserted in their present form; and it would have taken more time than

I could well spare to remodel them;—some of them—‘The Artists,’ for instance—were taken up and laid down by me twenty times before I could come to a decision about them. Once I entertained the same idea as yourself respecting this poem, but it is not practicable. The whole of it, unhappily, is imperfect, but it contains some good passages, which I regret to see lost.

I regard the ‘Ode to Joy,’ on the contrary, as decidedly faulty; and although it has a certain quantity of fiery enthusiasm to back it, it is nevertheless a bad poem, and denotes a degree of cultivation, which I must leave far behind me to produce anything at all decent; but as it is written against the bad taste of the age, it has acquired a certain degree of popularity. Your admiration of this poem may be attributed to the time at which it was written; but that is its only merit, and that only *for us*, and not for the world, or the art of poetry.

When we meet, we will have some interesting discussions on any alterations you may deem advisable in those poems which have been published. Although I am not quite satisfied with some of them, I am, however, perfectly contented with the principles on which I proceeded.

Goethe has returned from his excursion to Jena, where he had some business to transact. He has written a little bit of ‘Faust,’ which, however, is admirable. He is not, on the whole, sufficiently productive, however rich he may be in invention and in the power of composition. His mind is not calm enough. The disordered state of his domestic affairs, which he is too weak to set to rights, causes him much annoyance.

The Humboldts are daily expected here. I will let you know as soon as they arrive. I have not heard a word about their ghost-seeing, and do not believe that there is any foundation for the story.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 October, 1800.

Your mode of living in Weimar seems to exercise a beneficial influence on your health; nor do I fear any interruption in your literary labours from it.

I can readily understand that Goethe must feel his position, and this explains why he prefers living out of Weimar as much as possible. Public morals cannot be offended with impunity. He could easily have found a loving wife, and what a different existence would then have been his! The other sex has a nobler destiny than to be degraded to be the mere instruments of sensuality; and for the loss of domestic happiness, there is no compensation. Goethe himself cannot esteem the creature who threw herself unconditionally into his arms. He cannot expect others to esteem her, and yet he is offended if she is despised. Connexions of this description worry a man of the strongest mind to death. There is no opposition which may not be overcome by bold and decisive action; but there is a secret gnawing sensation, scarcely perceptible, but which he endeavours to drown in pleasure.

Your opinion of your earlier poems will give rise to many a discussion between us. I do not deny the progress you have made since they were written, but I cannot relinquish the idea that the spirit of these early effusions might be encased in a different frame.

I should not recommend a revision of them at the present moment, as you are so prolific in a different branch. You must now write as much as possible, and not even bestow a thought on your previous productions. When old age steals upon you, you may feel a pleasure in reviewing the labours of your youth; and then you will revise them, not less severely, but with more tenderness.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 29 December, 1800.

The last days of this century have witnessed a pause in our correspondence. You are probably at present occupied with preparations for the coming festivities; but it is said here that the Duke of Weimar will prohibit the joyful doings, in consequence of the war. Let me know what you and Goethe are doing, and let me have any poems that may be ready. Here we have no festal preparations; we may, perhaps, have a salute of two guns. Dresden is not the clime for poetical flowers.

All my family are well, and our usual domestic *fête* on Christmas Eve passed off without the slightest interruption.

I read Tieck's 'Genoveva' the other day, and I discovered much poetical talent in it. Tieck is not wanting in imagination and depth of feeling. His language and versification are also good. His taste is not fully developed, but of the rising poets I know of none to be compared with him. He comes here at Easter, and purposes remaining some time. I am desirous of making his acquaintance; and should he show confidence in me, I may some day be of service to him.

What is your opinion of Wieland's 'Aristippus?' Its length apart, there is much interesting matter in it. The style is better than his 'Agathos'; and there is a warmth in it scarcely to be expected from Wieland in his later years. Fichte has published a most extraordinary production—'The Closed City.' I was highly amused to find that the only commodity allowed into this city of his is wine from Brandenburg, which he makes the authorities distribute. It is high time to attack this philosophical Attila on his own ground, that he may not thus trample upon our gardens and meadows one after the other. But his soil, it is true, does not produce a single ear of corn; it is a very desert; his political heresy will, however, do little harm. The restrictions he proposes could only be carried out under a reign of terror, like that of Robespierre.

Hearty greetings from us all to you and your sweet wife. May you enter the new century cheerily and joyfully.

KÖRNER.

1801.

Haydn's 'Creation' is performed at Weimar to inaugurate the New Year — Glück's 'Iphigenia' — Schlegel's pamphlet against Kotzebue—Goethe has a severe attack of illness—Fête at Körner's to inaugurate the new century—Schiller finishes the 'Maid of Orleans' and looks out for some new subject for a tragedy—Goethe takes up 'Faust' again—'Warbeck'—Goethe's opinion of the 'Maid of Orleans'—Körner's views on comedy—Herder's 'Adrastea' — The Schillers spend a month with the Körners at Dresden—Madame Unzelmann—Beresford—'Wallenstein' is given at the Dresden theatre—Goethe offers a prize for a good comedy—Körner's opera, 'Alfred'—'Turandot'—Tieck's 'Signs in the Wood'—'The Warning'—'Fortunatus'—Schlegel.

Weimar, 5 January, 1801.

Heartily do we greet you all on the commencement of a new *sæculum*, and we rejoice from our hearts that we can do so with happiness and hope before us. We shall not conclude, I am certain of it, a more sincere friendship than ours in this new century. May we live long to enjoy it, and to see it continued in our children.

I wish you joy of your better circumstances. If your work does not increase, the addition is of con-

sideration ; but a certain amount of leisure is necessary to your happiness ; time for philosophical and æsthetical studies is an integral part of your existence.

The last day of the old century found me hard at work, and although I am progressing slowly, my tragedy has already acquired a certain shape. The very subject keeps me warm ; I am deeply interested in it ; it flows more from my heart than my other productions, where reason had to wrestle with the subject.

Our projected festivities for the inauguration of the new century have fallen to the ground, partly on account of squabbles between parties, and partly because the Duke was desirous of avoiding any *éclat*—nothing worth mentioning took place. It was not my wish to get up anything poetical, but merely to throw life and gaiety into the town. Haydn's 'Creation' was performed on New Year's Eve, which, however, did not afford me much pleasure, as it is a jumble of notes and nothing else.* On the other hand, Glück's 'Iphigenia in Tauris' afforded me infinite pleasure. Never before had music aroused such pure and soft emotions within me ! It is a world of harmony, which goes straight to the soul, and when its tones die away, they leave the listener lost in silent and tender admiration.

I entirely agree with your opinion of Tieck's 'Genoveva ;' he is a man of a delicate and imaginative mind, but is wanting in depth and power. Unhappily, he has been spoilt by the Schlegel school, and will never recover it. His taste is not yet matured ; he

* Ein characterloser Misch-masch.

does not maintain his standard in all his writings, and is at times shallow. I am curious to hear how he will please you personally. I saw him eighteen months ago ; he was then a very modest and interesting young man. I fear, however, he has undergone a great change since then.

I am at present reading Wieland's 'Aristippus,' and subscribe in every particular to your opinion of it. If we do not regard it in the light of an æsthetical composition, it has many good points ; his ideals are, it is true, not pleasing, and neither his 'Lais' nor his 'Aristippus' excited my admiration.

I have not seen Fichte's work. Have you read Goethe's last production in Seckendorf's 'Almanack ?' If you have not, I will send it to you. I wish also to direct your attention to a pamphlet which Schlegel has written against Kotzebue : 'A gate of honour and triumphal arch' for the President of the theatre, Kotzebue. It is, I must own, coarse and insulting, but indisputably witty.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 13 January, 1801.

You have probably heard of the severe illness of Goethe, which for some days placed his life in danger. It originated in an eruption on the skin ; sore-throat and cramps ensued, and Starke who attended him, was in fear of an inflammation of the brain. He is now recovering, and sends you a greeting, having heard that I was writing.

This unlucky illness was a sad interruption to my work ; added to which I have been suffering from a

violent cold in the head, which has not yet left me. I fear this month and the next, which have thrice been so fatal to me, and am consequently taking great care of myself.

SCHILLER.

Send me your criticisms on 'Mary Stuart' as soon as you can, as it will be shortly published.

Dresden, 18 January, 1801.

Your cordial hail of welcome at the commencement of a new century was grateful to me, and I should have replied to it at once, but one of my colleagues having been taken ill, and another being absent, I have been over head and ears in work.

We may mutually congratulate each other that it is in our power to enter on a new *stadium* with united hearts and smiling prospects! Many years have passed by since our bands of friendship were formed, but our souls have undergone no change. And we will both of us endeavour to preserve our hearts and minds as fresh and youthful as possible. This will be the easier task for a father who has not striven to make his children men before their time.

In my house at least I could not deny myself the pleasure of some little festivity, to welcome the new century. These little fêtes are the poetry of life, and I have always taken great delight in them.

As the first chime of midnight struck, a pleasing melody of horns struck up. The eyes of all present were bandaged, and an air sung. The folding doors were then thrown open, another song was sung in

chorus, the bandages were taken off, and Minna, Dora, and Emma, decked with flowers and half veiled, were seen placing wreaths on the statue of Hebe.

I wish you joy of the progress of your tragedy, and shall rejoice more to see some of it. Give full scope to your imagination, and, as I have often told you, it cannot fail of success, and as the work proceeds you will warm into a love of it and be delighted with it.

I am quite convinced that Glück's 'Iphigenia' is a much more genial composition than Haydn's 'Creation,' Hadyn is a clever artist, ('Künstler,') but he is deficient in enthusiasm. The 'Creation' is an interesting study for the musician, but the composition is cold. When once I have got acquainted with my new labours, I trust to command some leisure hours.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 28 January, 1801.

Assure Goethe of our deepest concern. We all rejoice to hear that he is out of danger, and trust soon to be told of his perfect recovery. You cannot expect to escape catarrhs at this season of the year; every one is suffering from them. The winter is a mild one, and you need not be anxious about your health; it is well, however, to avoid catching cold.

I have read 'Mary Stuart' through again, and with as much anxious care as if it had been a work of my own which I had just finished, and I can assure you that, a few slight alterations in the dialogue excepted, the impression it left upon me was the same as at the first reading, and in the whole play there is not anything I should desire to see changed. The simplicity of the plot makes it much easier to take a survey of

the whole at once than is the case with any of your former productions.

In the third scene of the first act, the words

Seine Künste waren keine andern
Als seine Männer-Kraft, &c.
Sie glühten nur vom Feuer des Verlangens, &c.

appeared to me too highly coloured.

The passage in the fifth scene of the first act,

Ich liess,
Der Puritaner dumpfe Predigstuben
Den Himmel hinter mir,

might perhaps be expressed more clearly.

In the fifth scene of the second act, I find the following passage somewhat obscure :

Was man nicht aufgiebt, hat man nie verloren,

In the fourth scene of the third act, it might be questioned whether the words

Es leben Götter, die den Hochmuth rächen,

are adapted to the strictly Catholic Mary.

In the eighth scene of the third act, the *e* in anathema is made long, which is derived from the Greek, where the *e* is short.

I have no other remarks to make. Let me hear soon how it fares with you and Goethe.

Hearty greetings from my party.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 5 March, 1801.

I am on the point of starting for Jena, for a few weeks, there to collect my ideas for the completion of my work, in the solitude of my country-house. It was

a just remark of yours, that I lose more time here than at Jena. Experience has proved it, and as, moreover, we live in a noisy street, and the movement in the house often disturbs me in my work; I must fly away for quiet. If I am assiduous and in the proper humour, I trust to have finished by April; till then there is much to be done.

I have got through this winter right well, so have my wife and children. I now anxiously expect the spring, to enjoy the fresh air.

A revised edition of my ‘Carlos,’ and of my ‘History of the Netherlands,’ added to a careful examination of ‘Mary Stuart’ and ‘Macbeth,’ have occupied a great portion of my time, and drawn me away from my other work, which might otherwise have been finished. I have attended to your observations on ‘Mary Stuart.’ This time you have let me off easily.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 March, 1801.

Interruption in your labours, at a moment when you are finishing such a work as that you have in hand, is certainly unwelcome. I expect much from the peace and quiet you will enjoy in your summer residence at Jena; in other respects, however, a residence at Weimar offers many advantages to you. The society there enlivens without enervating you, and this is beneficial to your health, which would not, perhaps, be able to withstand uninterrupted exertion.

Let me have your new work at once. I have now leisure to read it.

You do not say one word about Goethe. I trust he

is himself again. He seems to have given up writing altogether.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 27 April, 1801.

It is now some weeks since I left dear old Jena, and completed my tragedy. You should have received it with the present copy of 'Mary Stuart,' if I had it to forward. But I was obliged to send it to the Duke, and he has not yet returned it to me. I feel now quite at a loss, and am longing to be in the middle of a new work. The only thing that makes life supportable, is unremitting activity towards some definite object.

I am glad Tieck's society gives you so much pleasure; I can easily imagine how it is: he provides food for your mental energies, and you can work him up, as it were, in your inner-self. The fruitless striving of these gentlemen towards the sublime, only annoys me, and their pretensions disgust me. 'Genoveva' has intrinsic merit, as the production of a promising genius, but it is only a step. Like all he has hitherto written, it has not received the last finish, and contains a good deal of twaddle. I do not entertain hopes of anything great from him. In my idea, the path to excellence does not run through empty space; on the other hand, however, impetuosity and violence may run on, and the rough rock may be polished. Nevertheless Tieck possesses a great fund of literary knowledge, and his mind appears to me to be much more cultivated than might be supposed, judging from his writings which are very deficient in substance and importance. Goethe is quite well again, and has been

working hard at ‘Faust,’ which, however, still lies before him, an unfinished production ; for if he carries out his plan, that which has appeared in print is little more than one fourth of the work, and what he has since written is not so much as what has been published. He devotes much of his time to the study of optics and natural history ; two most important branches of study.

You have the same luck with Hartmann as myself ; I also did not make his acquaintance, being absent from Jena during his stay there. Report states him to be a man of talent, and Goethe entertains a high opinion of him. It is a pity he must run such a wild goose chase in the world, and that in art there are only sects, and no established church.

As ‘Macbeth’ is just done I enclose it. This year my pen has been productive : in addition to ‘Macbeth’ and ‘Mary Stuart,’ I have compiled a new edition of ‘Don Carlos’ and the ‘History of the Netherlands,’ and in the autumn Unger will publish my ‘Maid of Orleans.’

SCHILLER.

14 May.

I enclose a pamphlet by Fichte, which you might not otherwise be able to see. He tells some plain truths to Nicolai, but the style is too prosy, too coarse, and not witty enough. He should have taken a more general view of the subject, and given a faithful portraiture of the genus Philister. Let me have it back as soon as you have read it.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 9 May, 1801.

I received your 'Johanna' (Maid of Orleans) the day before yesterday, but cannot yet write upon it. Your manuscript reached me under most favourable circumstances. I had a quiet afternoon before me, all were well at home, and I was enabled to take it up and read it through without interruption. You know how much I expected from you, and, in this instance, my expectations were wound up to the highest pitch. But, if I may form a judgment from a first reading, you have this time excelled yourself.

As I said before, I am not calm enough yet to form a correct judgment, nor do I wish to draw a comparison between this and any of your former productions. I may, however, draw this distinction. It is not your mannner (manier) that attracts me. This manner (style) was grand, and it had a personal and an irresistible charm for me. But in a great portion of 'Wallenstein,' more so still in 'Mary Stuart,' and especially in the last work, I quite forget the author in the contemplation of the artistic beauties of the work. The subject is not encumbered by any shackles, and imagination sheds a halo around it.

You had difficulties enough to contend with. The very title of the play would make many doubt, who have read 'La Pucelle.' But let them read it again, and if frivolity has not completely disgusted them, then give them your 'Johanna' to read. There were other less apparent difficulties; the connecting link between the softer emotions of woman, and the religious enthusiast—the character of the King, the mixture of the unnatural with the natural, blending the bounds of both together—the father of Johanna, &c.—and

after reading it twice through, there is nothing left to be wished for. The stanzas and the change of metre at the most important passages have an excellent effect for the more cultivated taste. But enough for the present. Minna and Dora share my enthusiasm, and thank you cordially for the many pleasant hours you have again given us.

There is a young Swiss girl here just now, and I shall see what effect your play will have upon her. She is an unspoiled child, of lively feelings, and unrestrained in expressing them. I shall read it aloud to her, and shall not let the manuscript out of the house.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 13 May, 1801.

When I sent the tragedy, the other day, I forgot to enclose my letter. As it is written, I enclose it now, with a postscript.

I have not been able to make up my mind during the last fortnight, as to the subject of my next work. At my age, and with my experience, the selection of a subject becomes more difficult. The avidity with which youth seizes upon a subject no longer exists, and that enthusiasm, without which no poetical conception can succeed, is not so easily aroused within me.

I should never have selected ‘Wallenstein,’ if I had at the time possessed so clear a view of my own being, and of Art.

I feel greatly inclined to try my hand at simple tragedy, according to the pure Greek school, and I have subjects in view that would suit. One of them, ‘The Knights of Malta,’ is known to you, but the *punctum saliens* is still wanting to it, the rest is there. I shall

probably first take up another subject, entirely of my own finding; it will be in rhymed verses, including a chorus: it will not consist of more than twenty scenes and five personages. Goethe approves entirely of the plan, but it has not yet aroused me to that enthusiasm necessary to undertake a poetical work. The principal reason of this is probably because the interest is concentrated more in the acting personages, than in the action itself, as in the case of Sophocles' 'Œdipus,' this may be an advantage, but it engenders a certain coldness.

I have also two other subjects in view, which I purpose casting into shape in due time.

One of these is 'Warbeck,' a pretender in the fifteenth century, who declared himself to be the Duke of York, who was murdered in the Tower, and appeared in arms against Henry VII., as King of England. All that I take from history are the bare facts, and the Duchess of Burgundy, a princess who took the lead in this comedy. The *punctum saliens* of the tragedy is found, but it is difficult to arrange, owing to the hero of the piece being an impostor, and I do not wish to cede an inch of ground, in a moral point of view.

I am also half inclined to write a comedy, but the more I think on it, the more do I become aware that it is not my element. I am of too serious a turn of mind, and what has no depth fails to attract me for any length of time.

You see I am not poor in projects, but the Gods know how many of them will be carried out!

I am very anxious to hear your opinion on my 'Maid of Orleans.' Goethe is of opinion that it is my *chef-d'œuvre*, and is especially pleased with its *ensemble*.

But on productions of this length, a man is apt to exhaust too much of his powers, and it is time I should husband mine more.

I enclose a copy of ‘Macbeth.’ The best copies of ‘Mary Stuart’ are still in the press. Let me know whether I sent you the second volume of my prose works, and on what sort of paper, for the third volume is ready to be sent.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 May, 1801.

I have this moment received your two last letters, and am rejoiced to find that you have some other work in view.

If you have not already selected something for a tragedy, I should endeavour to persuade you to try your hand for once at comedy. I fear the ‘Maid of Orleans’ has spoiled you for anything else. The subject was too attractive to be easily forgotten, and you will not so readily take interest in another one. Something entirely new would not now be out of place.

I have an idea of a comedy in my head, which no one to my knowledge has hitherto realized in a play of any dimensions : I have seen detached scenes, and smaller plays which have approached it. What dignity of human nature is to tragedy, grace—sweetness of character should be in comedy. And I may ask, if depth of feeling, joy, and gracefulness, are not more requisite for such a picture, than that comic humour which you fear of being deficient in, and of which you have often given proofs, nevertheless. A production of this description would not be wanting in depth, and thus your disposition for the serious would be satisfied.

Comedy has been spoilt by being made too frivolous.
“*Res severa est verum gaudium,*” said the Ancients.

Your ‘Johanna’ produced the very effect I expected on the young Swiss girl. I was on the look out to see whether she would find the scene with Montgomery too unwomanly, but it did not appear to have that effect. It gave me great enjoyment to read it out aloud a second time. I rested after the second act. You must not expect a critique from me for some time yet.

Have you published ‘Don Carlos’ without any alteration? I trust you have, as it would lead you too far to re-model it according to your present ideas; and much of that which does not now please you, has become already public property.

I see very little of Tieck, and since I have perused his Poetical Journal, I do not think I am a loser by it. The pretentious tone, and the obscurity and looseness of his ideas have something revolting. I revere the sanctuary of Art as much as any man, and am aware that the spirit cannot be anatomised, but such mystical twaddle as Tieck and the Schlegels deal out as wisdom, does not please me at all. If they are not capable of saying anything clear and reasonable on Art, let them enjoy it in their own privacy.

I was much pleased with the machinery of Engel’s ‘Lorenz Stark,’ but the subject is very threadbare. What is of itself poor, must be enriched by the imagination of the poet, and here imagination has done woefully little. There are a few passages only, more the offspring of wit than aught else, which are written almost with the care of a Dutchman, and elaborately and elegantly finished.

KÖRNER.

I have already purchased the second and third volumes of your prose writings, but if you mean to make me a present of them, I accept them thankfully, and can confer a pleasure upon some other person with those I have. The first volume was on printing paper.

Weimar, 21 May, 1801.

We have heard that Benkendorf, of Dresden, is dead, and as my mother-in-law and her daughters are his next of kin, if he has died intestate, and there is anything to inherit, we have a prior claim. We are well aware that Benkendorf had many debts, but as he inherited the property of his brother, and when my sister-in-law was in Dresden, showed her a claim worth ten thousand dollars, there might be something after all. We therefore request you to make the necessary enquiries, in the proper quarter:—First, whether he left a will; and, second, if after paying off his debts, there will be anything left. Should there be a chance of anything turning up in our favour, be so kind as to let us know. It would not be so bad if fortune were to favour us in this instance.

The enclosed poems are not for you. A young Swiss, who was passing through here, left them with me, that I might express an opinion upon them. As he could not give me any fixed address, and as he was going to Dresden. I told him he would find the book at your house.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 May, 1801.

I return you Fichte's pamphlet. I quite agree with your opinion of it. Fichte thought too much of himself when he was writing it, and thus missed what alone could have imparted an interest to it.

Herder's 'Adrastea' bears a great resemblance to the 'Letters for the Promotion of Humanity.' A ragout with many succulent ingredients, but too much gravy in it. Without much exertion he can, in this manner, spin out many chapters. The view he takes of the present century, is too lachrymose by half. To overcome the existing evils, boldness and cheerfulness are requisite. Nor is the chaos of barbarism in general so hopeless a condition as the hidden rottenness of lax frivolity.

Remember us to Goethe. I should like very much to see some of his 'Faust.'

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 17 June, 1801.

Just as I sit down to write to you, I am interrupted by a visitor. I shall therefore simply send you a greeting, with this copy of 'Mary Stuart,' and will write by next post. We all greet you heartily!

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 22 June, 1801.

I have this moment learnt that the Benkendorff affair has taken another turn. There is a flaw in the will. Quarter-master Richter of Richtenfeld has been appointed *Executor-testamenti*, in the quality of heir, &c. Under these circumstances the legacies have not been made over to him, but will be left in the hands of the

authorities until a decision has been obtained. It would be as well, therefore, for your mother to appoint some one here to act for her. I will place the affair in the hands of a skilful lawyer. The issue of the suit appears to me uncertain. According to the letter of the law, the wording is faulty, but the intention of the testator is correct, though the expressions were badly selected. If, however, the other heirs-at-law should commence a suit, your mother-in-law, as nearest of kin, has a decided priority of claim. To form a more correct judgment, it would be necessary to see the will, which could not be refused to a person duly appointed counsel.

I hasten to inform you of this, and wish you good success.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 9 July, 1801,

Many thanks for the trouble you have taken in this Benkendorff affair. As my sister-in-law will visit Dresden in a fortnight, to meet her husband on his return from St. Petersburg, she will take the necessary documents with her, and see what is to be done in this affair, from which, however, I expect very little.

We have for some time entertained the project of visiting you this summer at Dresden.

We are going to take the sea-baths at Dobberan, near Rostock; we shall then continue our journey to Dresden, *via* Berlin. On consideration, however, we find that it is difficult to combine all these plans. It would have allowed me only one week with you, and another at Berlin, as I cannot devote more than six weeks at most to this journey; and we do not wish

to leave the two young children for a greater length of time to the care of strangers. We must, therefore, divide our plans, and for the moment only have an eye to health.

As the Humboldts purpose spending next winter at Berlin, (they return here in three weeks,) we have the intention of making some stay there next year; we might then pay you a visit of greater duration. By then we may arrange to go to Berlin together, either on a visit to the Humboldts at Tegel, or take a house together at Berlin.

The Humboldts are desirous of being at Erfurt on the first of August. We cannot await their arrival, as I cannot postpone my sea-bathing beyond the commencement of August. I am sorry to say that I have not been very well for the last few weeks. I have been suffering from cramps, probably owing to the weather. This ill state of health is another reason for my dividing my journey, and postponing my visit to you and Berlin till I am in good health and spirits.

I have not commenced a new play, but I have the ground-work of three ready, and shall work all the better after my return. Be so good as to let me have back the manuscript of the 'Maid of Orleans.' Unger has my copy, which he is printing for the autumn Fair.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 July, 1801.

I only received your letter of the 9th yesterday, and lose no time in sending you an answer by return of post.

It would have given me great pleasure to have seen you here. You must manage it next year. Be careful

of sea-bathing, lest the bowels should suffer from the cold water. I should rather have recommended the warm water of the Mediterranean at Naples. My wife has always derived great benefit from tepid baths. Let me hear how the bathing agrees with you.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 20 July, 1801.

I only write you two lines to inform you that we have made arrangements to visit Dresden early in August. For the sake of our health, we wish to spend the four weeks we purpose remaining at Dresden, at a convenient distance from the town, in the country air, not far from you. As my sister-in-law travels with her own horses, we can be a great deal together. We beg of you, therefore, to procure us such a lodging, with seven beds, and stabling for two horses. We will bring a girl with us who can cook, or we can procure one there. If your country-house is not occupied it would be the very thing for us. The second story and the attics would suffice for us, leaving you the first floor in case of your coming out.

We hope to be with you by the 4th or 5th of August. Write by return of post, and your letter will still find us here.

It is too late in the season for the sea-baths, and as you say yourself, the south would be much preferable to the north. We have therefore relinquished the idea for this year.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 July, 1801.

I send you two lines in reply to your letter which I received yesterday. The idea of paying us a visit at once is deserving of being set in gold, and the only thing is to arrange everything to please everybody. At all events, our countryhouse is ready for you. According to your sister-in-law's letter, you will want it all; and it will be necessary to procure coach-house and stabling in the village. You do not turn us out. My present situation does not allow of my living in the Weingarten; but we drive out there to spend the day on Sundays, and when the weather is fine. I should have liked, however, to have procured you something nearer us, and shall be on the look-out. Everything will be ready for your reception on the 4th. It would be as well if you could manage to arrive here in town about noon, so as to have half a day before you, to make any arrangements which I may have overlooked. If possible, let me know on what day I may expect you. It would be safer to bring a cook with you than to put up with what chance may procure. The rest when we meet. A pleasant journey, and many kind remembrances from us all to your wife and sister. The whole house is rejoicing at your coming.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 31 July, 1801.

I am right glad that your house at Löschwitz is ready for us when we arrive. Should there be a house to be had nearer the town with a garden, it will always be at our option to take it. Fresh air and movement are, however, indispensable to me, without

being compelled to go in search of either. My health, I am sorry to say, has not been so good this summer as last, and it is often difficult—at times even impossible—for me to go out without suffering from an attack of cramps. If, therefore, our residence is close enough to enable us to visit you without any great exertion, and if I can enjoy the fresh air without leaving the house, it is all I desire.

As we have not yet decided about bringing a cook, Dorchen will perhaps be so kind as to inquire about one, without engaging her. My sister-in-law will arrive two or three days before us, and make the necessary arrangements. She will probably arrive on the 5th. The Humbolts are expected at Erfurt on the 2nd; we shall not leave till we have seen them.

Fare right well! Many greetings from all. We look forward to this meeting with great pleasure.

SCHILLER.

[Nearly two months elapse, during which time the Schillers have been staying on a visit with Körner.]

Leipzig, 22 September, 1801.

I cannot yet quite accustom myself to do without you; but your visit has left pleasant reminiscences behind. Your image is more deeply engraven upon me, and I revel in the health and power of your mind. Your humour is universally easy and gay, and you are ever advancing on your path. Your body alone might be a drawback to your activity; but even in this respect I am less anxious than formerly. Your worldly circumstances are much better, and will gradually im-

prove. It is in this light that I look upon your existence ; and, identifying it with my own, I feel it enriched and beautified. I shall also brace my powers to be active in my sphere, and thus the days will glide past unnoticed till we meet again, and it will seem as if a few days only had passed since we parted.

Ochsenheimer called upon me at an early hour yesterday. He was very sorry not to have seen you, and consoles himself with your return next year. His manners are simple and modest. He is devoid of affectation or presumption, and is a man of pleasant and rational conversation. In short, he pleased me so well, that I hope to see more of him at Dresden. Gessler has also taken a fancy to him ; and next winter we hope to spend some evenings in reading aloud together.

'Mary Stuart' loses more on the stage than the 'Maid of Orleans.' The latter is more easily understood ; the former demands a higher degree of cultivation, both in the actors and in the public. Madame Hartwig, however, spoke and acted well, and was perhaps more in her place here than in Johanna. Ochsenheimer did his best as Burleigh. The other parts were badly cast. Christ, as Melville, would not have displeased you. His manners, language, and action were studied. The omissions on the stage are, however, annoying to those who have read the play. If the poet and the actor are not allowed to express what the situation demands, I should prefer to have the whole scene left out, than to be continually reminded of the limits prescribed, which arise from the most miserable ideas of Art. Opitz is well dressed, and bears himself well. But he has no depth of feeling. Madame

Schirmer, as Kennedy, acts and speaks reasonably well, but she is too monotonous. Hoffman, as Talbot, is too soft, and not dignified enough. Schirmer, as Mortimer, is flat; and, in the last scene with Mary, almost a caricature. I am interrupted by a visit. To-morrow they give ‘Wallenstein’s Camp.’ All greet you.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 23 Sept. 1800.

We have been here three days now, and I am still with you in the spirit. It had become so pleasant a custom to see you every evening that I do not feel at home here yet. Once more a thousand thanks, my dear friends, for all the pleasure and enjoyment you procured us. I once more felt how much at home I am with you, that I belong to you, and that we need but look upon each other to renovate in one moment the joyful bonds of bygone days.

On our return here, we found many attractions. Madame Unzelmann had just arrived, and the day after our return, ‘Mary Stuart’ was given at the theatre. Madame Unzelmann acts this part with great feeling and judgment; her declamation is clear and full, but I should like to see a little more warmth—a little more of the tragedian. She is too much under the dominion of the prejudice of a natural style; her language is almost conversational, and all she said, appeared to me, too real—this is Iffland’s school—and it may be the universal taste at Berlin. In a woman of Madame Unzelmann’s graceful and noble nature, it can be put up with; but in an ordinary being it must be insupportable, as we witnessed at Leipzig in

the representation of the 'Maid of Orleans.' I found Goethe looking very well, and in much better health. I have not had time to converse with him much since my return, as in addition to his theatrical occupations he is very busy in organising the Exhibition of Arts. The works of twenty-one candidates for the prize have arrived, in addition to a room of other objects of art; the productions of Rahl, Catel, Burg, and others, which are really well worth a visit. The institution seems to be on the rise, and in a few years an annual exhibition of the works of living artists may be effected. Goethe has put a price upon the tickets of admission, the receipts from which are to be added to the prizes. I do not, however, observe any marked improvement in the German artists since last year. Not one of them has satisfactorily illustrated the two subjects given for competition.

I met the Englishman, Beresford, here, and gave him your message respecting the 'Lord's Prayer,' by Naumann. He has been requested, from Vienna, to translate Haydn's 'Seasons,' and is greatly tempted to undertake it. Send me the words of the 'Prayer,' and if possible, some of the music, that he may have something to guide him. Either he or Mellish, who is also here, will undertake the translation. I have not yet put pen to paper, and I shall not be able to settle down to my work for some days yet.

We found the dear children quite well and happy on our return. I also found a letter from my mother, which has relieved me from all anxiety respecting my family in Schwaben.

Remember us kindly to dear Count Gessler, and

that excellent man, Schönberg. We shall always think of them with love and affection. We embrace you all and the dear children, a thousand times.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 25 September, 1801.

I returned here yesterday afternoon. Our journey was a pleasant one, and all is in regular order again. I have still to tell you how 'Wallenstein's Camp' was given at Leipzig. Haffner, as the Wachtmeister, surpassed my expectations. I never saw him act so well before. It was quite evident he had studied his part *con amore*. He was always happy in his expression, was humorous throughout, and gave me real enjoyment.

Ochsenheimer, on the contrary, did not make a good dragoon. His movements were good, but he did not warm. His voice is not favourable to this part. He, perhaps, endeavoured to cast off anything like tragic pomp, to adopt the common tone of the soldier, and thereby fell into the opposite extreme. I am curious to find out whether he has no idea of the Ideal side of this character, and shall endeavour to make it out. Bösenberg made an excellent Capuchin monk. He is yclept a shoemaker here, but wears the monk's cowl nevertheless, and very little of the sermon is omitted. The scene has a comic effect. On the whole, the 'Camp' was well given. The very mutes behaved well, proud of their uniforms. Schermer, as the first Jäger, was very serviceable and Henke as the peasant, and his wife as Gustel, did their best. Christ's daughter made a very good recruit: altogether we were well satisfied. A translation of one

of Duval's plays, the 'Two Officers,' was played first : it is very entertaining.

I omitted to tell you, that the scene with Mary Stuart in the park, had an excellent effect Madame Hartwig spoke well, and the sudden change of the verse had a most pleasing effect.

The rhymed verses in 'Wallenstein's Camp' are well suited to the subject, as the result proved. A mediocre actor recites them with greater facility than iambics, and they throw a general ray of humour over action which elevates ordinary natures.

We heard of your safe arrival through the coachman. To-day we half expect a letter from you.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 5 October, 1801.

We are all settling down by degrees, and assiduity and success will, I trust, be the natural consequences of it. Madame Unzelmann left us three days ago, as she was obliged to hasten back to Berlin ; and we are obliged to put up with our usual theatrical commons. What I have seen of the theatre during the last three weeks has not exactly been of a nature to spur me on to work ; and I must endeavour to forget what I have seen to be able to write anything good. Everything inclines me towards prose, and I have seriously put the question to myself, whether it would not be better to write in prose at once, as the great art in declamation seems to be to destroy the verse as much as possible —to make things as palpable to the dear old public as can be. If I can get up, for a work in prose, the

same love I find requisite for working, I shall certainly try it.

I am truly glad that you have all had an opportunity of seeing 'Wallenstein's Camp' on the stage, and that it succeeded so well. 'Mary Stuart' is truly no subject for a second-rate company, and let the actor do his best, the public will never take a real pleasure in an action when they feel no great interest for the hero; and this is the very reason why we dramatic authors are so circumscribed in the selection of a subject: the noblest subjects, in an artistic point of view, are thus excluded; and it is very seldom we can combine a beautiful and pure conception with the affecting interest of the subject.

I shall communicate your proposition respecting the 'Song of the Bell' to Zelter. We expect Reichardt from Berlin here shortly; he purposed getting up a representation of his 'Island of Spirits.' Madame Jagemann returns here for the winter. This looks as if she could not procure an engagement at Dresden.

Thirteen comedies have been sent in; candidates for the prize offered by Goethe, and not one of them is worth a rap; they are all beneath notice. So much for dramatic art in Germany at the present day.

All here are in the enjoyment of good health. I have not felt so well as I feel since my return, during the whole summer; I only wish I had been so well at Dresden. It is, perhaps, the effect of the journey.

A thousand greetings to all. It is a great pleasure to me to be able now to transport myself in the spirit to your family circle; I then fancy I am living with you, which I trust may soon be the case.

Once more, farewell !

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 4 October, 1801.

Your letter proves to me that our feelings were in perfect harmony at our last meeting. Let us renew this enjoyment as often as possible.

Neither of us can ever form another bond of friendship such as ours.

I inclose the text of Naumann's 'Lord's Prayer.' I cannot send any of the music, as Naumann has not communicated it to me yet. My idea was only that Beresford should insert this poem in his collection, or 'German Erato,' as he styles it. If he preserves the rhythm in his translation, which he usually does, the music will require very little alteration to suit the English words. As soon as it is done, he could give you the manuscript, and I could then show it to Naumann. The latter as yet knows nothing at all about it; it was merely an idea of mine to make his works known in England.

Your remarks on Madame Unzelmann reconcile me to many faults of Madame Hartwig. The latter at least attempts to be tragic, and succeeds at times. Iffland seems to have succeeded, as many others have before him, in passing off his poverty for real taste.

Bergsdorf is here, and not changed in the least. It is curious to observe what little effect five years' travelling have had upon a man not dead to impressions. It is, however, explained by his deficiency in reaction against external impressions, and by a want of self-sufficiency.

Let me know something more about the comedies. Tieck is said to have sent in one. The inclosed is for your wife, whom I greet heartily.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 7 October, 1801.

I send you a complete and improved plan for the Opera 'Alfred.' My chief object was to create a series of musical tableaux. Poetry must here lend its assistance; but neither you nor Goethe will feel inclined to do it; but you may know of some poet willing to undertake a work of this description. If you can make anything of the plan, let me know at once. I may have an opportunity of putting it into Italian. It is calculated for the operatic choir here; and we are to be enriched by a new composer of some talent—Paer, who is to write two operas annually. Texts are often wanting; and such being the case, Rackenitz, of Prague or Vienna, might be induced to publish a book—that is the word—after a given plan. There is at present a singer and aetor here whom I should like to hear in some scenes.

Herr v. Beulwitz, of Rudolstadt, has sent me the certificate of birth and documents requisite for the suit. I was astonished to find how powerfully the Christianity of your wife is attested. She has no less than seventy-three godfathers and godmothers. Frau von Wolzogen puts up with fifty-one.

It is said at Leipzig that Unger is to give you some thousand dollars for your 'Maid of Orleans,' and no one seems surprised at it. I hear everywhere of higher remuneration than you receive. Thus, Kotzebue is reported to have received an enormous sum for his 'Travels in Russia.' You should look to this.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 19 October, 1801.

I send you only a greeting to-day with the 'Calendar,' the handsome copy of which is for Minna's library, and the other for use.

A bad cold, which has been plaguing me for the last week, prevents me writing anything reasonable.

About 'Alfred' next post. Let me know whether you would have any objection to proposing the subject to Kotzebue, who is now here. He would not be a bad hand at carrying it out, as dialogue is his forte.

I doubt much whether Kotzebue is so well paid for his writings as report says: he is too fond of boasting and talking grand not to let it out, and it was but the other day that he was complaining to me he was not paid well enough to undertake a revised and improved edition of his plays, which he felt greatly inclined to do. Your hint was not, however, thrown away upon me. I wrote at once to Unger, who had proposed a new 'Calendar' to me, that I should not undertake it unless I were better paid, and I received an answer by return of post, that he was willing to spend a thousand dollars upon it. I likewise wrote to Cotta, demanding three hundred ducats in future for my plays. You see I am expeditious.

I could earn a great deal of money, if I had the boldness and buoyancy of youth while at work.

But what I might earn by higher remuneration, I lose again by the slowness with which I work, and at this very moment I am still hesitating what I shall commence with.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 25 October, 1801.

Many thanks for the copies of the ‘Almanack.’ Minna sends her special thanks for her copy, the print of which is superior, and more easy reading for weak eyes. Your ‘Johanna,’ however, appears in curious company; preceded by an eclipse, and followed by a genealogy. Anything more cooling after the last scene, could not have been easily found.

Your cold, and the hesitation you speak of at the end of your letter, make me fear you will have nothing finished for Minna’s birthday. I thought ‘Warbeck’ was so far prepared that you could commence at once.

I am glad our preaching for the good of your purse has not been without avail. Unger makes a handsome profit by your play, and I do not doubt that he will soon publish a second edition. I should then, if I were you, propose a larger size, and handsomer type.

On no account will I have anything to do with Kotzebue. I have too great a dislike for the man. I will sooner postpone the project until a young man is found willing to undertake it.*

We have had a tragic event with Naumann. He left here last Tuesday at five in the afternoon, and did not return. He was searched for during the night, but in vain; it was only early on the Wednesday morning that he was discovered, still alive, but quite stiff and senseless, in a side walk of the great garden. He was taken into the gardener’s lodge, and every

* Körner’s own son afterwards realized this project of his father, in his opera of ‘Alfred the Great.’—*Translator.*

means were resorted to to restore animation. Four physicians and two or three surgeons attended immediately; but he died on the following night, without recovering his senses. He was subject to giddiness, and had formerly suffered from apoplexy. The night on the damp ground aggravated the attack. His death is a loss to Art. He was a man of great talent in his particular line. He cannot have left much property, and it would be well if his 'Lord's Prayer' could realize something handsome.

I should like to see an English translation of the text. Ask Beresford again whether it is really indispensable for him to see the music. I might be able to procure it.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 2 November, 1801.

As all the 'Memoirs' are not quite in order, I meantime send those of Cardinal Retz, which Minna was anxious to see. The others, with 'Flora,' and my 'History of the Netherlands,' shall follow in a few days.

My cold has not quite left me yet; and as I have not yet been in the proper humour to sit down steadily to work, I have commenced realizing an old idea of mine, to arrange 'Turandot,' one of Gozzi's tales, for the theatre. I am getting on with it, and trust in a month to see it near its termination. Thus I am not idle altogether, and am training myself for a new work. The German stage will also be enriched by a new and interesting comedy. I hope you may see it at the commencement of next year at Dresden.

We all feel for Naumann's death. My sister-in-law,

who had seen him the day before, was greatly shocked by it.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 9 November, 1801.

I was surprised to hear that you had taken up Gozzi's tale. I thought you deep in 'Warbeck.' I have, however, no objection to such an interruption of your serious tragic labours, especially as you are not well.

I have discovered a new scene in 'Johanna' between Dunois and Lahire, at the commencement of the third scene, which I think well placed. What Dunois afterwards says on the elevated position of Johanna, acquires additional strength. I also discovered some new passages in the last act.

Dora is returned in good health from Löbichau. The Duchess of Courland purposes visiting Weimar, and is desirous to make your acquaintance. She is an agreeable, warm-hearted woman, but frivolous. You must not expect a person of any great talents.

Is 'Turandot' to be in iambics? I fear you are playing the truant to iambics; and this is the very last thing you should do. Art must not bend to the unskilfulness of the present generation of actors.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 16 November, 1801.

Whilst the winter advances with rapid steps, and body and soul are enveloped in mist, I am glad to have found something to occupy me which will not overtax my strength.

Our theatre stood in need of a new play, and this

tale of Gozzi's is the very thing. 'Turandot' is progressing, though I am often interrupted in my work.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 19 December, 1801.

I can well fancy what anxiety you suffered on account of the measles. But now the danger is past. My children still run the risk of them. You must take great care that your children do not catch cold now.

Rackenitz has been making anxious inquiries about 'Turandot.' He heard—probably from Böttiger—that it would shortly be given at Weimar, and is very desirous to have it for our theatre.

I was curious to see Schlegel's and Tieck's 'Almanack,' and have it now before me. It contains undoubted traces of talent; but woe be to poetry, if this taste should ever prevail!

In Tieck's romance, 'The Signs in the Wood,' there is much imagination, but the form is abominable. He selected it expressly to increase the idea of the terrible; but the very horror of the narrative demanded the greatest beauty of verse and rhyme to reconcile the taste, and he who selects so dark a colour, must use a bold brush; but in this he has not succeeded. With the exception of a few passages—where the devil, for instance, appears and walks with the son—the tone is trivial.

Of Tieck's contributions in this collection, the second poem, page 188, pleased me best.

Schlegel's romance, 'the Warning,' is as insipid as his other poems of this description. The second,

‘Fortunatus,’ is better, and the introduction of the rhyme at the most important passages, has a pleasing musical effect.

Another day, I may add a few more words on the ‘Almanack.’

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 28 December, 1801.

Since I last wrote, my house has been again visited by the measles; my two other children and Lolo are laid up with them. My wife was seriously ill for a few days, as she suffered from cramps, and her head was greatly affected. The children got off better, though the eruption in each instance was violent. All are convalescent now, and all they have to do is to avoid catching cold. I myself was well bodily, but miserable and incapable of putting pen to paper. I, however, finished ‘Turandot’ yesterday, and will send you a copy as soon as I have one ready. You can tell Rackenitz that I purpose sending Opitz a copy next week. He requested me to do so through Böttiger.

I am curious to hear your further remarks on Schlegel’s ‘Almanack’; I perfectly agree with you in your observations, though I must own I am scarcely competent to express an opinion, not having been able to bring myself to read more than two or three of the poems contained in the ‘Almanack.’ The manner of these gentlemen displeases me in such a degree, and their self-importance is so evident, that I have not the patience to give more than a casual glance at it.

SCHILLER.

1802.

Schiller has an attack of cholera—Körner's opinion of 'Turandot'—The 'Maid of Orleans' is given at the Dresden Theatre—Humboldt is appointed Prussian Ambassador at Rome—Schlegel's 'Alarkos'—'Ion'—'The Bride of Messina'—Tschudi's 'History of Switzerland'—'William Tell'—'Cassandra'—Thekla's song—'Turandot' is given at Dresden—Paer the composer—Schiller has the title of *von* conferred upon him by the Duke of Weimar.

Weimar, 3 January, 1802.

Since my last letter I have had an attack of cholera, which, though it lasted only one day, has greatly weakened me. I am now better; all the rest are well.

I send you an unsealed parcel for Opitz. You can give a hasty glance at 'Turandot,' and then seal and forward it. I have told him to have the manuscript copied and to send it to you, and you can then send it back to me at your convenience. I think it may be played before the Elector without undergoing any material alterations; they may alter a few expressions, but I entreat you to have a care that nothing is inserted.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 10 January, 1802.

'Turandot' proves to me with what self-reliance you can write under the most unfavourable circumstances. With illness in the house, you have finished, in a very short space of time, a play, rich in the beauties of imagination. The spectator of a poetical turn of mind might perhaps desire a few more comic scenes in it, others may think that there are perhaps too many already. The oriental wildness with which deeds of blood are passed over, has a remarkable effect. It is a sort of Shylock, in the 'Merchant of Venice.' More anon, when I receive back the manuscript. I send it to Opitz to-day; I received it yesterday at noon. Heresy, it is true, there is none, but it can scarcely remain as it is. You have no idea of the wonderful caution exercised here; an unhappy, exiled monarch will, I fear, be contraband at once. It reminds one of France. A Pantaloons for Chancellor is an abomination in itself, especially as our present Chancellor is a ridiculous personage. He and Tartaglia must be reduced to Mandarins: I will not answer for the heads on the city gates.

A word only on the riddles. I think you have succeeded in them all. But the second is my favourite. It possesses every charm of which the subject is capable. I should like to see more of them.*

* The Prince, who aspires to Tarandot's hand, has to guess three riddles. If he succeeds, he may claim the hand of the Princess; if he fails, he loses his head, which is stuck on the gate of the city. The second riddle is as follows. It is a beautiful definition of the EYE.

The illness of your family always leads to an illness of your own. I am glad that your wife and children are well again. The winter promises to be a mild one. I have not heard a word more about 'Johanna' ('Joan of Arc'). Rackenitz wisely holds his tongue since I hinted that he was a bore. Ochsenheimer, however, tells me that nearly all the preparations are made.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 21 January, 1832.

I was very glad to hear that 'Turandot' pleased you. I will not deny that I feel a certain self-reliance in my own powers that causes me a secret joy. I am glad of opportunities of this description, which are a relaxation. They do not tax the powers of invention, and yet they are a stimulus to activity. In a pecuniary point of view, this description of work is much more advantageous, as demanding less time.

" Kennst du das Bild auf zartem Grunde
 Es giebt sich selber Licht und Glanz ;
 Ein andres ist's zu jeder Stunde
 Und immer ist es frisch und ganz
 Im engsten Raum ist's ausgeführt,
 Der Kleinsten Rahmen fast es ein,
 Doch alle Grösse, die dich röhret,
 Kennst du durch dieses Bild allein ?

Und kannst du den Crystall mir nennen,
 Ihm gleicht an Werth kein Edelstein ;
 Er leuchtet ohne je zu brennen ;
 Das ganze Weltall saugt er ein,
 Der Himmel selbst ist abgemahlet
 In seinem wundervollem Ring,
 Und doch ist, was er von sich strahlet,
 Oft schöner, als was er empfing ?"

I have not yet received any answer from your theatre, and am not, therefore, even aware whether the play is accepted.

We purpose bringing out Goethe's 'Iphigenia' here shortly. I have read it through carefully, as Goethe felt that some alterations were necessary. I was astonished to find that it did not produce the same effect upon me as formerly; although I still regard it as a remarkable (*seelen volles*—full of soul) production. It is, however, so modern and so *un-Greek*, that it is difficult to imagine how it ever was compared to a Greek tragedy. Goethe himself often expressed his doubts to me about it, but I thought he was only joking or fishing for an opinion; he was, however, right. If we consider the time at which it appeared, it was a real meteor, and the age itself—the majority—cannot overlook it. Its poetical beauties alone, apart from its dramatic form, will hand it down to posterity as a great work of genius..

Farewell! I have no time to read what I have written.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 30 January, 1802.

Your remarks on Goethe's 'Iphigenia' are easily explained by the turn your own poetical development has taken. This work of Goethe's bears a marked resemblance to your earlier productions.

Rackenitz tells me that the cost of the Chinese costumes is an objection to giving 'Turandot,' and he wishes to know if you have any objection to the scene being transplanted to some other Asiatic kingdom. I told him that it was all one to you. Of all the con-

siderations here, those of the pocket are the most reasonable.

The Princess Augusta was not present at the representation of the 'Maid of Orleans.' It was, therefore, an error when I said that I thought some alterations had been made on her account. Rackenitz called upon me the other day, and told me how highly pleased the royal family had been. He talked of giving 'Mary Stuart,' which I advised him not to do on any consideration.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 4 February, 1802.

I send you a couple of poems, which, however, require a final touch, but are far enough advanced for being set to music. If you could have them set to music, for our next commemoration on the 17th instant, you would do me a great pleasure. I should like a bold and lively measure for the 'Minstrel.' The two last verses are to form a chorus, and a variation will be requisite. I should like the last four lines of the other poem to be lively, to be repeated also as a chorus.

SCHILLER.

I have this moment received your letter of the 30th. Tell Rackenitz, or write to him in my name, that I will spare him the expenses of the dresses by transplanting the story to Turkey or Persia. We obviated the expense here by Chinese caps and such like nothings-at-all. The Emperor's dress of cloth of gold was expensive. If they will send me the manuscript I will send it back altered by return of post. Let them mark with pencil those passages they may object to. As the play is really

very amusing, it would be a pity not to give it before the Elector.

Dresden, 10 February, 1802.

I must tell you that the ‘Maid of Orleans’ has had a wonderful effect upon the unpoetical nature of the Elector. He expressed to a courtier, that no play had ever made a “*sensation aussi profonde*” upon him. All the ladies at Court are enamoured of Joan. It will be given again on Tuesday.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 18 February, 1802.

Many thanks for the melodies. I was surprised at receiving them so soon. I have not yet heard them played; but I have given them to the ladies to study. Our fête is put off for a day or two, as Goethe is not here; and because we wish to entertain the Crown-Prince, who leaves this on the 23rd, on his travels. The success of ‘Johanna’ with the Elector, amused us all exceedingly: in the plenitude of our philosophy, we never dreamed of it.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 28 February, 1802.

Herr Eck, of Munich, a virtuoso on the violin, is the bearer of this letter. He wishes to give concerts at Dresden. You can, perhaps, put him in the way of it.

Zelter, of Berlin, is now at Weimar. He has set my ‘Diver’ to music. You will have heard his name mentioned as the composer of some excellent melo-

dies. The music is beautiful. I will send you a copy : it is well adapted to your bass voice.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 6 June, 1802.

Grosse brought me your letter, and I have endeavoured to make his stay here as agreeable as possible ; he left us well pleased, and promised to visit us again. The Duchess of Courland has been here ; I made her acquaintance at the theatre. She is a most agreeable and charming lady. She speaks of you with the greatest interest, and our conversation was chiefly respecting you.

Humboldt wrote me a short letter the other day. His wife has been confined of a daughter. He goes as Prussian Ambassador (Resident) to Rome and Naples, and thus his wish to visit Italy is realized. Prussia had, formerly, a Minister at each Court, but they are now combined in one, which is very agreeable, as it allows of a change of residence.

Have you read Schlegel's 'Alarkos ?' and what is your opinion of it ? I have been very idle of late, but am now writing something for Cotta's 'Almanack.' I will send it to you as soon as it is ready, with two other poems.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 5 July, 1802.

My long silence made you presume I was hard at work, but I have been suffering from a severe cold, which fell heavily upon my chest, and I am still an

invalid. An unlucky star presides over us this year,— one evil seems to succeed the other.

I must relinquish the hope of paying you a visit this year, as I must endeavour to set to work steadily at something. I am glad that Zelter's music pleases you. I never heard anything to excel it in this branch of composition.

Goethe has compromised himself somewhat, with Schlegel's 'Alarkos.' It is a hobby of his to patronize the Schlegels, whom he, however, abuses and condemns. The play was only performed once, and without any success.

'Ion,' by William Schlegel, is a better production, being suggested by the play of 'Euripides.' It contains many excellent passages; but the stamp of the Schlegels is upon it. Ion's mother is the most interesting feature of the play.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 30 August, 1802.

If you are assiduous, I will forgive you for not writing to me. Luckily, I heard of you through Opitz, from Leipzig, and here, through Fräulein Imhof. The last letter of your dear wife to Dora, says that you are in good health. We have had a very pleasant trip, and we returned here on the 27th. I was in great hopes of seeing 'Turandot,' but was disappointed. I wrote to Opitz from Zerbst, and he received my letter early on the Friday morning. He nevertheless gave 'Turandot' on the Sunday before my arrival, and excused himself on the ground that the parts were already distributed. I did not go

to the theatre. Some of Kotzebue's comedies were given.

Ochsenheimer talks of leaving Vienna. He is greatly missed here.

At Leipzig, I made the acquaintance of Herrmann, the Grecian. He is a man of a powerful mind, and of German perseverance.

I called on Göschen on the way, and found him very busy printing a fine edition of 'Don Carlos.'

I have not yet been introduced to Amelie Imhof. She is said to be more lively and communicative than formerly. Her English brother and his wife do not interest me. I am not able to express an opinion of the other sister. I found Stein in excellent spirits, and I was rejoiced to see him again.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 9 September 1802.

I am ashamed of my long silence, but knowing you to be on your travels, my inborn slothfulness took advantage of it to avoid the trouble of writing. You have not, however, lost anything by it, for I have scarcely done anything this summer. I have, however, been working hard at a new tragedy. It is 'The Hostile Brothers,' or as I shall call it, 'The Bride of Messina.' I must have it finished by the end of the year, as the first representation of it is to take place towards the end of January, in honour of the birthday of our Duchess. I shall then set to work at 'Warbeck,' and that done, 'William Tell,' a subject which excites my interest. I have long contemplated it. I have been reading Tschudi's 'History of Switzerland;' and it was like a light bursting upon me. This author

writes with such an honest, almost Homeric spirit, that it is of itself sufficient to put a man in a poetical mood.

Although ‘William Tell’ appears anything but favourable for the drama, as time and place are so far asunder—with the exception however of the apple and the hat—I have nevertheless so turned it over in my mind, that I have given it a poetical form. I need scarcely tell you that it will be the devil’s own work, for if I deduct the expectations the public will entertain from the subject, there is a still greater poetical task before me, as I have to deal with a whole and isolated people, a distant century, and a local, almost an individual event. The columns of the building stand, however, firm, and I hope to erect a handsome structure.

That you may not fancy I am entirely idle, I enclose you a short poem, ‘Cassandra.’* You will perhaps regret that the idea which gave rise to this poem, and which is worthy of a tragedy, was not so turned to account. I hope it will please you. It does my heart good to fancy your household circle assembled around you, while you are reading it aloud to them. It may induce you to set it to music.

We all greet you heartily.

SCHILLER.

* A noble poem, commencing :

“ Freude war in Troja’s Hallen
Eh’ die hohe Veste fiel ;
Jubel hymnen hört man schallen
In der Saiten goldnes Spiel.
Alle Hände ruhen müde
Von dem thränenvollen Streit,
Weil der herrliche Pelide
Priam’s schöne Tochter freit.”

Dresden, 19 September, 1802.

Your poems have afforded me great pleasure. On first reading 'Cassandra,' the idea did cross my mind that I should have liked to have seen the subject dramatized by you. I already conjured up a plan for combining the pomp of music with theatrical representation. The choruses of the Greeks and of the Trojans, and the solemnities in the Temple afford rich materials for an opera. But the conclusion is not satisfactory enough for the drama. The real end is the destruction of Troy, and you have placed it in the back-ground. What I esteem highly in your composition is the touching feminine beauty without detriment to vigour.

I read your dramatic projects with satisfaction. I expect much from the 'Bride of Messina,' for the more cultivated portion of the public. I remember the plan well from our conversations. 'Warbeck' and 'Tell' cannot fail to have effect.

Minna and Dora thank you for the poems. I read them aloud to Fräulein Imhof, who seemed much pleased with them. She has spent a few evenings with us, and made herself very agreeable.

We have also seen a good deal of your mother-in-law, and the Princesses of Schwarzburg, who seem amiable women with some taste for the Arts.

A Swiss of the name of Bühl brought me a letter from you. I hope to see him again. When he called the day before yesterday, the room was full of company, and I had not much conversation with him. The 'Camp' here attracts a great many strangers, and they take up some of my time. To-day I am so busy that I cannot find much time to write. Fare right well!

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 11 October, 1802.

I send a copy of 'Turandot' for Minna. We have had illness in the house this last week, but my work has not been interrupted, and I am progressing satisfactorily.

My mother-in-law was much pleased with the kind reception you gave her. She is an excellent, kind-hearted creature; she takes life easily, without being frivolous, and can live for others. On a longer acquaintance you would like her exceedingly.

Be so kind as to forward the enclosed to Becker. He has sent me a very pretty composition figure of the veiled Matron of Herculaneum.

I am glad that Thekla's song pleases you. I wrote it *con amore*.*

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 25 October, 1802.

We all send many thanks for 'Turandot.' I hope soon to see it on the stage. Ochsenheimer does not leave our theatre, as he received unsatisfactory accounts from Vienna, and Secunda offered him better con-

* " *Wallenstein.*" Act. III. Scene VII.

" Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken zieh'n,
Das Mägglein wandert an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finst're Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet.

Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter gibt sie dem Wunsche, nichts mehr.
Die Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück!
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

ditions. I am very glad to be thus enabled to see a real artist at times. Opitz and Madame Hartwig were deep in debt last Fair, and Seconda is desirous of getting rid of them, but it is not likely that another theatre will pay their debts, which amount to eleven thousand dollars. I admired Madame Hartwig's acting, and Opitz, however miserable he may be, has a certain practical experience which will be missed. Should he leave, Ochsenheimer, who is a favourite here, will probably become chief manager.

The accompanying will show you that I have not entirely neglected literature. I can dispose of more time now than formerly in such work, and should like it. The wants of my family are also increasing, and an additional income would be welcome. It is to be seen whether Cotta likes the plan. I do not wish my name to be made public, nor would it give any value to the work in a pecuniary point of view. All will depend upon the manner in which the work is done; the question is, whether Cotta will take your word for my capabilities. I might, perhaps, commence this winter.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 31 October, 1802.

Madame Bürger is acting here. Her manners and appearance are agreeable, and I have no fault to find with her voice. Her declamation is at times exaggerated, and her accentuation defective. She speaks rather too loud. She seems, however, superior to Madame Reinhard. As yet I have only seen her in a secondary part as Dallmer's daughter. 'Turandot' is to be given here shortly.

We have an excellent actress at the Opera House here, a Madame Paer. As a singer, she is not bad, but her high notes are forced, and her voice comes rather from the throat than from the chest. But her acting is full of grace and beauty, and the play of her countenance is full of expression and feeling. She possesses *mollia brachia* in an eminent degree. I should like you to see her, and this might be easily managed by your coming here before May next year. The Opera remains open till the 1st of May.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 15 November, 1802.

The realization of your project will depend solely upon your own exertions; no preliminary negotiation is necessary. As soon as you have sufficient manuscript for a volume, it shall be printed and paid for. I stand on this footing with Cotta. And as I can and will take a hand in this undertaking, I need not stand upon ceremony with him. But because he is my friend, and that critical works do not command a ready sale, I cannot ask him to give more than two carolines per sheet until he sees how the work sells. Should you hope for better conditions from any other publisher, I will readily negotiate the affair for you; but it would not then be in my power to take a share in the work, as I have acceded to Cotta's pressing solicitations on this head.

Never fear, should it come to the pinch, I will not fail you with contributions. I see that you have set your heart on the realization of this plan, and that is quite sufficient; I can treat a serious matter seriously, and you shall be satisfied with me.

I anxiously expect the result of the compensation affair of Regensburg, on which the state of my finances depends in some measure. The Elector of Aschaffenburg has renewed his engagement towards me, and I am certain to receive something from him as soon as he receives anything himself. He has come off pretty well, and, as a private gentleman, he can do a great deal, though he may have lost in importance as a prince. This resource is necessary to me, as the empty honours conferred upon me at Vienna put me to an expense I had not calculated upon.

Activity is the mainspring of life; not only does it procure the means of existence, but it gives it an inestimable value. For the last six weeks I have been working hard, and I trust with success. I have already completed five hundred verses of the 'Bride of Messina.' The new form made me quite young again, or rather the antique made me more antique myself, for, after all, real youth is to be found in the past. If I can succeed in conceiving an historical subject, such as 'Tell,' for instance, in this spirit, in which my present play is written, I should then think I have produced all that could be expected at the present time.

I will send you by next mail some more 'Floras' and 'Memoirs,' as many as I can lay my hands on. You will be glad when I have no more to send. But I will add an interesting article; namely, four plays of *Æschylus*, which Frederick Stolberg translated in his palmy days, and have only just been published. They read right well, and I must confess that I have not felt so much respect for any work of late, as for these eminently poetical productions.

I enclose Goethe's last, which you may keep. There are many excellent passages in it, but they are like stars embroidered on a beggar's coat. On the stage it is well enough, with the exception of the allegorical allusions, which are an unhappy idea.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 19 November, 1802.

I was rejoiced to find you took so much interest in my plan; and the more so, since you will participate in it yourself. I will be satisfied with two carolines at first, but I trust Cotta will pay better afterwards. If I judge rightly, the work will command a ready sale.

I wish you joy of your good footing with the Elector. As he renewed his promise, he seems to mean it well. How if he were to establish an academy for German Poetry and Elocution? Might not a plan be drawn up that would kindle his enthusiasm?

I am very impatient to see your new play. Let me have it as soon as it is ready.

'Turandot' has been played here, and as might have been expected, the public did not understand it. Ochsenheimer made an excellent Pantaloon. Bösenberg, as Truffaldin, was good; but Tartaglia and Brighella, were failures. Madame Hartwig and Opitz acted tragically. In Berlin, I hear that Altoum was regarded as a comic character. This would make a parody of the play. How did it answer at Weimar?

Goethe's 'What we Bring' is certainly a compound mixture of all sorts. I discovered some good things, but not many.

I have read Collins's 'Regulus.' The author is

not without talents, and seems to have worked seriously and with enthusiasm.

Paer has written a new Opera, which has met with great success. He has taken his subject from Italian history. Two noble citizens of Florence become enemies through family feuds. One of them is compelled to fly, and selects for his residence a castle in a secluded retreat. His partizans follow him, and endeavour to strengthen his party, by making travellers prisoners, and gaining them over to his cause. His enemy and his wife fall into his power, unknown to him. They attempt to escape and are recognised. The conclusion winds up favourably—the wife of the one proves to be the lost daughter of the other, and a reconciliation takes place.

You have, I hear, received the title of Von. I should like to know all about it. Tell your wife to give us an account of the whole affair.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 29 November, 1802.

You wish to know how I received my title of nobility. All I know about it is this: The Duke had long intended to confer a favour upon me. Now it happened that Herder, who has bought a property in Bavaria, received the title of nobility from the Elector of the Palatinate. Herder wished to stick up for his title here, but was only laughed at for his pains. He had always declared himself a thorough democrat, and met with a just punishment. On this occasion the Duke declared that he would confer a title upon me which no one could call in question. Added to which, Kotzebue, who is detested at Court, pushed

himself forward, and having certain claims, was obliged to be received. This may have been an additional inducement to the Duke to give me the title. The high position of my brother-in-law at Court may have also contributed ; for it was odd that one writer should occupy a high position at Court, and the other not even be received. My wife, who is a noble by birth, is reinstated in her privileges, as my title would have been of no avail to her. It is an advantage for my wife, and may hereafter prove of service to my children. I, myself, gain very little by it. In a small town like Weimar, it is always an advantage not to be excluded from anything. What would not be felt in a large capital, is felt here.

SCHILLER.

1803.

'The Paradise of Love'—Stolberg's translation of 'Æschylus'—Körner's critique of 'The Bride of Messina'—The advantages of a chorus in the drama discussed—Great success of the 'Bride of Messina' at Weimar—The 'Natural Daughter,' a play by Goethe—Madame de Staël's 'Delphine'—Success of the 'Maid of Orleans'—The Prussian officers quartered at Erfurt give a dinner in honour of Schiller—'Rudolph von Hapsburg'—'The Triumphal Feast'—'Le Mari Ambitieux'—Herder at Dresden—The King of Sweden compliments Schiller on the 'History of the Thirty Years' War'—The King presents him with a valuable diamond ring—Schlegel's 'Calderon'—The Duchess of Weimar calls upon Körner—Goethe's 'Eugenie.'

Weimar, 7 January, 1803.

You have not written me one word about Æschylus' plays. I should have liked to have heard that they had the same effect upon you as upon me. If you have done with them, let me have them back. Has Minna read the 'Paradise of Love' in Unger's 'Journal of Romances?' It is laughable enough! the author is an Englishman, now here, and who published a German translation before the original, in English. He declares war against matrimony, and has collected every argument he could bring against it.

Being a Knight of Malta and an ugly monkey, explains this effusion. With all its coarseness it is not devoid of interest and merit. We wish you all many happy returns of the year. May it see us again united.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 January, 1803.

It was not coldness that prevented me from writing to you about ‘Æschylus,’ but because I find it difficult to write or say anything about the Greeks. The twaddle of the Helleno-maniasts makes a man blush to express an opinion, lest he should perchance coincide with them. I can well understand that the vigour and power, manifest in the works of Æschylus charmed you. The play of the imagination appears here more youthful and more free than in Sophocles, where certain forms predominate. To be sure, they are Greek forms, but Æschylus appears something more than a Greek—like Shakspeare—he is a citizen of the world whom chance caused to live in Greece, but who felt with enthusiasm all that such a people, and such an age, offered to his view. Stolberg’s translation has vigour and warmth, but he is at fault at times. His Æschylus reminds me of some ancient statue not quite dug out of the earth. One part is still under the mould, but the eye is not hurt by modern restorations. The chorus of the ‘Eumenides’ is very successful.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 6 February, 1803.

My play has been ready for some days, but as I must send the clean copy without delay to Cotta, who has to forward it to Vienna to obtain a license I can only send you a copy eight days hence.

As regards its theatrical representation : after producing it here before a mixed company of princes, actors, ladies and schoolmasters with great and universal applause, I entertain greater hopes of seeing it on the stage, chorus and all. You can offer it to Opitz in a fortnight for ten carolines, but do not say a word about the chorus, as I wish it to be played without their being aware that they have restored the chorus of ancient tragedy.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 14 February, 1803.

I send you the 'Bride of Messina' at last ; give it a good welcome. It is always one of my greatest joys to be able to seal up something I have just finished to old Körner and the dear girls.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 February, 1803.

A few lines only on the first impression of your new play. It arrived last night, and I have scarcely had time to read it through twice. I think it will rank high among your works. I know of no modern performance which savours so much of the spirit of the ancients. The subject sinks into insignificance in comparison with the grandeur and beauty of the poetical form. But such a poem can only be appreciated by a sound and powerful mind. You must

not expect, in this instance, applause from the multitude, but lasting fame from real friends of Art and coming generations.

I am very glad that your letter to Opitz has liberated me from any theatrical negotiations. I am not just now in a humour to discuss the merits of a work with these men. All that we want here, is something to keep the morbid from yawning for a couple of hours. Kotzebue and Iffland are well adapted for it. Rackenitz is no longer manager, but a certain Count Vitzthum, an adjutant of the army of the Rhine. He is said to have some talent, but he is a pedant. I do not know him. In some respects he may be better than Rackenitz.

Dresden, 28 February, 1803.

Domestic cares have hitherto prevented me from writing in more detail respecting the 'Bride of Messina.' My Carl has been seriously ill, and we feared a nervous fever. Thanks to Damiani, however, he is now out of danger.

This last work of yours has made me sensible in an eminent degree of the great advantages the drama derives from the introduction of the chorus. It adds to the dignity of the action, to behold the principal characters surrounded respectively by a group of sympathizers. The advantage, therefore, is universally acknowledged in music and painting; but the modern drama places its heroes, in the most important moments, in contact with some unimportant confidant. You have not satisfied yourself with 'giving your chorus a secondary position; it participates at moments in the action. Your picture receives also a

more brilliant colouring from the diversity of character in the two choruses. You have managed them more in the style of Æschylus than of Sophocles or Euripides. With the former there is more passion ; the two latter are calmer. Was it, perhaps, an artistic trick of the later dramatic writers to increase the living interest of calm anticipation ?—or is it to be traced to a necessity of placing some counterpoise to the wild passions of some of the personages of the scene, especially of the scene in some of the plays of Euripides ? Æschylus, however, like yourself, clothes his principal characters with a noble dignity, without having recourse to theatrical effect. Your ‘Cæsar’ himself is only carried away by passion in one single decisive moment. The thirst of blood so manifest in some of the compositions of Euripides, is not visible in Sophocles. Did Athens, in later days, require more powerful stimulants to excitement, or was she no longer sensible to simple grandeur ?

On first reading your play, I never dreamt of its being brought upon the stage ; but gradually the question arose, whether it might not be given under favourable circumstances, with a well-selected chorus. Much might be sung, if it stood alone ; but as the whole is to be recited, I should have the chorus to speak, but only one person at a time, with the exception of short sentences, expressing the thoughts of the whole chorus. Three or four leaders of the choruses could enter into the dialogue, one finishing the sentence commenced by the other, and the whole chorus chiming in at passages like the following :—

“ We obey, but we stir not.”

The language of your chorus is somewhat adventurous ; it is a mixture of the Catholic religion and Greek mythology. Or was it your intention to give a general poetical costume, like that upon the canvas of a painter ? The representation doubtless gains in richness by it in some passages ; but I am inclined to think, that, on the whole, the chorus may lose something of its characteristic nature by it. The idea of introducing the Greek measure in moments of enthusiasm, and the adaptation of verse when the dialogue of the chorus becomes conversational, is a happy idea. The diversity and choice of your verse also pleased me. Of the characters, the mother, a true Niobe, attracts the principal attention. Her dignity, which in the most fearful moment is changed to a sort of scorn, is always feminine. Manuel and Cæsar are well contrasted. Manuel's fiery temperament is softened down by the love that made him happy ; the unbridled passions of Cæsar remain untamed, from not being gratified. Beatrice is a lovely apparition, which has a soothing effect on the fearful scenes pourtrayed. The tale is simple, yet rich in matter. The whole human race seems to have been passed in review to select materials for a tragic picture, and the harsh intriguing father in the background is quite in keeping. The existence of so much misery arising from the best intentions, is a fearful picture. Of the instances where great effect is produced by a most simple event, I admire exceedingly that passage in the narrative of the messenger, where the hermit sets fire to his hut.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 10 March, 1803.

We hope your Carl is well again, and that you are all free from anxiety. I hope you have a good doctor, as it is impossible to do without this domestic evil. Ask your physician whether Emma might not drink asses' milk. Many delicate persons here do so, and with beneficial results; I derived great benefit from it last summer. It is a most delicate animal preparation of herbs; it is like drinking a vegetable milk. A she-ass might very well be kept in the Weinberg, and Minna herself might take advantage of it.

Your opinion of my play gave me great joy, as you have exactly described what I meant to express. Respecting the chorus, I must observe, that I had a double object in view, to impart to it a general human character, when in a state of calm reflection; and a specific character, when actuated by passion, and, as it were, an active personage.

In the first instance, it is, so to speak, aloof from the play, and is therefore more in connexion with the spectator. As such, it possesses a preponderance over the acting personages, but only that which calmness possesses over passion; it stands in safety on the shore, whilst the vessel is struggling against the billows. In the second quality, as a self-acting personage, it has to represent all the blind folly, circumscribed ideas, and dull passions of the mass, and thus tends to throw out the principal character in bolder relief.

The form of ideas I have adopted may be justified by the fact that the scene lies at Messina, where Christianity, Greek mythology, and Mahomedanism, are curiously mixed up together. Christianity was, it is true, the basis and the prevailing religion; but the

Greek mythos was visible in the language, in the old monuments, in the very appearance of the cities themselves, which were founded by Greeks; and the belief in supernatural agencies still speaks of the Moors. The mixture of these three mythologies, which under other circumstances, would deprive it of character, here constitutes one. It is also embodied, especially in the chorus, which is indigenous, and a living agent of tradition. Your views of bringing the chorus upon the stage are on the point of being realized here; and to form a judgment from a first reception, I anticipate great success. Let me have the copy back; I will send you the theatre copy instead. I shall not send the play to Opitz. The manager here wishes to give it as a novelty at Lauchstädt, and requested me to keep it back from Leipzig till then; he will make good the payment. As it would, moreover, have been badly got up by Opitz, I am very well satisfied that it should first be read there. Fare you well, and let us soon hear that all your party are doing well. We struggle through this bad season of the year as best we can, now well and now ill, although, on the whole, my health is tolerable.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 28 March, 1803.

For the last six days, I have been suffering from pains in my limbs, which make me anxious for the future, as such attacks become chronic. I am not, however, feverish, and they may be the consequences of a former cold. Our Crown Prince returned last week from his travels, and this has driven me out of my room.

The 'Bride of Messina' was given here, for the first time, nine days since, and it was repeated yesterday. The impression it left was unusually great. It had such an effect upon the more youthful portion of the audience, that after the play I was loudly cheered—something quite unprecedented here in theatrical annals. The chorus pulled admirably together, and a fearful seriousness pervaded the whole performance. Goethe felt the same, and says that it was the persuasion of something nobler than the common on the stage.

This week a new play of Goethe's, 'The Natural Daughter,' will be given here, but you must not say one word about it until it takes place. The tale is borrowed from a most romantic story of a natural daughter of the Prince of Conti, published a few years since in France, and which may not be unknown to you. If it be, try and procure it; it will amuse you, though it is but a tale.

'Delphine' has had precisely the same effect upon me as upon yourself. A certain depth, earnestness and truth of sentiment, seldom found in French authors, cannot be denied to Madame de Staél, and in the stead of poetry, she possesses at least a great flow of eloquence.

There are many happy passages and just remarks in this novel. It is only a pity that the hero is such a miserable piece of mortality, and that it is but the development of a poor idea, which, laughably enough, is written on the street-door.

I was vexed to find various faults of orthography in the manuscript of the 'Bride of Messina,' which must have annoyed you. I cannot find fault with many

passages that bear your pencil mark. Some allowances must be made even in lyric poetry.

I have been amusing myself, as a recreation after the 'Bride of Messina,' with translating some French comedies, which will not take me more than two or three weeks. One of them is of great merit, and deserved perhaps more development; the other is a little knot of skits, very amusing, and which will command six nights' run at any theatre.

And now farewell, and accept our congratulations that your family has got so well through the scarlet-fever. Your physician has doubtless recommended great care in diet for some time to come.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 12 May, 1803.

I have been so much occupied of late with theatricals, that I have had no time either to work or write. The 'Maid of Orleans' was played at our theatre for the first time, three weeks since, and has been repeated often since. I was much occupied with the rehearsals, but the tragedy was admirably acted, and had an immense success. All were electrified by it. I wish you had all been here to see it. Although we possess no eminent actors here, they worked admirably together. The 'Maid of Orleans' was sustained by a young actress, who does not usually take first parts, but who, in this instance, by a happy combination of her individuality and great study, succeeded in performing admirably.

If you can manage to come to Lauchstädt in July, three of my best tragedies will be performed there. We

could then spend eight days together, and all rejoice at meeting again.

I will send you my two translations from the French as soon as I have had them copied, as I must read them off at once.

I have been gay of late. The Prussian officers quartered at Erfurt, invited me to a festival, and I accepted the invitation. It was amusing to me to find myself in the midst of so many military men. The old meritorious colonels and majors, interested me exceedingly.

Goethe's play cannot be had yet. It will be published by Michaelmas Fair.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 May, 1803.

Wollzogen gave us an account of your fête at Erfurt. I can well fancy that it gave you pleasure. The German national character is indelibly stamped on the meritorious veteran of an army. Young officers, on the other hand, are often insupportable. We saw Wollzogen again with pleasure, and rejoiced to find him in better health. We have been twice in company with the Crown-Prince: he is talkative, has great ease of manners, and is of a prepossessing appearance. He made a very favourable impression at our Court.

I have just read Schlegel's 'Ion.' Language and versification are good, and it required some talent to write such a work. But I can only compare it, in its ways, to Barthélemy's 'Anarcharsis'—the surface of a Greek subject served up in an elegant form. It is deficient in depth, and intrinsic merit. Scarcely

any of the poetical creations of W. Schlegel's imagination have marrow in them. 'Parthenais,' on the other hand, gave me great pleasure. The execution is anything but correct, the hexameters faulty, the language often incomprehensible and harsh, the tone not equal, the ideas cloudy and obscure; but imagination, and a lively feeling for the Beautiful in the physical and moral world, pervades throughout; tender and vigorous language relieve each other in a most agreeable manner, with a sort of capricious coquetry, which even dares to parody the Greek Mythology. A fresh and youthful colouring pervades it throughout, such as is rarely to be found. It is doing this production injustice to compare it to 'Herrman and Dorothea,' or 'Louise.' It is a species in itself, has its own value, and stands, as yet, alone in German literature. Etymology has also gained by it: some of the compound adjectives are excellent, however laughable several may be. I wish Baggesen would pollute less, at the same time that I wish we had many such pollutors.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 20 June, 1803.

This letter is favoured by Zelter, of Berlin, who will prove a most agreeable acquaintance for you all, and will be a musical resource for you. He is, as you are perhaps already aware, Director of the great Singing Academy at Berlin, formerly directed by Fasch, who is dead. His melodies for ballads and sonnets are excellent, and he sings them charmingly. 'The Bayadère,' 'The Diver,' 'The Necromancer's Pupil,' my 'Dithyrambics,' and others, are beautifully set by

him, as you yourself will be capable of judging. He is, moreover, a man of education; a more frank and loyal character is rarely to be found. He is the bearer of a few odds and ends of mine, unknown to you, and which I gave him to set to music: a ballad entitled 'Rudolph von Hapsburg,' a 'Punch-Song,' and others.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 16 July, 1803.

My long silence must be attributed to an excursion I have made to Lauchstädt. It did me good to see a new public, and strange faces in the pit: I found nothing better, but something different; and novelty gives a new direction to the mind. Lauchstädt was lively enough; and as men from all parts come together there, an insight is obtained into the customs and manners, not of a town or a province, but of a whole nation.

I cannot discuss Zelter's merits as a musician, as I am not an adept in the art. But in my estimation, he is a master in those compositions where music becomes the companion of poetry, and where it has to define the character of a poem. His melodies to the 'Diver,' 'The Bayadère, &c.,' are all masterpieces in their way.

I am glad you all like my ballad of 'Rudolph of Hapsburg.' I, myself, am well satisfied with the manner I have arranged this anecdote. The 'Triumphant Feast' cannot please you so well, as you are less given to reading Homer.

I expect the 'Bride of Messina' to-day, and will send it with this. I have no copy of my translations

from the French ; but you shall have them eight days hence.

SCHILLER.

Löschwitz, 19 June, 1803.*

We arrived here to-day, and purpose remaining a month or two at the Weinberg. It is necessary for the health of Minna and the children.

On week days I drive into town, and the hours I thus lose, will, I hope, be fully compensated for by those I spend in the country air, where my mind is always freer and lighter.

Zelter brought me your poems, and made me acquainted with the three unpublished ones. Of these, the ballad is my favourite. You have succeeded most happily. 'The Triumphal Feast' has great poetical value. It offers a wide field for the display of musical talents ; but the task is no light one. The 'Punch-Song' has a serious German character about it, which I like exceedingly for compositions of this description. It is a peculiarity of our northern natures, that even mirth makes us pensive.

I was very glad to make Zelter's acquaintance ; of his compositions 'The Fight with the Dragon,' 'The Bards of Olden Times,' and 'Hero and Leander' pleased me best. Genius and character cannot be denied to him, but I think he takes too exclusive a view of music in general. This may in itself be advantageous as far as production is concerned, but the Graces I think are thus excluded from discussions

* This letter ought evidently to have preceded Schiller's of the 16th of July.

upon Art. Fasch, Handel, Bach, and a few others, are alone of any weight with him.

There is, it is true, in modern music a certain effeminacy, a luxurious attempt to tickle the ear, without satisfying the mind and the heart, to oppose which I regard as a duty. But to fall back exclusively on our sinewy northern vigour would be a fault in the other extreme. In music, as in other branches of Art, the Sublime is not to be sought for in what is most difficult, and there are beautiful forms, which the most accurate but rigid drawing will not effect. If Zelter were consistent, he would despise a large portion of his own works, and precisely those which have earned him the greatest praise. In short, I should often have words with him if we lived together, however much I may esteem him,

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 25 July, 1803.

I was impatiently expecting your 'Bride of Messina.' I immediately let Gessler see it, to whom it will give great pleasure, and who would otherwise have seen it very late. The first publisher here told me he could not procure me a copy before Michaelmas. It is a sort of understood thing between them not to procure books from any great distance, except during the Fair.

Your visit to Lauchstädt must have been a beneficial diversion for you. Some mineral springs of great virtue have been discovered at Schandau four miles from this, and are becoming fashionable. Gessler is staying there, and I feel inclined to let Minna have the advantage of them for a few weeks.

The country about, is beautiful. Schandau is situated on the Elbe, in the midst of what is styled Saxon Switzerland. Does it not tempt you to spend a few weeks there next summer ?

You do not say what new work you have in hand. It will not be so easy for you to take pleasure in a new tragedy after the 'Bride of Messina.' There are few subjects capable of this treatment, and any other will not be palatable to you just now.

I have been reading a French comedy by Picard, 'Le Mari Ambitieux,' which is very well in its way. The author, however, seems to possess greater talent for the serious drama than for comedy. Is this perhaps one of those you have translated ? I scarcely see any possibility of remedying the faults in the ground-plan. This is, however, often the case with French writers of comedy, Regnard, their best, not excepted. In comedy, however, this is almost preferable to a pedantic gloss ; order in comedy must at least be concealed as in well laid-out grounds.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 5 September, 1803.

You are, I presume, very industrious, that I have not heard from you so long. But I should really like to know what occupies your time so much. We have had plenty of visitors from Weimar, but none of them can satisfy our questions respecting you ; amongst others, Privy Councillor von Schardt, an honest straightforward fellow, but who certainly never invented gunpowder, Böttiger, our common acquaintance, and who is the same as ever, and Herder, *qui primo loco nominandus*. Herder, contrary to my expectations, has been very well

received by the higher classes here; and by the Herrenhüter. It was natural that he should endeavour to make himself agreeable to persons of influence, as his son is in the service of the Elector of Saxony; but he does so with great ease and skill. On the most common-place subjects, his conversation is always agreeable. He has always a word ready to enhance the subject, without being consequential. I have met him often, but always in company. We have consequently not yet had any regular conversation together. He is still here, and occupies himself with Spanish literature, of which he has discovered something in the library. I feel no particular inclination to force myself upon him. There is something cranky and prosy in his view of many things, which puts me out of conceit with him.

If you do not come soon I shall be forgetting how to converse on some things altogether. I can speak with any man on his affairs, but not with the profane on subjects that are dear to me. I shall soon have musical entertainments in my house. My children have good voices, and I have procured them a good master. Kunze's daughter has a beautiful voice, and great musical talent. These, with myself, make four voices, which are sufficient to do something with. Schönberg's beautiful tenor would be of great service to me, if he only had a little more love for the art. I hear that Cotta is publishing an Almanack of Goethe's Songs, set to music by Zelter. See that I have an early copy. It is always a long time before any of Cotta's publications can be had here.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 12 September, 1803.

You were right in supposing that it was my work that prevented me writing; and yet I have not done much, for unluckily I have been struggling with a subject which attracts and discourages me. I am working at 'William Tell,' and I beg of you, if you know of any good authorities on Switzerland, to name them to me. I am obliged to read a good deal on this subject, as the locality is of so much importance, and I wish to have as many local springs in hand as possible. If the Gods are favourable to me, it shall be a mighty work, and shake the stages of Germany.

The King of Sweden has been here. He said many complimentary things to me on my 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' and the respect with which I had spoken of the Swedes. He made me a present of a very handsome diamond ring. This is the first bird of this description that has flown in at my window; I trust others may follow.

The King, it is said, bears a striking resemblance to Charles XII.: his countenance denotes the man of energy, his manners are agreeable, and he expresses himself with ease. Unhappily, I was obliged to speak in French, and not having any command of the language, I could not touch on any subject of depth.

Our Crown Prince has arrived at St. Petersburg, and his *fiançailles* with the Grand Duchess have been duly solemnized, which I am glad of on my brother-in-law's account, who had a great deal of trouble in negotiating it.

The description of Herder is admirable. He was born to be a high Catholic priest, genially insipid, and oratorically pliant where he wishes to please.

I congratulate you on your musical prospects, they will prove a source of great pleasure to you. Make my excuses to your Carl, that I have not yet answered his dear letter, and not sent him anything. But my head has been reeling for many weeks with my new subject. I shall not forget to send him some verses.

I shall send you Goethe's songs and Zelter's music as soon as I receive them. The words are taken chiefly from old national melodies (which I will send you shortly.) Goethe has added a few words. Some of them will please you all exceedingly.

Lolo sends many remembrances.

SCHILLER.

No date.

I have this moment received a letter from Humboldt, which greatly grieved us. His eldest son, William, has died suddenly of the nervous (typhus) fever.* Of all his children I liked him best. It is two years since I last saw him. He was a lovely boy, of great promise; he was the very essence of health. I fear he has fallen a victim to the climate. Humboldt spent the whole of the summer at Rome. Poor Humboldt is sadly cast down; it was his favourite child. He never met, he says, a misfortune before, and this first blow is the heaviest that could have befallen him. His only remaining son is Theodore, who does not please me.

Write him a word of consolation, like a good fellow. It makes a man feel uncertain of all he possesses, and causes us to think painfully of ourselves.

SCHILLER.

* The malaria of Rome.

Dresden, 25 September, 1803. .

You may plume yourself upon the gallantry of the King of Sweden, as he has not been over-condescending on his passage. You could easily earn another ring by paying a compliment to the Emperor Alexander. But though Russian history is rich enough in horrible and tragic events, yet I know of none that would be to the honour of the Russian name. Peter the Great is an interesting historical personage, and is worthy of falling into good hands. Halem, who is writing his life, is not equal to the task.

Humboldt's misfortune grieved us all; but I doubt if it would be advisable to write to him now on the subject. Time deadens the most violent grief, especially at a place like Rome, where there are so many things to attract the attention. My letter might reach him when in a placid mood, and tear open his wound anew. A summer at Rome has often proved fatal to Germans. Many parts of the city are said to be very insalubrious.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 9 October, 1803.

We have seen a great deal of your sister-in-law of late. We shall, perhaps, see less of her now, as the Dowager Duchess has arrived. I am told, however, that she only makes a fortnight's stay. I am really eager to make her acquaintance, she has had such great facilities for improving her mind. I shall wait till an opportunity offers for my being presented to her in due form. The new catalogue of the Fair is not a rich one. I think I have already written to you about Schlegel's 'Calderon.' A rich and luxurious imagination is not wanting to 'Calderon,' but he seems deficient in what

is usually styled “mind.” His personages are tame ; he plays with his subject instead of fostering it with love. In this respect he is far inferior to Shakspeare. The want of plan is also different from Shakspeare. The separate scenes stand in a real, though often deep-laid, connexion with the moving idea of the play ; they are necessary to complete the picture as it was engendered with all its details, in the imagination of the poet. I do not know whether it was his intention or not to conceal all the symmetry of an artistic combination, as is the case in an English park. Probably he only followed the bent of his inclination to dive deep into the secrets of human nature, even in his secondary personages, and disdained making any sacrifice to the proportions of the whole. Shakspeare is bold, but ‘Calderon’ is impudent ; and this impudence, from which nothing is sacred, is miscalled by many, genius. The verses in the translation appeared to me heavy : I do not know whether this is the case in the original.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 10, October, 1803.

I have received back the manuscript of the two French plays, and I send it to you. ‘The Nephew and Uncle’ is very amusing on the stage. What will be the fate of ‘The Parasite,’ I know not ; it is to be given here to-morrow.

I have been for a few days at Jena, where matters look gloomy. Loder, Paulus, and Schütz, are all leaving, and none to take their place. Beyond my name, I have no hand in the editorship of the new ‘Literary Gazette,’ at Jena, and I shall send very few

contributions, 'The whole affair is badly got up, and will prove a failure.

What annoys me more, is the falling off of the University. I have not been idle in taking steps to induce the Ministry and the Duke to take some decided steps, but a bad spirit prevails here, which sets all good measures at nought. If nature had stamped me for an academical professor, I should at once pack up my traps and go there to collect some few around me, and thus attract others. But it is not my calling, and the few years of activity that remain to me would be thrown away.

You will have made the acquaintance of our Duchess by this: she is a most excellent lady, and agreeable company.

I am not idle, but I am only getting on slowly, as I wish first to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the historical and geographical part of my subject.

Fare you well, and greet all heartily. My wife is at Rudolstadt, and I am alone here with the children.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 16 October, 1803.

I agree in your opinion of 'Calderon.' But it is interesting to compare a southern with a northern mind. Sensuality and passion are the characteristics of the former, moral depth of thought of the latter. But in 'Calderon,' great art, and the full tone of the master are visible; even what appears irregular to the eye is kept together by great unity.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 24 October, 1803.

I think you might render a great service to the German stage, by devoting your leisure hours to the examination of all the French, English, and old German plays you can procure, to see what might be offered to the public in a better shape, so as to disgust it by degrees with the insipid stuff of Iffland and Kotzebue. Einsiedel might then be of great service. Wieland, the younger, is also said to have written a play of some merit. A society of literary men should be formed, capable of writing good language, with you for director. Spanish plays might also be turned to account. Thus a new German Theatre might be formed, and the public taste improved. I have received your second letter, respecting the 'Bride of Messina,' and have spoken to the director. His idea seems to be that his theatre must have all the best theatrical productions: he thinks this is due to the honour of the theatre; he seems to look upon the approbation of the public, or of the Elector, as a secondary consideration.

I have seen a great deal of the Duchess of Weimar, and have spent many a pleasant hour in her society. I went sometimes of an evening to take tea with her, with Minna, Emma, and Kunze's daughter. She also paid us a visit, and looked over Dora's paintings. Dora is not yet returned from Löbechau. The Duchess has a great taste for refinement, and is very amiable. Einsiedel is a man of education, and can be conversed with on any subject. Madame Goechhausen also pleases me. She is very polite, knows how to keep up a conversation, and is well fitted for her position. In short, if I lived at Weimar, I should spend a great portion of my time in their society. Allowing that not much

information is derived from them, they are, nevertheless, people with whom it is a pleasure to enjoy anything; one is not disturbed by dissonances, and feels happy and at home with them; I should read aloud to them with pleasure.

It was Madame Goechhausen who first showed me Goethe's 'Eugenie.' It is impossible to form a judgment of the whole work yet, but the first part promises well for the rest: the subject is oppressive, nay, nearly repulsive, and I am almost sorry that Goethe has devoted so much care to it. It is, however, vain to prescribe laws to the poet, and I can understand that he felt an inclination to take up a subject of this description. The work is of great depth, and the hand of the master is visible; but he must not expect great public applause, and I only hope that the cold reception it may meet with, will not deter him from finishing the second volume. For those whom the subject overpowers, the work will be hateful; many, therefore, will abhor it, many more will not understand it, and very few will admire it.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 7 November, 1803.

I was rejoiced to hear that our Duchess and her companions succeeded in pleasing you, and I did not fail to tell her so. The Duchess sends many kind remembrances to you all; your acquaintance gave her great pleasure, and as she purposes returning to Dresden, as soon as possible, and making some stay there, you can improve her acquaintance. They all speak with great friendship of the Elector and his family. Madame Goechhausen is a person such as a Court ought

to possess ; although you cannot expect sincerity from her. In her position it is a duty to say or do something polite to everybody, so as to unite the heterogeneous elements of the study of the weak side of human nature. Einsiedel is a cordial, open-hearted man, not devoid of certain talents, whose character and calling, however, have always prevented him from distinguishing himself in anything.

I am now pretty well in my work, and know little of what is taking place around me. From an idea to the execution of it, there is a great charm ; a man suffers like a poor soul in purgatory until it is able to get over the mountain. I am quite satisfied with what is done, but there is still much before me.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 13 December, 1803.

Scenes from the ‘Piccolomini’ and ‘Wallenstein’s Death,’ were given at our theatre lately. Your instructions were chiefly attended to ; but they left out an important soliloquy of Wallenstein’s—probably on account of the time. Opitz, at all events, would have made a mess of it ; and he spoilt many passages. In the last scene, which is one of my favourites, he was insupportable. Madame Hartwig, as Thekla, satisfied me. Ochsenheimer, as Illo, had little to do ; his deportment was excellent. Hoffner was passable as Butler. Schirmer acted Max better than he spoke ; some of the modulations of his voice are totally unfit for tragedy. Christ’s daughter, as the Cornet, was the best of the whole lot. Christ himself, as Octavio, was not bad : but his memory failed him now and then. A scene from ‘Don Carlos’ followed, as an after-piece.

Madame Bürger acted the part of the Queen, and Madame Hartwig that of Eboli. This part is well suited to Madame Hartwig. She acts best in passionate scenes, and that between Eboli and Carlos was right well done. Drewitz is not equal to the part of Carlos. Schirmer, as Posa, was good; but might have spoken better. Christ, as Philip, succeeded in the milder passages. Madame Bürger exceeded my expectations; she looked exceedingly well, acted with great tact and judgment, and spoke well. At times she was affected, which was immediately detected and laughed at by the pit. It is really a pity for her talents, that in other respects she should be so unpossessing. ‘*Don Carlos*’ is acted here according to the manuscript which you prepared for the theatre.

‘*Emilia Galotti*’ has also been given here, so you see we have become seriously inclined. The Elector was present at the representation of ‘*Wallenstein*,’ but the two other tragedies were given during his absence.

We celebrated your birth-day yesterday at Gessler’s, who is here, and in good health. Your health was drunk in bumpers. All here are well, and greet you heartily. We see your sister-in-law very often, and shall be very sorry when she leaves.

KÖRNER.

1804.

Madame de Staël—Death of Herder—Presentiments of death flit across Schiller's soul—Camœns—Schiller visits Berlin—His prospects there—Schiller has a severe attack—‘William Tell’—The Crown Princess of Weimar—Schiller receives a valuable ring from the Empress of Russia—Schiller's translation of ‘Macbeth’ is given at Dresden.

Weimar, 4 January, 1804.

It is a long time since I have written to you, my dear friend; but I never was so overwhelmed with work as during the last four weeks.

My play, which I have promised to the Berlin theatre for the end of February, occupies my whole time; and then an evil spirit has come to torment me—the French lady-philosopher: * of all female beings I have ever beheld, the most lively, loquacious, and eloquent. She is, at the same time, the most cultivated and intellectual of women; and if she were really not so interesting, I should not trouble my head about her. But you can imagine what a contrast an appearance of this description—of so opposite a nature—a picture of the highest French culture—bursting suddenly upon us from ano-

* Madame de Staël.

ther world—must have with our German, and especially with my being. She has almost stopped my poetizing, and I wonder I am capable of doing anything at all. I see her often ; and as I cannot express myself fluently in French, I have really some hard hours of it. It is impossible not to esteem and honour her sound common sense, her liberal views, and her great sensibility. Herder is dead, and many other acquaintances and friends have also dropped into their graves ; so that we cannot avoid sad reflections, and must drive from us the thoughts of death. The winter, moreover, is a sullen guest, and makes the heart shrink.*

In your new acquisition of Böttiger, I congratulate —us. God be praised that we are rid of this bad customer at last, and may you make the best of him.

That the new year may not commence without a poetical tribute, I enclose something which ‘Tell’ gave birth to. It may remind Count Gessler of something. Perhaps you may be inclined to set it to music.

Becker’s ‘Augusteum’ is much praised by connoisseurs in art here ; but he should not have made so many words of it, increasing the cost of a work already of a high price.

SCHILLER.

* Schiller was fast approaching that bourne from whence no traveller returns. It seems as if the shadow of his own death already flitted like a cloud across his mind. On the death of Humboldt’s child, and here again, we behold him contemplating the grave.

Dresden, 15 January, 1804.

It is lucky that ‘Tell’ is so far advanced, or this dangerous Frenchwoman might have spoiled it. In moments of leisure the society of so heterogeneous, though charming a being, may have great attractions; but the author who is writing must love nothing but his work, and must hate everything that leads him from it.

Joseph Müller will pay you a visit shortly; he is a man of plain and unpretending manners. A few months since he might have given you some interesting details on the ancient history of Switzerland. By this, you will have already built up your own structure, and I almost fear lest his conversation should interrupt your labours, should you enter into historical details with him. I have not discovered anything poetical about him; he appears to me rather in the light of a studious inquirer into history, who casts the treasures he discovers into a serious shape, as the one that strikes him as best suited to the subject. I have once or twice made an attempt to read his ‘History of Switzerland,’ but each time I have been obliged to put it down again, as intolerably dry. Names are mentioned and vanish, without having acquired any characteristic form.

We have not yet the happiness of possessing Böttiger. Our Court will not deprive that of Prussia of such a jewel, though I do not think a war would be the result. I am safe from his future impertinences by a happy circumstance. He was here for a few days without coming to see us, and sent us a letter of apology, which was so silly that I might almost have taken offence at it.

Your sister-in-law is on the point of returning, but something always occurs to prevent her departure ; we are very glad not to lose her so soon ; we see her every day, she is quite one of the family. She is a delightful acquaintance, unpretending, affectionate, and open-hearted. I never saw her in a bad humour.

It is cruel of you to speak of a poetical tribute in your letter, and not to send it. We were sitting *in pleno* when your letter arrived, and all grumbled at your forgetfulness. The poem is probably put aside with many other papers ; let us not wait for it long.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 20 February, 1804.

My sister-in-law has arrived, and gave us a most gratifying account of you all. Our meeting this year (the locality would make no difference) must depend upon some despotic circumstances, with which money has nothing whatever to do. I cannot decide upon anything yet.

'Tell' is finished at last, but you must have a few weeks' patience. There is only one copier to whom I can trust the manuscript, and here, as well as at Berlin, I am pressed for a copy, as it makes a great difference to the manager's pockets whether it is given before or after Easter.

I trust the work has turned out well, but the French dame, who was a drag upon me, in the best hours of my work, was a thousand times wished by me—anywhere. The interruption was quite insupportable.

My health has also somewhat suffered, but I attribute it in part to the weather.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 12 March, 1804.

I send you ‘Tell,’ but entreat you to let me have it back by return of post, as this copy is meant for one of the theatres. I also beg of you not to let it out of your room, not even to your best friend.

The ‘Bride of Messina,’ which I sent you last year, fell into dishonest hands. Opitz wrote me word that he was offered a copy for two louis d’or at Dresden.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 12 April, 1804.

My wife and all three children have been for the last fortnight confined to their beds with cold and fever: I alone remained in the enjoyment of good health; they are better, and I take advantage of the first moment to write.

My remarks about the manuscript of the ‘Bride of Messina,’ should not have caused you one moment’s annoyance. I attached so little importance to the affair, that I did not even mention it last year, though Opitz wrote twice to me about it, but whilst sending ‘William Tell,’ it struck me that perhaps a servant or some one in the house, whose honesty you did not suspect, might have made a bad use of the manuscript; moreover, I never before requested you to be so careful with my manuscript that you should not show it to your friends. But a truce to this affair. I only regret that you did not all look upon it with the same indifference as myself.

‘William Tell,’ has produced a greater effect upon the stage than any of my other dramatic works, and the representation gave me great pleasure. I feel that

I am gradually becoming master of theatrical requisitions.

The obstacle to our meeting at Schandau is now decided. My wife, namely, will be confined this summer, probably in August. The obstacle is of that description that permits of no remedy. As I am bound this year to my domestic hearth, I shall work assiduously, so as to be free the ensuing one. Perhaps you may manage to make an excursion this autumn, and thus we may still see each other—it is your turn. I pay up what is due for my house this year, and shall have enough left to think of our long-standing account. You can reckon on forty louis for certain, which I shall have ready for you in August. Endeavour to come to us this year.

I have commenced a new work, and am in excellent working order.

SCHILLER.

Dresden 22 April, 1804.

I unwillingly relinquish the hope of our meeting at Schandau; but the obstacle is certainly not to be removed. A visit to this watering-place would have greatly benefited your health. I have long purposed paying you a visit, and the good state of your finances might smooth the way; but the waters of Schandau are necessary for Minna, and I have a month's leave to take her there. This will prevent me demanding leave of absence again this year. I also fear that the arrival of my whole party would greatly disturb your wife in her present state.

'William Tell' cannot fail to produce great effect upon the stage, and does not lose on reading in com-

parison with your other works. Have you had no offer from our theatre? If the name is not objected to, the strictest censorship can find nothing to stumble on. When will it be printed? Should it not be printed soon, let me have the manuscript again for a longer time. I am glad you have already fixed upon a new work. Is it one of those I am acquainted with?

I read a paragraph in a paper the other day, to the effect that Goethe was rewriting 'Götz v. Berlichingen.' Have you seen the manuscript? In his second volume of 'Eugenie,' he will probably coincide with you in 'Tell' on many points, however different the subject may be.

The catalogue of the Easter fair is a thick one, but poor. The poetical harvest seems to be miserably scanty. At Dresden two young men are working at a translation of Camoens' 'Lusiad'; I am acquainted with one of them, and expect something good from him. Camoens' life is interesting. You will find a biographical sketch of him in the 'Bibliothèque Britannique.' He was a handsome man, a lady-killer, a brave soldier, of a violent temper, and always mixed up with scandal. He was on the field of battle in India. He was shipwrecked, and saved himself and his poem by swimming.

I have read 'Valerie' on account of its *renomée*. It is the work of an amateur. It is a poor conception, and many attempts at description are total failures: there are, however, some passages in the book which denote thought and depth of feeling, and indicate the man of talent.

The Opera this year has presented us with an

'Achilles,' but not an Homeric one. Paer has really great taste for modern subjects, but should not meddle with the Greeks. His 'Sargino' was the very thing for him.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 28 May, 1804.

You have doubtless heard, to your astonishment, that I have been in Berlin. It was an idea that was carried out as soon as it originated ; the condition of my wife bade me make haste, if anything was to come of it this year.

I need not say that the journey was not a mere pleasure trip ; I had an object in view, and it is now in my power greatly to ameliorate my worldly circumstances. It is true, if it were not for my family, I should prefer remaining at Weimar. But my salary is small, and I spend pretty nearly all I earn, so that I lay by very little. To provide for my children I must endeavour to amass a little capital, and Berlin opens this prospect to me. I did not seek anything there ; the first overtures were made to me, and I have been requested to make my own conditions.

Living at Berlin is dear, and without a carriage I could not exist there. Every visit is a little journey. Other articles are also dear, and I could not hope to live there under six hundred Friederichs d'or a year, nor do I think that would suffice. In a large town a man cannot economize as he can in a small one.

It depends upon the Gods, therefore, whether the proposition I purpose making, if I do not wish to be worse off than I am, will not be found exorbitant.

Berlin pleases me and my wife better than we had

expected. Great personal liberty and little ceremony in society. Theatres and concerts are resources, though not equivalent to the expense they entail. In Berlin I have better prospects for my children, and when there, may improve my own condition in many ways.

On the other hand, it is with regret that I shall break through old connexions, and the trouble attending new acquaintances keeps me back. Here, at Weimar, I am perfectly at home. I owe certain obligations to the Duke, and though there will be no difficulty in getting off, still I am sorry to leave. Should he offer me a compensation to remain, I shall do so.

So matters stand. Let me have your opinion and advice. As the ball of chance has fallen into my hands, I should reproach myself hereafter if I were to neglect it.

The matter, however, is a secret between us; it would do me harm if it transpired before the proper time.

Lolo sends kind remembrances, and got very well through the fatigues of the journey. I took my two boys with me, and Carl struck up a friendship with the Crown-Prince.

SCHILLER.

Weimar, 3 July, 1804.

As regards the Berlin affair, matters are so far settled that I shall not alter my position here. The Duke has behaved most generously towards me, and raised my salary to eight hundred dollars, and has promised to make it a thousand as soon as he can afford it. But I

beg of you to keep this a secret, for I have not broken off my negotiations with Berlin, as it may be possible for me to combine the two ; for the Duke has allowed me to do this, provided they are satisfied at Berlin that I should only stay there during so many months in the year. I expect a reply soon, and if they agree, my affairs will be on a good footing.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 July, 1804.

I wish you joy of the good success of your visit to Berlin, which has procured you, at all events, an increase of salary. It is a great step gained that the Duke allows you to make conditions with Berlin. You do not say what portion is in prospect for you at Berlin. If it is a seat in the Academy, it might very well be combined with your principal residence at Weimar.

Your Berlin affairs are pretty well known here, through Nicolai and Böttiger, without our having said a syllable about them. Parthey introduced Nicolai to me. His appearance is unprepossessing, but he is not so spidery-looking as formerly. He talks a great deal, and to my astonishment, said very little about himself. I felt uncomfortable in his presence, but I endeavoured not to show it, and was in hopes to hear something interesting from him. But with the exception of two or three anecdotes, he said nothing particular.

In the poetical part of the ‘ Guide to Spanish Literature,’ which has just been published at Berlin, there is a poem by Calderon, the ‘ Firm-Minded Prince,’ of an original character. As soon as I have done with ‘ Don Quixote,’ I shall set to work at ‘ Calderon’ and ‘ Lope de Vega.’ I do not regret the time I have spent on

Spanish literature, and hope to derive still greater pleasure from it. Of the historians, Mariana seems most deserving of attention. H—is rich in characteristic details, and in subjects for tragedies. The original work was written in Latin, and you will not regret having a glimpse at it. The Spanish language is very soft—a sort of middle-tongue between Italian and Latin. The Spanish poets have tried their hand at every species of rhyme, and have even attempted to imitate the Greeks.

Let me know as soon as you hear anything about Alexander v. Humboldt. It would give me great joy to hear that the rumour of his death is unfounded.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 27 July, 1804.

Count Gessler, who is the bearer of this letter, can give you a long account of us, and will I trust bring us back good news of your wife. He is still in very delicate health, and I wish Starke could cure him. I have heard nothing more of your Berlin prospects, but I am told there is a paragraph in Merkel's paper, that you are working up 'Attila,' and that it will be published at Michaelmas. I can scarcely credit the latter part, and I cannot imagine what attractions 'Attila' has had for you, when you had so many other projects in view.

I have just read Tieck's 'Octavian.' The author is not devoid of imagination, good language, and skilful versification. In many of the serious and touching passages, he deserves great praise. But it is time to come forward boldly in opposition to a style which a certain school pass current as the only true poetry. It

would, however, take much time and trouble to fight this monster. Mistaken ideas on the liberty and independence of the poet are the ground-work. Racine and his imitators are slaves of their own subjects and of their public. The true poet makes his own laws, but seeks not a merit in lawlessness. He treats his subject with care, but not with frivolity—with joyfulness, but not with silliness. He endeavours to seize hold of the form that appears to his imagination with rapture, so as to realize it in an aesthetical world. He does this with the belief that in his or in future ages there will be souls to share his sentiments.

The total effect of his picture, as it appeared to him in the moment of inspiration, must be transmitted to his public. So sang the Greeks ; and so did you and Goethe in your best works. So did Shakspeare, but with this difference, that with him every individual scene is a work of Art in itself. These scenes are connected together under the same title, without his having employed his powers in connecting them. Unity in his works does not seem to have originated unintentionally, as the characters that appeared vividly impressed upon his imagination remained true to themselves through a long series of scenes. Events spring from events, without any preconcerted plan. It is thus that we sometimes find pictures of the old masters, in which the figures are placed without grouping or order, and each must be considered by itself. What in Shakspeare was want of cultivation, is attributed to him by Schlegel's school as a higher step in poetry.*

* Körner did not understand Shakspeare.

The chaotic character of his works is said to be intentional ; to bear the stamp of the play of his imagination ; and on this side they attempt to imitate him, certainly an easier task than to copy the power, depth, and life of his pencil. They do not care if their serious scenes are insipid and cold, their comic scenes often ridiculous, the artificial chaos must be got up by all sorts of twisted versification.

But a truce to these productions of the faction of the day. It is scarcely worth while to strike at them ; they will evaporate like other fashions, and, sooner or later, real taste will resume its sway.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 4 September, 1804.

These few lines I write to you after so long a silence ought to be pleasant ones, and bring you an account of my convalescence ; but I am still very weak. Though my illness did not last for more than three or four days, and six weeks have elapsed since then, I scarcely feel any return of strength, and am nearly as weak as when Count Gessler left me. My head especially has suffered, and the little I do write fatigues me. I can read without fatigue, and often feel inclined to work, but am always obliged to stop. I never felt so low-spirited before. My wife is right well, and the little one gives me great pleasure.

Farewell, and let me soon hear from you. We greet you all heartily.

Remember us to Gessler. We hope soon to hear good tidings from him.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 12 September, 1804.

Councillor Böttiger has brought me a letter from you, which has made me anxious. Happily a letter of a later date from your sister-in-law to Count Gessler has quieted our apprehensions. Do not over-work yourself as long as you are weak. I trust you have spent this fine weather in the open air; it will have done you a world of good.

Frau von Helwig and her husband are here. She has improved in appearance, but she often says things she ought not to say, and which betray a very high opinion of herself. I only spoke once to her husband, whose conversation pleased me. I do not believe all he says as gospel; and his opinion of the Turks and Greeks is, I should say, partial; but he speaks of them with a certain warmth and vivacity which are interesting. Frau von Helwig paints in the gallery, and with some success; but she has undertaken a great deal more than she will be able to finish.

I have at last seen Dr. Gmelin, but had only a quarter of an hour's conversation with him, and cannot therefore form an opinion respecting him. He seemed not to expect much from Dresden; it was not down in his route, and he only remained two days here.

I was rejoiced to hear that Alexander von Humboldt had returned safe and sound to Europe. I entertain great expectations of an interesting account of his travels. My cousin, who is Professor of Political Economy at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, tells me that they purpose making him, (Humboldt), President of the Academy at Berlin. This would be very desirable, and might tell well for you. A seat in the Academy is desirable, and would not render your continual

presence at Berlin necessary. You do not say one word about how your affairs stand there.

My Carl is making progress. He has a great taste for mathematics and turning. I should like to see him skilful at anything. He is expert, both in mental and physical exercises. He is of a kind and gay disposition ; so that on the whole, I am well satisfied with him.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 11 October, 1804.

I am gradually regaining my strength and am beginning to hope I may recover, which I had given up for the last two months. I feel inclined to work, and this will, I trust, complete my recovery ; as long as I am occupied, I am well.

I have not yet decided on what I shall commence with ; I am hesitating between two plans. ‘Attila’ is a stale idea that never crossed my brain. I have heard nothing more from Berlin : probably they wish to let the matter drop, because I insisted on a fixed residence at Weimar, and the continuation of my relations here. At all events, in my present state, I should have been compelled to decline every offer, as I have no confidence in my health. I ought also to be well satisfied with what I have here ; and it is not impossible for my position to improve, as our Crown-Princess, I am told, is well inclined towards me. I send ‘Tell,’ and trust that now that you will have time to read it at leisure, it will give you pleasure.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 October, 1804.

We were on the look-out for a letter from you to quiet our apprehensions; you may fancy, therefore, how glad we were to receive your last. I look upon your inclination to work as the best sign of all.

I never could feel much interest in your Berlin projects. Only very great advantages could have induced you to go there. The spiritual air of Berlin never pleased me.

We all thank you for ‘Tell.’* It has afforded us great pleasure. We read the greater portion of it aloud, the day before yesterday, at Gessler’s. There were present four ladies and four gentlemen, including Carl. We each took a part, and Gessler was the ancestor. But we often want personages, as nothing ought to be omitted. In this instance in the scene before Tell shoots at the apple, Emma was obliged to read Friesshardt’s speech.

Do you know anything of a ‘Tell’ that was acted in Paris, in 1776? It is a miserable production. I should like to know if it had any run at Paris? I have learnt, from experience, that Tell’s part is a difficult one to read. It is very easy to make it too dignified, thus depriving Tell of that jovial and frank nature, which is your idea.

I heard, yesterday, that our manager has not relinquished the idea of giving ‘Tell’ on our stage; if he can, he will do so. He has more pluck than his predecessor. But I cannot see how the parts will be distributed.

* Schiller’s ‘William Tell’ is most ably translated by W. Peter, Esq., M.A., Christchurch, Oxford.

The second part of Goethe's 'Eugenie' is slow in making its appearance. Generally speaking, the Michaelmas Fair Catalogue is poor. I am told here, your sister-in-law is writing a new novel. What is its title?

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 20 November, 1804.

The festivities, in honour of the arrival of our Crown-Princess, are now over; and we are falling back into our old hum-drum existence. With the exception of a cold in the head, I got off easily, much to my surprise; as, on on these occasions, it is difficult to take care of one's self. Their entrance into the city was really well worth seeing: the whole population was on its legs, and the high road and hills surrounding Weimar, were crowded with human beings. A cavalcade of the ducal Jägers, merchants, and guilds all in full uniform, went out to meet the royal cortège. A triumphal arch, of noble dimensions, was erected at the gates, a drawing of which you will find in the next number of the 'Journal of Fashion.'

Balls, fireworks, illuminations, concerts, theatres, succeeded each other unremittingly for ten days. But the greatest rejoicing of all, was the universal joy manifested towards our new Princess, who is, in fact, a most valuable acquisition. She is a most amiable lady, and though of the most obliging nature, she is so dignified that she sets familiarity at defiance. As a Princess, she demeans herself most worthily; and it was really admirable to behold how, a few hours only after her arrival, she understood how to bear herself

towards the different servants of the State that were presented to her.

She has great taste for music and dancing, and with all the joyous feelings of youth, her mind is of a serious turn. She has a very pleasing countenance, without being pretty; but her figure is enchanting. She speaks German with great difficulty, understands it when spoken, and reads it fluently. She has serious intentions of learning it thoroughly. She seems of a very determined character, and as she is of a most upright mind, we may hope that she will be a blessing to us. Bad men, palaverers, and fawning courtiers will not, I think, succeed with her. I am now very curious to see what sort of life she will adopt here. I earnestly pray that she may do something for the Arts, which are very much neglected—music especially. She did not conceal that she found our music at Chapel very bad.

We shall not go to any great expense just yet to compliment her. But a few days before her arrival, Goethe got into a cold sweat that he alone had prepared nothing; and the whole of the public expected something from us. In this dilemma I was applied to, and as Goethe taxed his invention in vain, I was obliged to do what I could. I wrote in four days a sort of prologue, which was got off by heart at once, and given on the 12th November. It succeeded beyond all expectation, and I might have worked like an ox for months, and I should never have earned such thanks from the public as I did from this little effusion. I will send you a copy of it by next post.

Walzogen has brought me a very valuable ring from the reigning Empress. I did not expect anything in

that quarter ; but it seems that ‘*Don Carlos*’ pleased her mightily, and he presented her with a copy in my name.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 1 December, 1804.

I should have liked exceedingly to have witnessed the Weimar festivities. They could not have been conducted otherwise than with taste and judgment ; and a Princess, such as you describe her, deserves every attention, to give her a welcome worthy of her.

I have heard some anecdotes respecting her which do her honour. I am curious to see what will be the result of her appearance in the Weimar world.

It would really have been remarkable if the theatre had remained passive at her arrival. I am astonished that Goethe should have ceded to you the task of welcoming her. As an elder citizen of Weimar, and acknowledged friend of the Duke’s, he ought not to have declined it. It is the better for you that you were in good enough health to undertake it, and that you are satisfied with the result. I am impatiently expecting the promised manuscript.

The present of the Empress is always gratifying, and belongs to your poetical harvest in this prosaic world. The time has arrived for you to turn to account all the economical advantages of your celebrity. As soon as your health is completely restored, you will be productive for many years yet, but you must not be too generous to your publishers. Crusius, for example, is one of those who thinks he can never pay too little

‘*Macbeth*,’ according to your translation, was given here the other day. Madame Schirmer, as Lady Mac

beth, acted best in the delirium scene, but the predominant feeling excited was one of horror ; and it is precisely in this scene that Lady Macbeth should appear to the greatest advantage, which Madame Schirmer did not. Madame Hartwig acted one of the witches, but spoke with such pathos, that in the scene where the ghosts appear, she was almost ridiculous. Madame Judenleber was so pathetic that the pit was in a roar. Madame Bürger, as Hecate, acted well. Her words were accompanied by soft music, which had a good effect. The witches' dance was too long, and badly done. The Court was present, and is getting accustomed to tragedies. 'Tancred' is to be given this week. 'Tell' is still spoken of ; and there is an idea of dividing it into two parts, that nothing may be omitted.

Have you read Richter's 'Introduction to Aæsthetics ? It is a work of some importance, and is not hastily written : the articles on wit and humour are excellently written, the other chapters abound in just remarks, but some of his notions are false. He takes up the cudgels in defence of the Schlegel party, Tieck especially, with an expression of regret that the public do not quite understand him, which reads amusingly enough. He treats you courteously, but makes a great many observations both upon you and Goethe. I have not yet read the second part.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 10 December, 1804.

A severe cold, which I caught during the late festivities, has fallen very heavily upon me, for the last few weeks. My health, I am sorry to say, is so bad, that any little enjoyment costs me weeks of after-suffering ;

and thus, against my will, my work stops. In the absence of something better, I send you my little prologue, you will doubtless be curious to see how I manage it.

If they purpose performing 'William Tell' at Dresden, I think it would be right that it should be given according to the copy arranged for this theatre. It is shortened considerably, and the whole fifth act omitted, so as to avoid mentioning the Emperor's murder. Many difficult passages have been erased, and the number of personages diminished. If there is nothing to be done with Opitz, with whom I do not wish to have anything more to do, I will let them have a copy of the manuscript for ten louis; I do not see why I should make Seconda a present of anything. If you can manage this, without making use of my name, I shall be glad of it, as at all events it will prevent a mutilation of the play.

I have not yet seen Richter's 'Æsthetics.' It is so long since I have turned my attention to theoretical considerations on Art, that my mind is deadened to them, and I am disgusted with the shallow metaphysical twaddle of art-philosophers.

The Wolzogens send many kind remembrances. He has a great deal to do in the affairs of the Crown-Princess, as he alone is entrusted with the whole management of them. Greet Gessler for us. We all embrace you tenderly.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 18 December, 1804.

Your prologue gave us all pleasure; I return it to you by this day's post. Compositions of this descrip-

tion are rather oratorical than otherwise, and are only externally poetical. I doubt whether Goethe would have been in his element. Your observations on Art are excellent, and I was rejoiced to see that you have rendered Music her due.

I have little hope of success in negotiating your commission about 'Tell.' I must not compromise you, and can therefore only let the manager hear of it by letting it fall incidentally to a friend of his. Seconda will scarcely pay for a manuscript that is already in print, and he will doubtless think Opitz capable of curtailing it; nor would Opitz like any one to do this for him. It is the manager's pride to give all the finest speeches, even those which his colleagues have not dared to attempt. How they are to be given, he does not seem to understand.

I am glad you do not disturb your labours by theoretical researches. Richter's* work, however, consists rather in clever ideas than in a theoretical system. You may very well dispense with reading it, but it interested me as a proof that Richter is a man of no ordinary talents.

I trust you are now quite well again, and hard at work. I am very curious to know what you will take in hand.

Every new work of yours denotes progress; but in equal measure do, now, advance the exactions of the public and of yourself.

Many subjects that might have been serviceable to you before your last work, are now useless.

Here, all are well, and we are very musical. I should like you to hear my girl sing; since your sister-in-law was here, she has made great progress. KÖRNER.

* Jean Paul.

1805.

Schiller translates Racine's 'Phèdre'—Death of Huber—Schiller's 'Bell' is given on the Dresden stage—Iffland acts at Dresden—Marmontel's 'Memoirs'—Huber's widow—Serious illness of Goethe—Rameau's nephew—Diderot—Schiller's last letter to Körner, dated 25th April, 1805—Death of Schiller.

Weimar, 20 January, 1805.

As the ice is thawing, so do my heart and my mental powers relax, which had both frozen in these severe winter days. As long as the frost lasts, I suffer from a cold, which falls very heavily upon me, and deprives me of all enjoyment. It was quite impossible to me to set to work steadily at anything. Not to be quite idle and to get through these hard days, I have been translating Racine's 'Phèdre,' a play of great merit, and—with allowances for the style—excellent of its kind. It has long been the *cheval de bataille* of the French stage, and is so at present even, in some degree. We shall see how it will fare with a German public. I have translated it in the usual blank verse (iambics) with great fidelity, not making any alterations. As soon as my manuscript is copied I will let you have it. It will be played here on the 30th of this month, the birth-day of the Duchess.

The death of Huber, will have startled you all, as it did me, and I do not even now like to think of it. Who would have imagined that he would be the first to leave us? For though we had no intimacy with him, still he lived for us, and was connected with too happy a part of our existence, ever to be indifferent to us. I am sure that you already pass a less severe judgment: he felt his fault deeply, and doubtless repented bitterly of it.

Let me hear soon how you have all been this long time, as we have not heard from each other.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 27 January, 1805.

All ill-feeling towards Huber vanished at once on the news of his death. He had so many claims to a happier lot, and after what he was to us formerly, we always feel it difficult to be cold and unfriendly towards him. His death is probably to be attributed to the immense exertions he was obliged to make in his literary career, as he—at least formerly—was a very slow writer.

On receiving your last letter, I immediately re-read Racine's 'Phèdre.' This play possesses certainly some advantages which might have decided your selection. Though Theseus is a failure, and Hippolyte far from being perfect, there is nevertheless real genius in the characters of the women, especially in that of Phædra. Great feminine delicacy and intense passion are combined in her dialogue with Hippolyte. I also admire exceedingly the passage in the fourth act,

Ils ne se verront plus,

PHEDRE.

Ils s'aimeront toujours.

In the very beginning it is a happy idea, that Phædra allows herself to be adorned on her first re-appearance in the world. Her last words are very remarkable, and I am anxious to see how you will translate the idea they contain, that her death will restore light to the daylight which her eyes have darkened. Such passages are, however, rare in the play. Even Oenone is something more than an ordinary confidant; but Theramen is a very unimportant character, and yet he has to relate a narrative of so much import at the end. If this speech is badly delivered the whole play is spoilt. This difficulty is to be found in many of Racine's plays, who, in other respects, has so well studied the exigencies of his audience.

In 'Phædra' he has used great skill in putting aside anything likely to offend the public taste.

Let me have your translation soon. I think rhymed verse would have a good effect in some passages.

All here are well, and we are very musical. I have at last succeeded in getting up a quartette, and we have a concert once a week, which may gradually develop itself into a singing academy.

We hear from Berlin that Iffland purposes acting a few nights here. I shall be very glad to see him at last. We have been obliged to show a great deal of patience with our theatricals this year. One of the latest comedies is the 'Somnambulist,' a very pretty thing. 'Mary Stuart' was represented in presence of the Court the other night.

KÖRNER.

Dresden, 25 February, 1805.

I must tell you how Baron Rackenitz gave a representation here of your poem of the 'Bell.' The dialogue was accompanied at intervals by music, a chorus, *morceaux* from different operas, as also some music from a *musicus* here, composed for the occasion. A few passages only were sung in chorus. Opitz did the Master, and Madame Hartwig spoke the remainder. Neither of them have any idea how this poem ought to be delivered. The music was a medley of all sorts—they were not even suited, and often interrupted the dialogue at the wrong moment. I, however, am of opinion, that with study, the 'Bell' is capable of being represented. But in that case, the whole of the music must be composed expressly for the purpose. Probably, we shall soon have Böttiger trumpeting this representation forth in some journal or other.

Ifiland has been here for a fortnight, and acted seven nights; I only missed one, and that from illness, and am satisfied with his acting in all the parts I have seen him in. In most of them he surpassed my expectations, especially in the 'Vinegar Merchant,' as L'Epee in the 'Deaf and Dumb Boy,' as Lorenz Stark, Langsalm, and Henning, in the 'Heir.' It was interesting to observe how he ennobled, with his rich humour, the low-comic part of Langsalm, and the repulsive one of Henning. I have never seen a better comic actor. He did not act in any tragic part, not even from his own tragedies. All plays seemed to have been purposely avoided in which he would have been placed in comparison with Opitz. He received great applause; was called before the curtain; and the Elector sent for him, and presented him with a snuff-box containing

one hundred ducats. The Duchess of Courland has given him a letter to your sister-in-law, which he only presented two days before he left; so that I only had half an hour's conversation with him. He has a very fine eye, which is often of great service to him.

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 5 March, 1805.

Hearty thanks for your letter, which I scarcely deserved after neglecting writing for so long a time. The confounded influenza has laid hold on me. I was confined for a fortnight to my bed, and every third day was seized with violent paroxysms of fever. Thank God! it has now left me, and I have regained strength faster than I could have expected, and have set to work again. I have never suffered in any winter so much as in this one, or done so little.

I am glad you have seen Iffland. He is a first-rate comic actor, and I am glad comedies were the order of the day.

I agree with you, that the 'Bell' is well qualified for a musical representation, but it must be done well by a person who understands what he is about. The master of the foundry must be represented as a hardy, honest, manly character, directing and overseeing the whole operation. The music must not pick out words and dally with minuteness, but must follow the spirit of the poem. I render thanks that I did not hear this music—of which I heard a *morceau* here—and that I was not present at this acting of Opitz and Madame Hartwig. I have not yet been able to send you a copy of 'Phædra.' Before making a fair copy I wished to correct it, especially as regards the verse, and my illness

prevented me from doing so. Now that I am better, I thought my time would be better employed at an original work, and thus 'Phædra' has been laid upon the shelf. The Duke has the only clean copy I could send you, and I must wait till he returns it. Have you read Marmontel's 'Memoirs,' published in four volumes? If you have not, procure them at once. They will interest you exceedingly, as they include half a century or more of French literature, and even throw a keen glance into the French revolution.

We all greet you heartily. Greet Gessler for us.

SCHILLER.

Dresden, 17 April, 1805.

I fancy you hard at work, and am desirous only to know at what. The evil consequences of the winter upon your health will, I trust, have left with it. We are told here that Goethe has been dangerously ill. Will anything of his 'Eugenie' be published at Easter? He is wrong not to finish it. It met with a cold reception; but to render him justice, the whole work must be read. I have not yet been able to procure Marmontel's 'Memoirs.' Even the best French authors are received here very slowly. Our Diet (parliament) has passed off quietly. I dare not make any conjecture as to what will be the result. I received yesterday a letter from Huber's widow—very artistically written (*gedrechselt*, literally turned)—overbounding in compliments—and reproaches at my implacableness.

Her object is to get back Huber's letters in exchange for mine, as she wishes to publish some of them in his biography. I am glad of the opportunity of getting back my letters. Her observations on the cause of

my quarrel with Huber are not lady-like. I shall send her a short and cool reply. I feel no resentment against Huber; but I cannot persuade myself that I could have acted in any other manner towards him. I am not aware of having shown the slightest degree of hostility to him; but he lived out of my sphere. I may have answered somewhat harshly to his last letter, which aroused his indignation. Our former bonds were snapped asunder for ever;—an explanation could have led to nothing—wherefore an attempt at reconciliation?

KÖRNER.

Weimar, 25 April, 1805.

The fine season is setting in here, and brings confidence and elasticity with it; but I shall find it difficult to get over what I have suffered during the last nine months, and I fear that some of the effects of it will lurk behind. When a man is past forty, nature does not come to his help as if he were thirty. I shall, however, feel grateful if I remain in the enjoyment of life and tolerable health till I am fifty. Goethe has been very ill from a nephritic cholic, accompanied by violent cramps. He has had two attacks. Dr. Starke doubts of his complete recovery. He is now well, and has this moment left my room, after talking of a journey to Dresden, which he proposes making in the summer. In his present state of health, he cannot work; and to remain stationary and idle, is against his nature. In addition to some excellent critical reviews in the ‘Jena Gazette,’ he has translated an unpublished manuscript of Diderot’s, which a happy chance threw into our hands, and which he has enriched by notes. It will be published under the title of ‘Rameau’s Ne-

phew,' by Göschen, and I shall send you an early copy. It is rich with Diderot's humour, and Goethe has engrafted a great deal of his own. It is a dialogue which the (supposed) nephew of Rameau, the musician, has with Diderot. This nephew is the ideal of a Parasite (*Schmarotzer*), but a hero of the class, and as he describes himself, he makes a biting satire on society and the world in which he lives and flourishes. Diderot has in a fluent and easy language, laid bare the enemies of the Encyclopædists, and amply avenged Palissot, and all the good writers of his day, upon the penny-a-line critics; at the same time, he expresses his own honest opinion on the great battle then waged between the musicians of the day, and makes many valuable observations.

Goethe has also published some hitherto unpublished letters of Winkelmann, enriched by annotations. This collection will be published at Easter. He has written no poetry.

I am assiduous enough, but my lengthened inactivity and the weak state I am still in, only enable me to get on very slowly. If I were to tell you what subject I am working at, it would be of little avail, as you could not form an idea of how I mean to take it; and all depends upon that. The subject is historical, and as I take it, rich in tragic matter; and might, in a certain sense, serve as a *pendant* to the 'Maid of Orleans,' although essentially different in every respect.

Have you seen 'Necker's Memoirs,' edited by his daughter? If not, I shall send them to you. They will interest you. They set every cur at Paris barking at Madame de Staël. Her eulogy of her father is certainly impudent; but she does it well. The book

contains very little important, but a great deal of curious matter, in which a little romance, by old Necker, cuts a curious figure.

We greet you all heartily. Farewell !

SCHILLER.

[Körner little thought that, while he was writing this, his friend was on his death-bed. In the original collection of these Letters, there is not a note nor a comment.

This last letter, stops as suddenly as if the reader were to put down the book without being made aware of the death of Schiller.]

Dresden, 5 May, 1801.

Your last letter quiets my apprehensions respecting your health, and rejoices me, as it brings news of your poetical activity. It was reported here that you had the intention of taking a journey to the South of France. However willingly I should accord you such an excursion, still I should prefer to have you nearer to us, as we might meet at Lauchstädt in the summer, as I must go to Zerbst on business—not, however, before July. Our aunt wishes very much to see us, and my leave of absence does not exceed a month; otherwise I should not deny myself the pleasure of paying you a visit at Weimar. I wish to see some of the plays given at the Weimar theatre; especially the ‘Bride of Messina,’ ‘Tell,’ ‘Phædra,’ and a masque-trade.

I should be sorry to miss Goethe here. As it is a journey on account of his health, he will probably come

soon. Some reviews, which I recognized as the work of his pen, gave me great pleasure. I have not yet seen Madame de Staël's work on her Father, and it would be a kind act of you to send it to me.

We have had a theatrical treat here, which I wish you could have shared—an *opera seria* of Cimarosa, the 'Horatii and Curatii.' No pains or expense have been spared on the dresses and decorations, and all the best actors took parts. The music is pleasing, but not dignified enough. What pleased me best was Madame Paer's acting as Horatia. In her most tragic moments she never outsteps the limits of elegance, without detracting from the expression of passion. She throws a majesty about her *poses* which are never exaggerated. I remarked this especially in the duet with Horatius before he stabs her. As the music died away, her whole frame became rigid, and the tragical effect was excellent. I should like to see her as Beatrice in the 'Bride of Messina,' or as 'Mary Stuart.' Her talent this time made the public forget a bit of scandal that has been going the round against her.

The public that patronizes the Opera is, however, more educated than that of the German theatre.

According to the Catalogue, the literary crop of this Fair is scanty. I do not see anything to attract my attention in the poetical line.

All my party greet you heartily.

Fare right well !

KÖRNER.

Schiller died on the 9th of May, 1805, leaving a widow, two sons and two daughters.

The following lines from his friend Goethe may serve as an epitaph to his memory :—

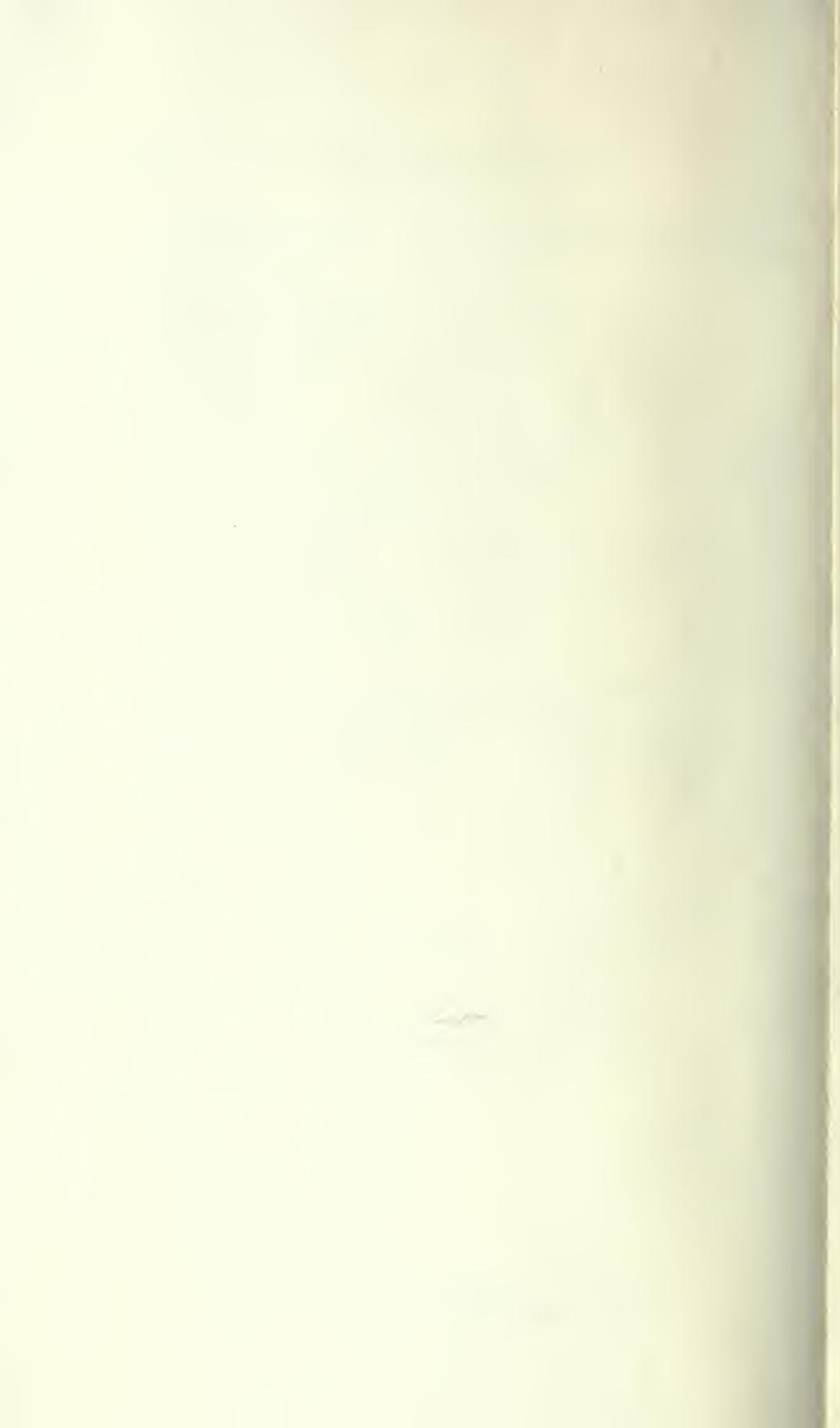
“ Es glühte seine Wange roth und röther
Von jener Jugend, die uns nie verfliegt
Von jenem Muth, der früher oder später
Den Widerstand der stumpfen Welt besiegt;
Von jenem Glauben, der sich stets erhöhter,
Bald kühn hervordrängt, bald geduldig schmiegt
Damit das Gute wirke, wachse, fromme!
Damit der Tag des Edeln endlich komme,
Und manche Geister, die mit ihm gerungen
Sein gross Verdienst unwillig anerkannt
Sie fühlen sich von seiner Kraft durchdrungen
In seinem Kreise willig fest gebannt.”

“ ZUM HÖCHSTEN HAT ER SICH EMPOR GESCHWUNGEN
MIT ALLEM, WAS WIR SCHÄTZEN, ENG VERWANDT.
SO FEIERT IHN! DENN WAS DEM MANN DAS LEBEN
NUR HALB ERTHEILT, SOLL GANZ DIE NACHWELT
GEBEN.”

THE END.

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